

20-
No 4

SUMMER

HEADLINE COMICS

10¢

FOR THE AMERICAN BOY





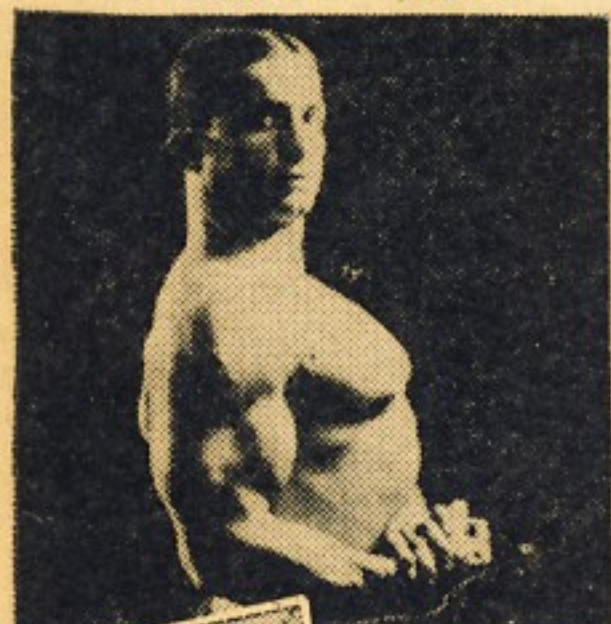
WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HOW *You* CAN BUILD A MIGHTY BODY

Quickly! Easily! Pleasantly!.....in 10 minutes a day in your own home!

The man whom EXPERTS all over the world call "the greatest moulder of man"—at last reveals to you:

1 HOW YOU CAN BUILD A MIGHTY ARM!



A. Passamont
Prefers Jowett Methods. First prize for Physical Perfection.

A complete picture course
ON ARM BUILDING
now only 25¢ to you

2 HOW YOU CAN BUILD A MIGHTY BACK!



Chas. Schaffer
AN AMAZING JOWETT PRODUCT
Once a wreck suffering from pneumonia
Now versatile athlete

A complete picture course
ON BACK BUILDING
now only 25¢ to you

3 HOW YOU CAN BUILD A MIGHTY CHEST!



Rex Ferris
Champion of South Africa
says "I owe everything to Jowett methods."

A complete picture course
ON CHEST BUILDING
now only 25¢ to you

4 HOW YOU CAN BUILD A MIGHTY GRIP!



W. Burns
A Jowett made Olympic Strength Champion.

A complete picture course
ON GRIP POWER
now only 25¢ to you

5 HOW YOU CAN BUILD MIGHTY LEGS!



Bob Mitchell
A Jowett Champion —
Not in words but by official records

A complete picture course
ON LEG BUILDING
now only 25¢ to you

"THESE ARE THE SAME COURSES FOR WHICH I FORMERLY CHARGED \$5 EACH"

(Signed) G. F. Jowett

Look at *The Powerful Arms* of A. Passamont, pictured above! Let me give you, too, such a pair of chain-breaking biceps. Why not get an arm of might with the grip to obey your desires? This course is planned to build every muscle in your arm. The strongest-armed man in the world, George F. Jowett, wrote this course for you. His great experience stands as proof that you, too, can succeed. You get his secret methods illustrated and explained as you like them. Learn them and get the arms men respect and women admire.

Look at *The Mighty Back* of the Jowett pupil pictured above! Once an undersized weakling. Now has endurance of greyhound. He says, "You have worked wonders for me. Your course stores up wonderful vitality and so little is expended in exercises. Proud to have so great a teacher as you. You are head and shoulders above the rest in your profession." (Signed) Charles Schaffer. Let me help you build a back of power to back your every effort. Square trim shoulders with enviable military spread. A spine as strong as a shaft of steel.

Look at *The Heroic Chest* of the Jowett pupil pictured above! A power house of energy—with straps of muscles to protect your heart and lungs in a cage of steel-like ribs. Ferris writes, "I want to add my sincere gratitude to that of thousands of pupils for wonderful results from your course. Your course is by far the best." If you have a narrow, sunken chest, I can improve it so that you will be proud to show it off. Add inches of he-man muscles full of new strength and life—and become 100% more handsome!

You, too, can have a *Manly Grip* like the Jowett pupil above! What would you give for a forearm like that, with its bone-crushing grip? Wrists with live sinewy cables. Fingers strong as steel pincers. A hand like an iron vise. You too can get these symbols of real manliness. I have proved to thousands this is no mere dream. This course built the strongest arms in the world. Let it mold a pair of arms like this for you—shapely arms with a grip of might. A handshake that will help win you friends, success and personality!

What would you give to have the *all-round he-man strength and handsomeness* of Bob Mitchell shown above? What I have done for him and thousands of others, I can do for you. Most teachers skip the legs because they are hard to build. I myself increased my thighs by 8 inches, my calves by 5 inches by this simple, unbeatable method. I'll help you build legs that are real props of leaping, tireless power!

YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GET ALL 5 FAMOUS PICTURE COURSES For \$1

Send for them NOW and Learn the World's Greatest Secrets of Body Building

This Marvelous Book of photos of Famous Strong and Handsome Men —and how you can quickly become One of Them—if you MAIL NOW

PARTIAL CONTENTS:

1. Learn Best Methods for health, strength, handsomeness.
 2. The amazing story of George F. Jowett—doctors said he would die at 15—became world's strongest athlete! His secrets revealed.
 3. A method for making Wonder Men out of Weaklings.
 4. Steel Nerves of an Aviator—How you can get them.
 5. How to become the Man you Want to Be.
 6. How to Attain Muscles that Last Indefinitely.
 7. From a Bed of Pain to one of America's strongest athletes.
 8. How to Build up your internal organs for lasting life.
 9. Best Way to Overcome underweight or Overweight.
- Real Life Photos of Wonder Men. How you can become one.

WHAT EXPERTS SAY:

1. Physicians

"Profited greatly from your instructions, so will everyone who practices your training," says Dr. L. Ralerty, prominent specialist.

2. Physical Directors

"Jowett System greatest in world," says R. F. Kelley, Physical Director of Y.M.C.A.

3. Champion Athletes

"I indorse Jowett System. Best-by-Test—Everyone should build through this world-famous trainer," says Henry Steinborn, World's Champion athlete.

Just 3 examples of hundreds of world famous experts who say, "Jowett is best trainer of men!"

LAST CHANCE FREE GIFT COUPON!



JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
Dept. PH. 230 Fifth Avenue, New York

Yes, send me your book of photos FREE, "Nerves of Steel." With it send me all 5 courses as follows:
☐ I enclose \$1.00 in full payment, postage free.

1. MOLDING A MIGHTY ARM
2. MOLDING A MIGHTY BACK
3. MOLDING A MIGHTY CHEST
4. MOLDING A MIGHTY GRIP
5. MOLDING MIGHTY LEGS

George F. Jowett
"Champion of Champions." Holds more strength records than any other teacher or athlete.

☐ Send 5 courses (and free book) C.O.D. \$1.00 plus postage

NAME.....AGE.....

ADDRESS.....



JUNIOR RANGERS

OUTCLASSED IN THE AIR, OUTFOUGHT ON LAND, OUTNUMBERED ON THE SEA... ADOLPH THE WILY TURNS TO AN OBSCURE SCIENCE TO BEAT BACK THE ADVANCING LEGIONS OF LIBERTY! YES, THE MONSTER OF MALEVOLENCE IS WELDING THE MOST TERRIBLE SECRET WEAPON OF ALL!--DREAD OF THE UNKNOWN, THE HORROR THAT STRIKES FROM NOWHERE AND VANISHES INTO THIN AIR! AND IT WORKS LIKE AN EVIL CHARM.... UNTIL THOSE FOUR HEADACHES FOR HEXERS, THE JUNIOR RANGERS, STIR UP A WITCHES BREW ALL THEIR OWN IN THIS AMAZING STORY OF WITS AGAINST WIZARDRY!



SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE, NEAR THE NAZI LINES, FOUR YOUTHFUL MANHUNTERS SET AN INGENIOUS TRAP.



SAY, WHAT'S KEEPING THAT NAZI CHIEF?

DUNNO. HE ALWAYS TAKES A GALLOP BEFORE BREAKFAST, ACCORDING TO INTELLIGENCE!

MOMENTS LATER...



HERE HE COMES NOW! READY?

READY!

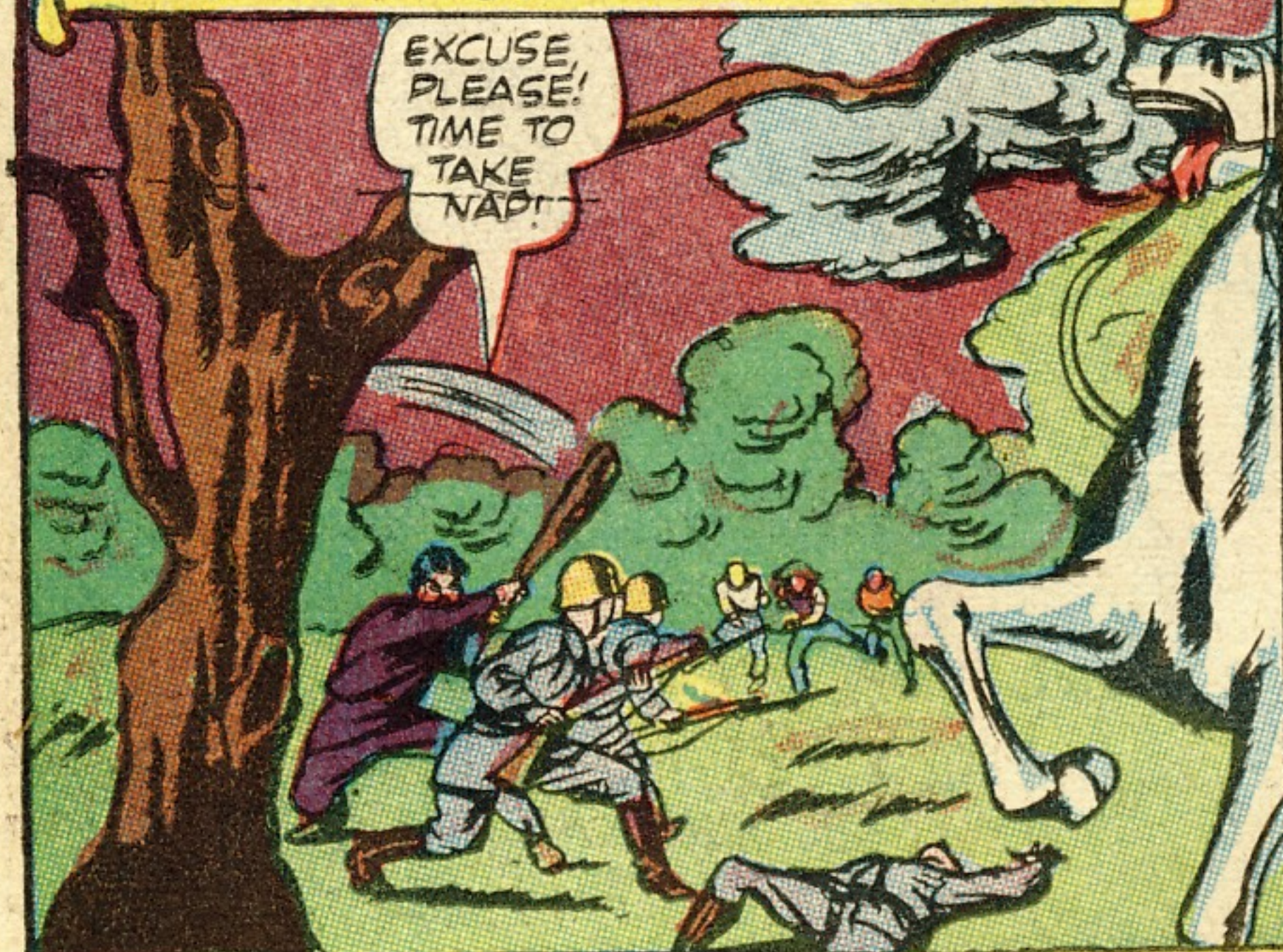
SUDDENLY, WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING COBRA, THE MAN TRAP IS SPRUNG!



BUT JUST THEN, AT A NEARBY NAZI SENTRY POST...



THROUGH THE WOODS RACE THE PAIR--AND INTO THE HANDS OF THE JUNIOR RANGERS!

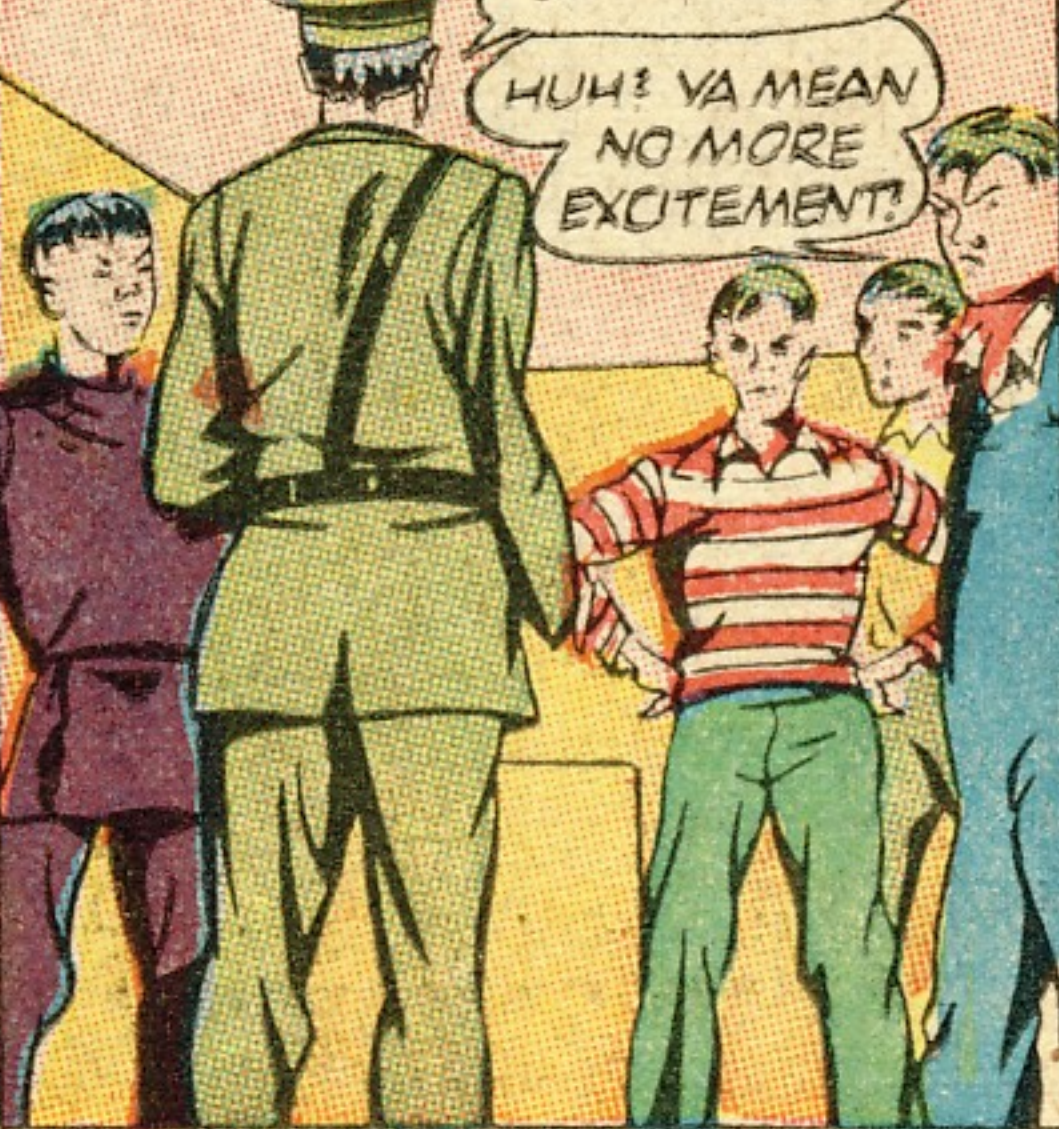


HO-HUM! LICKIN' DE AXIS IS GETTIN' TO BE TOO SOFT A JOB FOR ME!

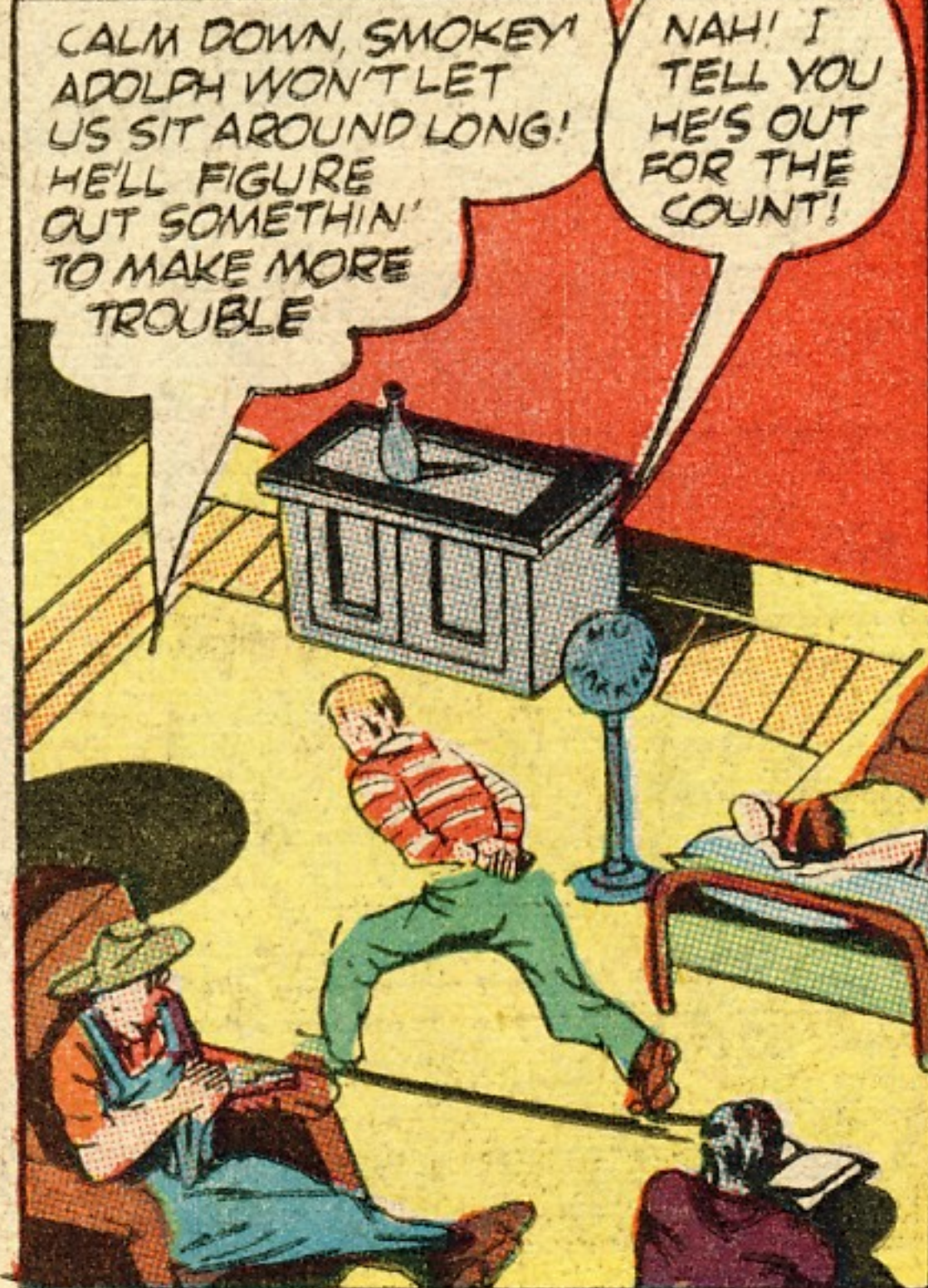


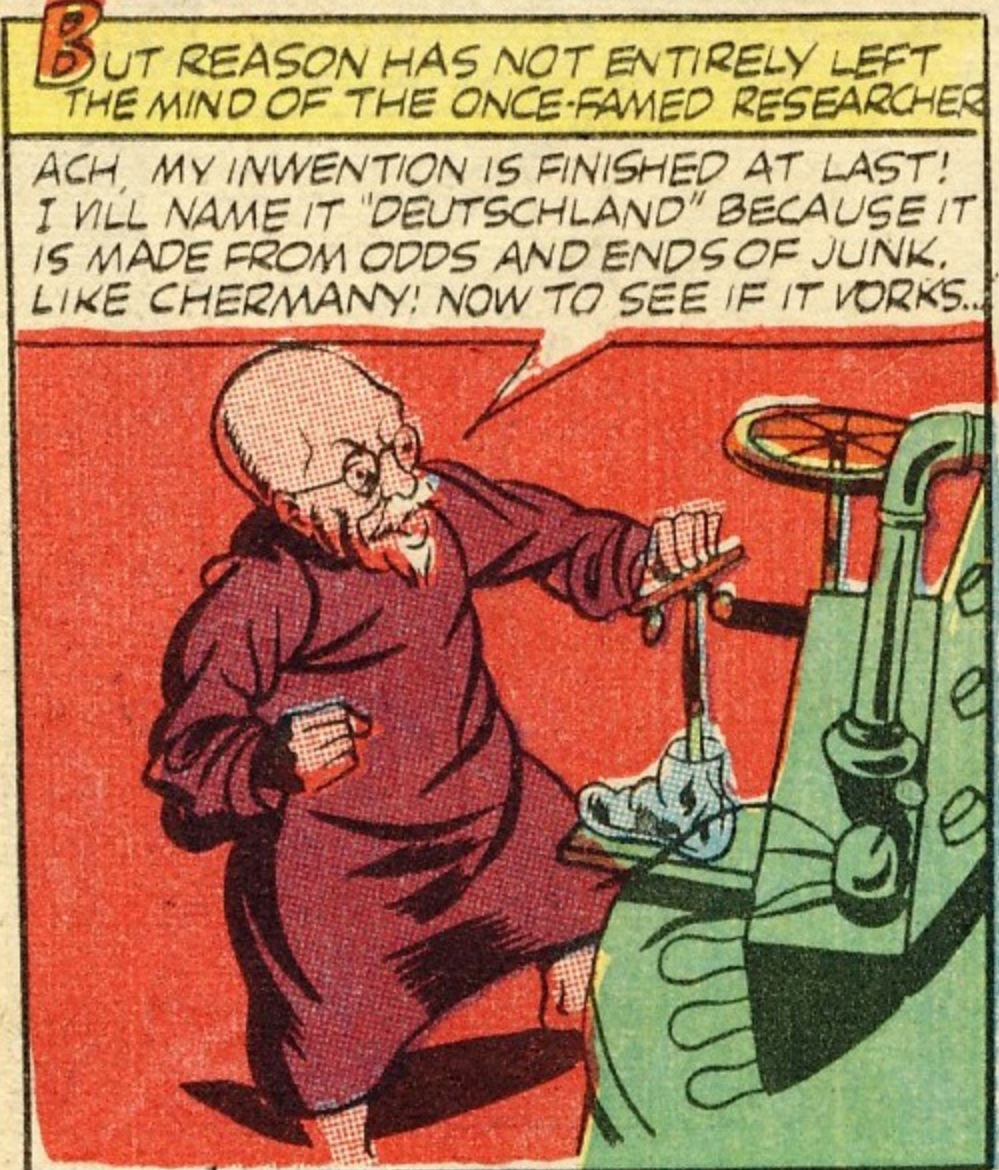
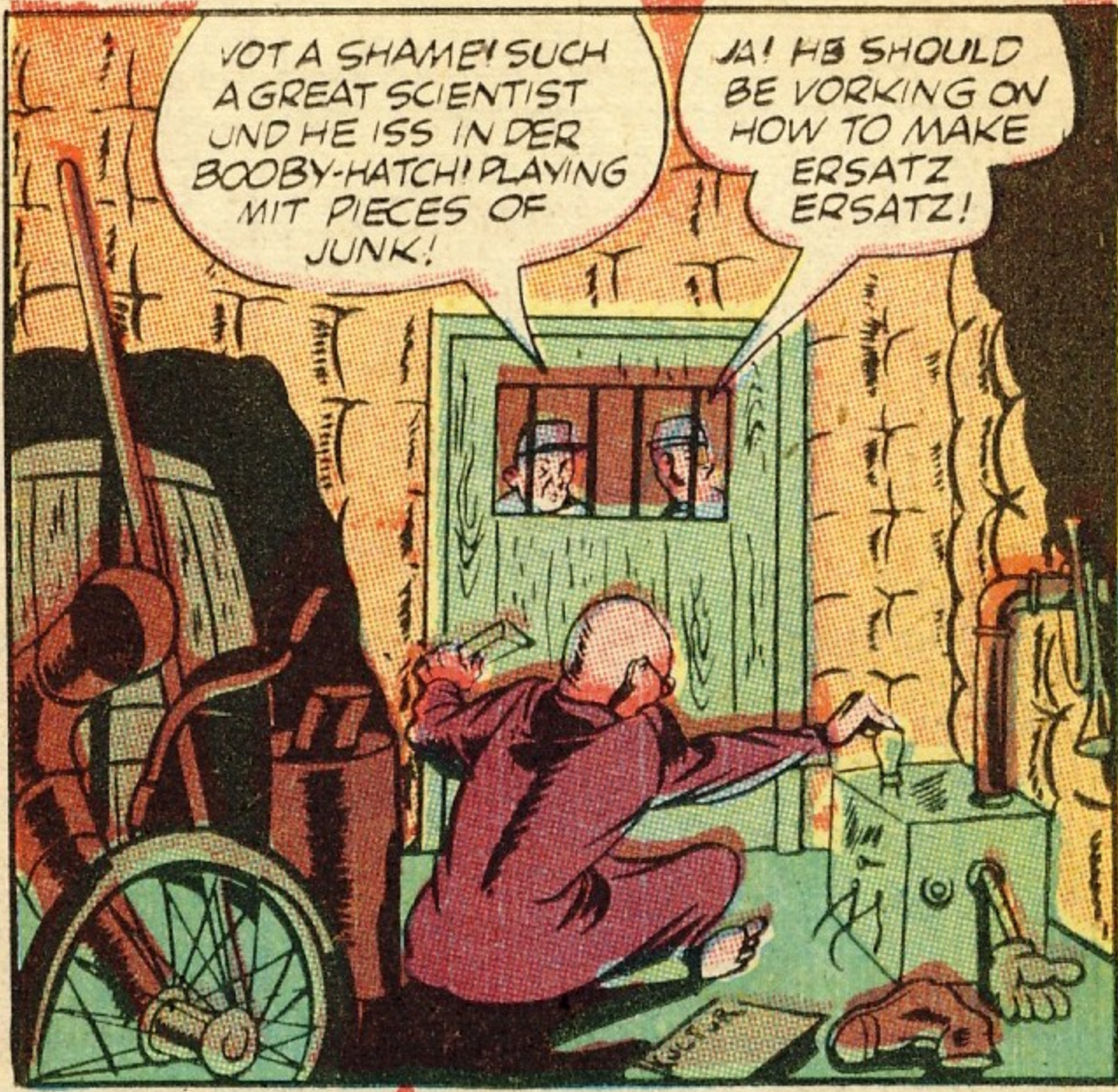
LATER, AT ALLIED HEADQUARTERS, THE CAPTIVE NAZI OFFICER IS REVIVED AND QUESTIONED BY COLONEL SIMMS, AND THEN...

WELL, THE OBERLEUTENANT TELLS ME HITLER ISN'T PLANNING ANY SURPRISES!



CALM DOWN, SMOKEY! ADOLPH WON'T LET US SIT AROUND LONG! HE'LL FIGURE OUT SOMETHIN' TO MAKE MORE TROUBLE





HURRIEDLY, THE SCIENTIST EXPLAINS THE STARTLING MANNER OF HIS ARRIVAL!

DIS MACHINE I INWENTED... TRANSPORTS ANYT'INK ANYWHERE IN DER VORLDE... QUICK AS DER VINK OF AN EYE! UND ALSO IT BRINKS IT BACK TO VHERE IT VAS SENT FROM!



MEIN FUEHRER, DIS IS DOCKTOR SCHMUTZ ...HE'S BEEN IN AN INSANE ASYLUM FOR YEARS! HE ISS CRAZY!

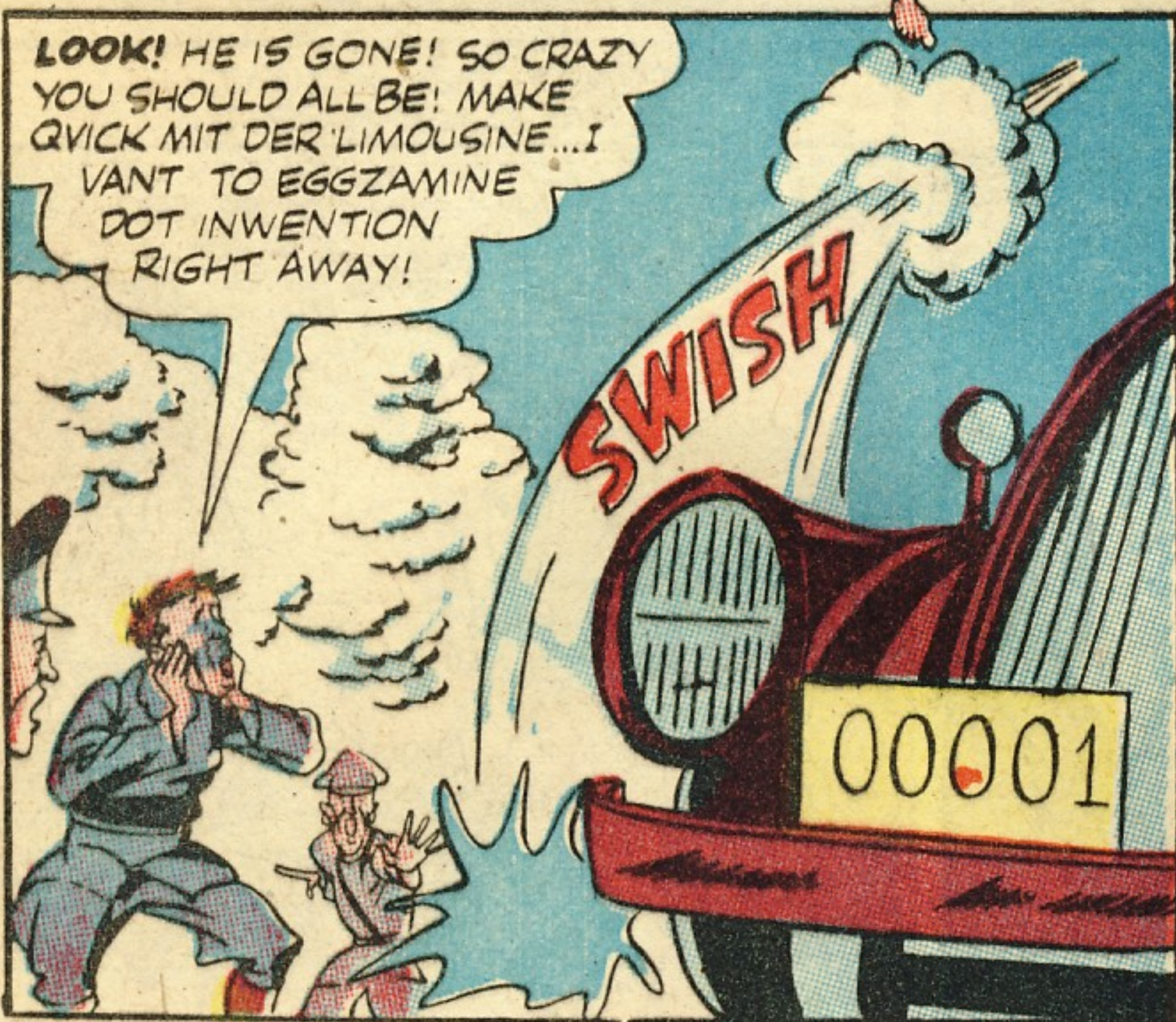
CRAZY? HAH? HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE LOCKED UP, AIN'T HE? BUT HE AIN'T DERE, IS HE? IF HE CAN BE DERE AND STILL BE HERE... HE'S AS CRAZY AS I AM!

I WANT TO SEE YOUR INVENTION, HERR DOCKTOR!

DER HONOR ISS ALL MINE, MEIN FUEHRER! CHUST FOLLOW ME!



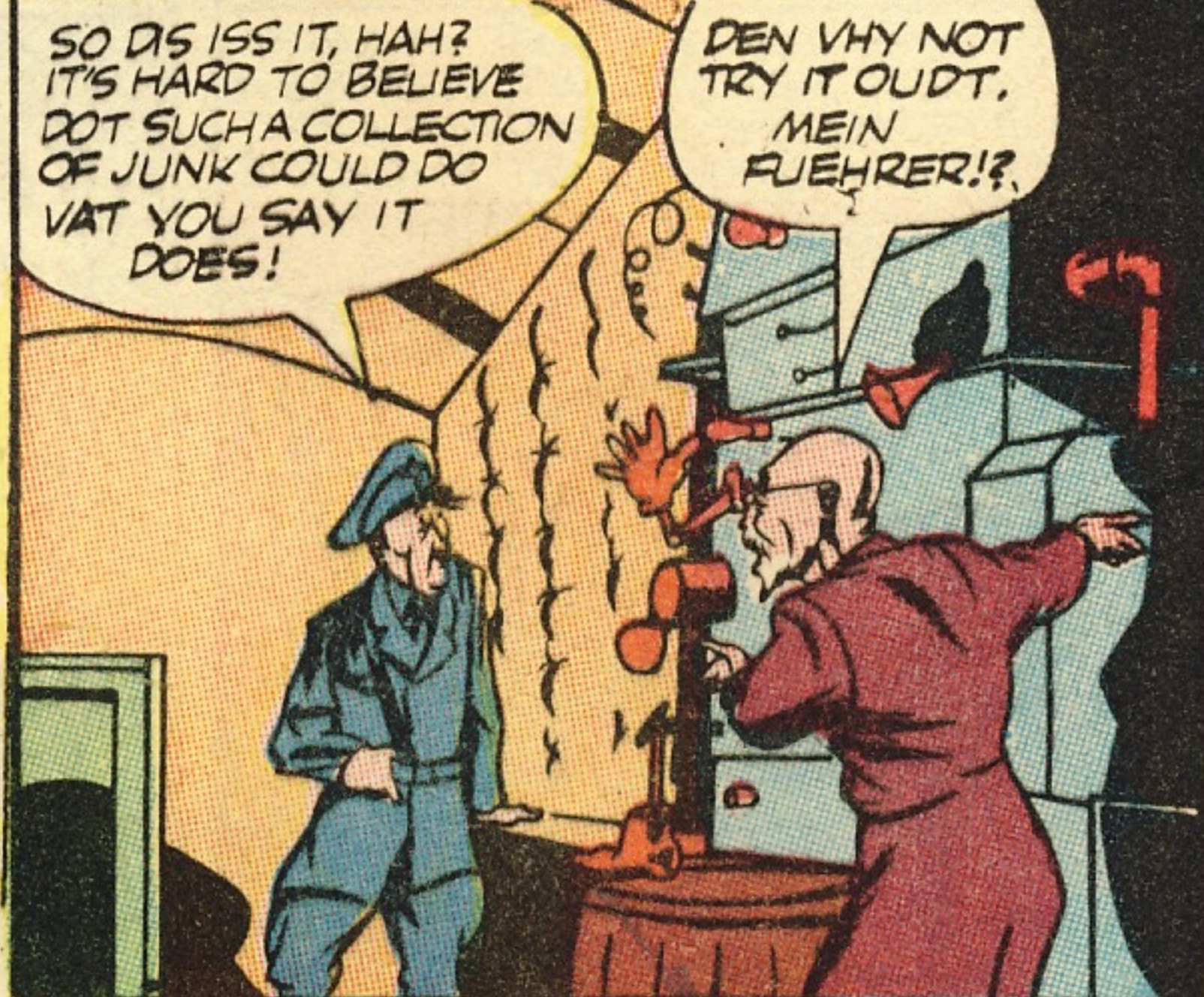
LOOK! HE IS GONE! SO CRAZY YOU SHOULD ALL BE! MAKE QUICK MIT DER LIMOUSINE... I WANT TO EGGZAMINE DOT INVENTION RIGHT AWAY!



AT BREAKNECK SPEED, ADOLPH HITLER IS DRIVEN TO THE LUNATIC ASYLUM...

SO DIS ISS IT, HAH? IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE DOT SUCH A COLLECTION OF JUNK COULD DO VAT YOU SAY IT DOES!

DEN VHY NOT TRY IT OUDT, MEIN FUEHRER!?

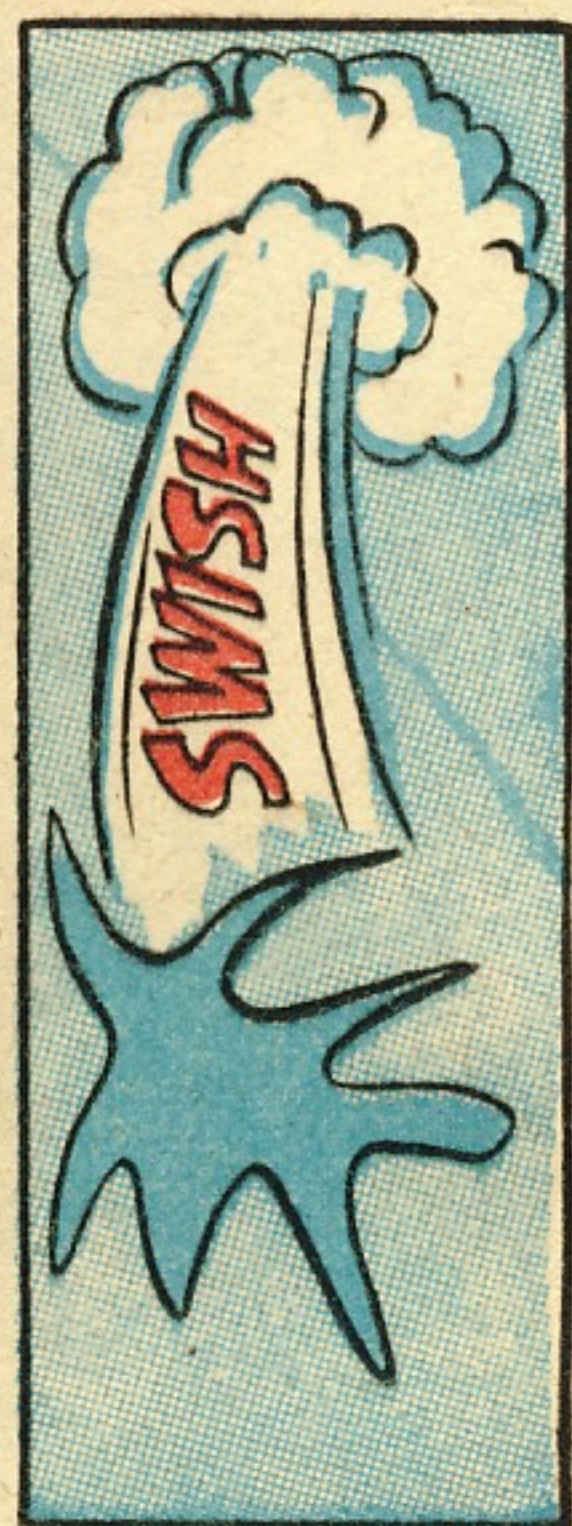
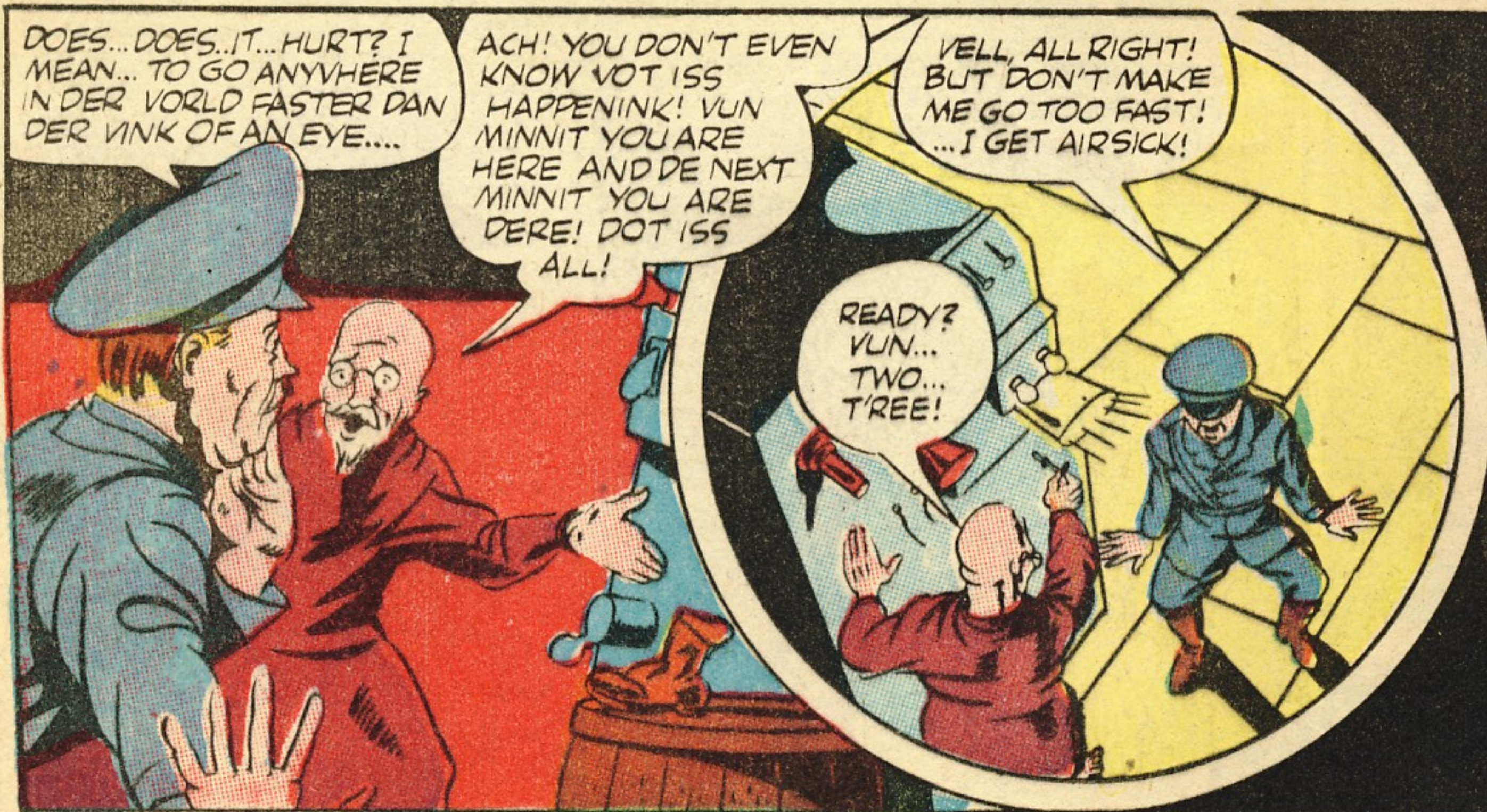


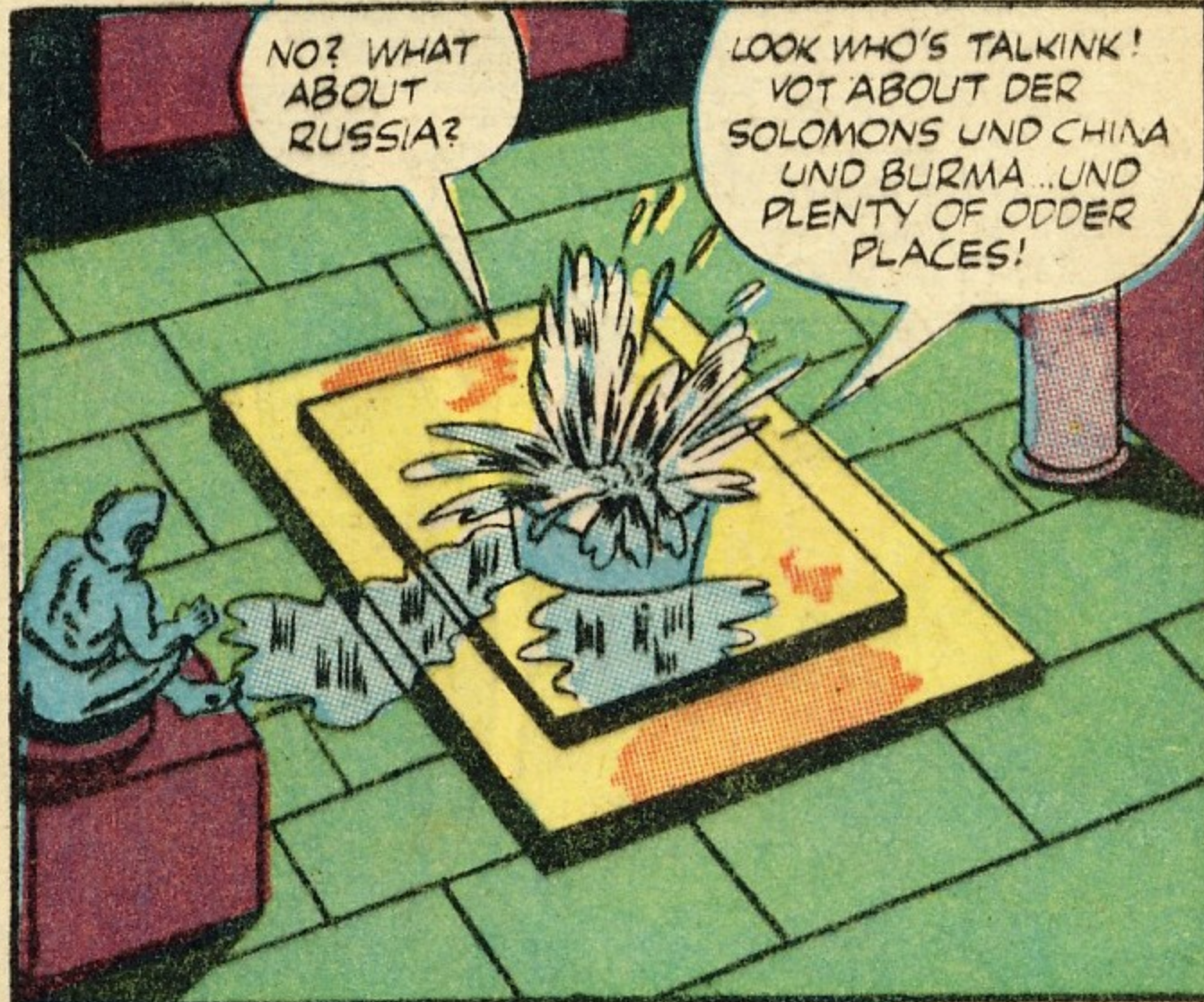
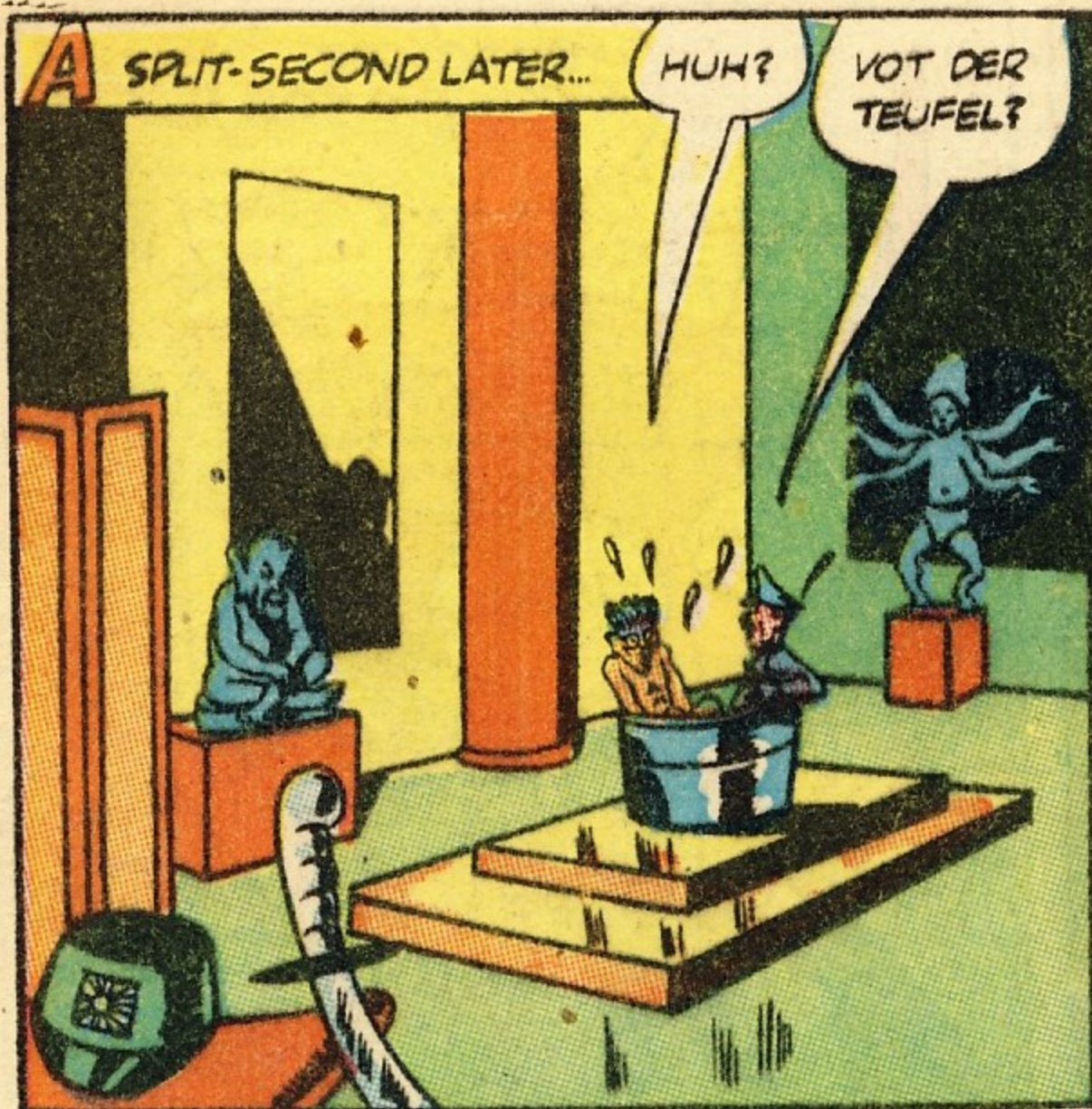
DOES... DOES... IT... HURT? I MEAN... TO GO ANYWHERE IN DER VORLDE FASTER DAN DER VINK OF AN EYE....

ACH! YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW VOT ISS HAPPENINK! VUN MINNIT YOU ARE HERE AND DE NEXT MINNIT YOU ARE DERE! DOT ISS ALL!

VELL, ALL RIGHT! BUT DON'T MAKE ME GO TOO FAST! ...I GET AIRSICK!

READY? VUN... TWO... TREE!





AND SO THE REIGN OF TERROR BEGINS IN ALL ITS EERIE FORCE! AT AN ENGLISH BOMBER AIRPORT...

LOR LOVE A DUCK, WHAT'S THAT?

GORBLIMEY A BLOOMIN GHOST!

SWISH

YOU ARE DER GHOSTS, ENGLISCHE SCHWEIN!

AGH!

U-U-G-G-H.

THE SHRILL CHATTER OF DOOM FADES TO SILENCE AS MEN COME RUNNING UP TO INVESTIGATE, BUT

THE BLINKIN' MURDERER 'E KILLED TOM AND DICK! GET 'IM BEFORE 'E HESCAPES!

G-GOSH, THE BULLET IS GOING RIGHT TH-THROUGH HIM AND HE'S D-DISAPPEARING!

SOON, AT AN AMERICAN ARMY BASE ON THE INVASION COAST OF NORTH AFRICA...

HALT! WHO GOES THERE!?

A MESSENGER FROM DER FUEHRER! UND HERE IS DER MESSACHE...

SWIFTLY, THE PHANTOM FOE FLITS INTO THE AMMUNITION DUMP... AND A MOMENT LATER...

MUNITIONS DUMP

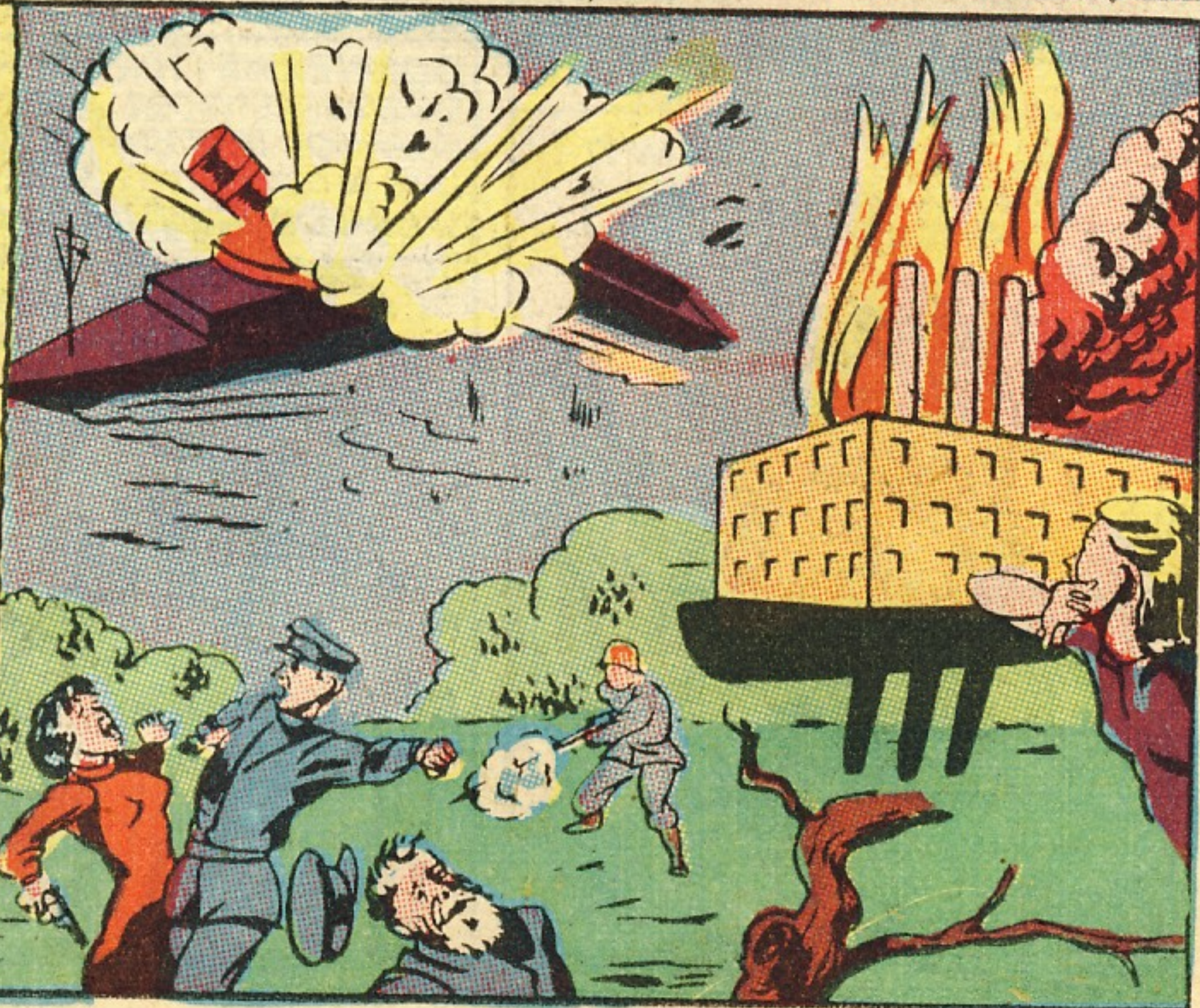
SWISH

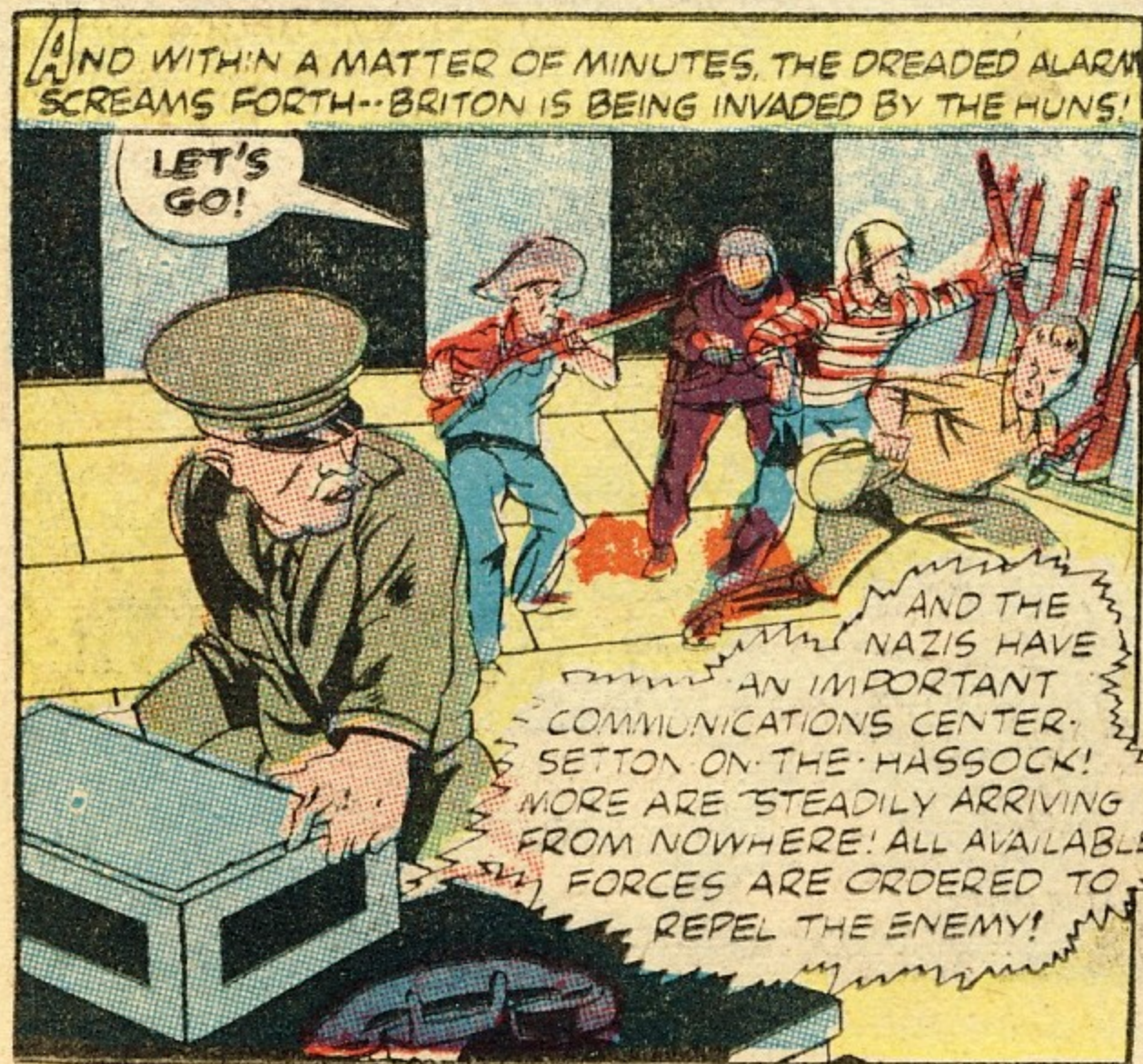
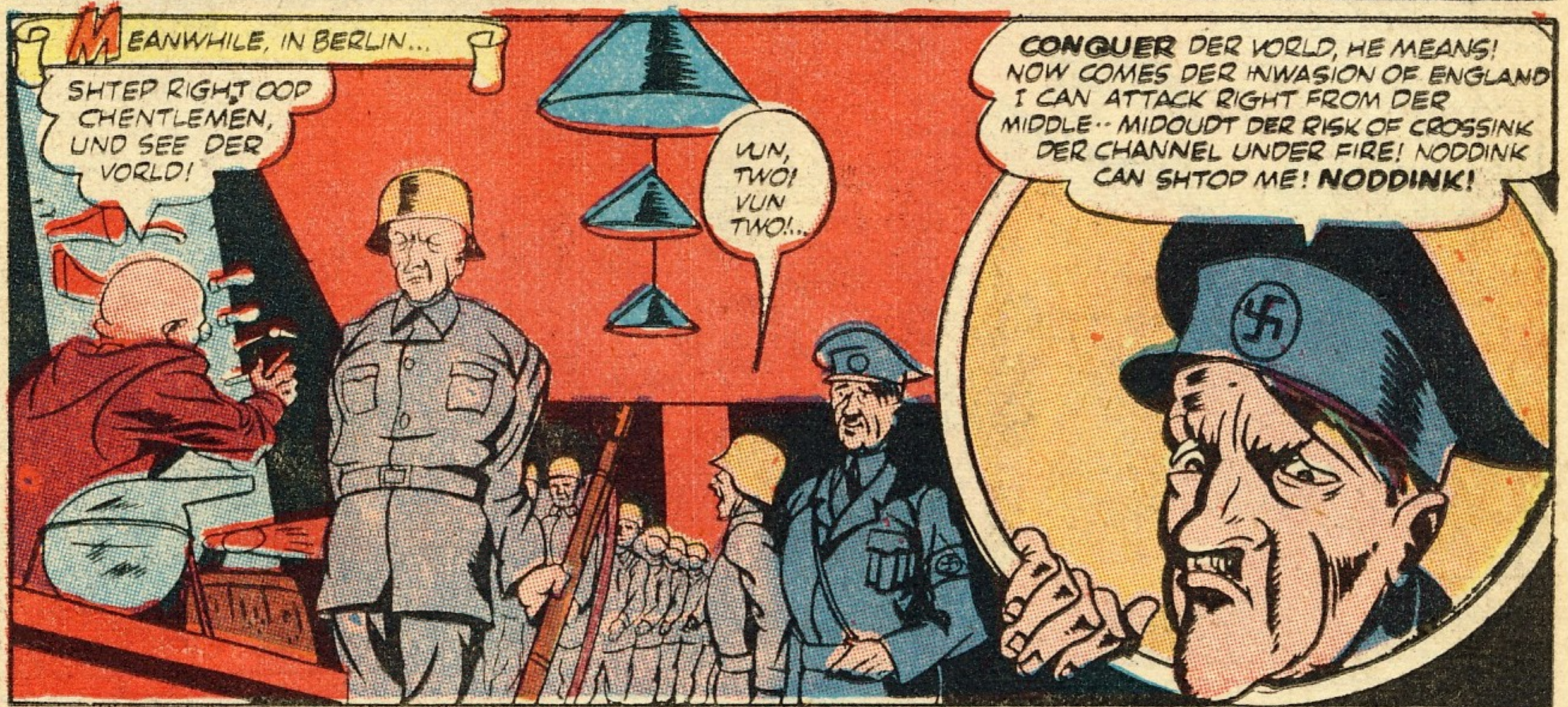
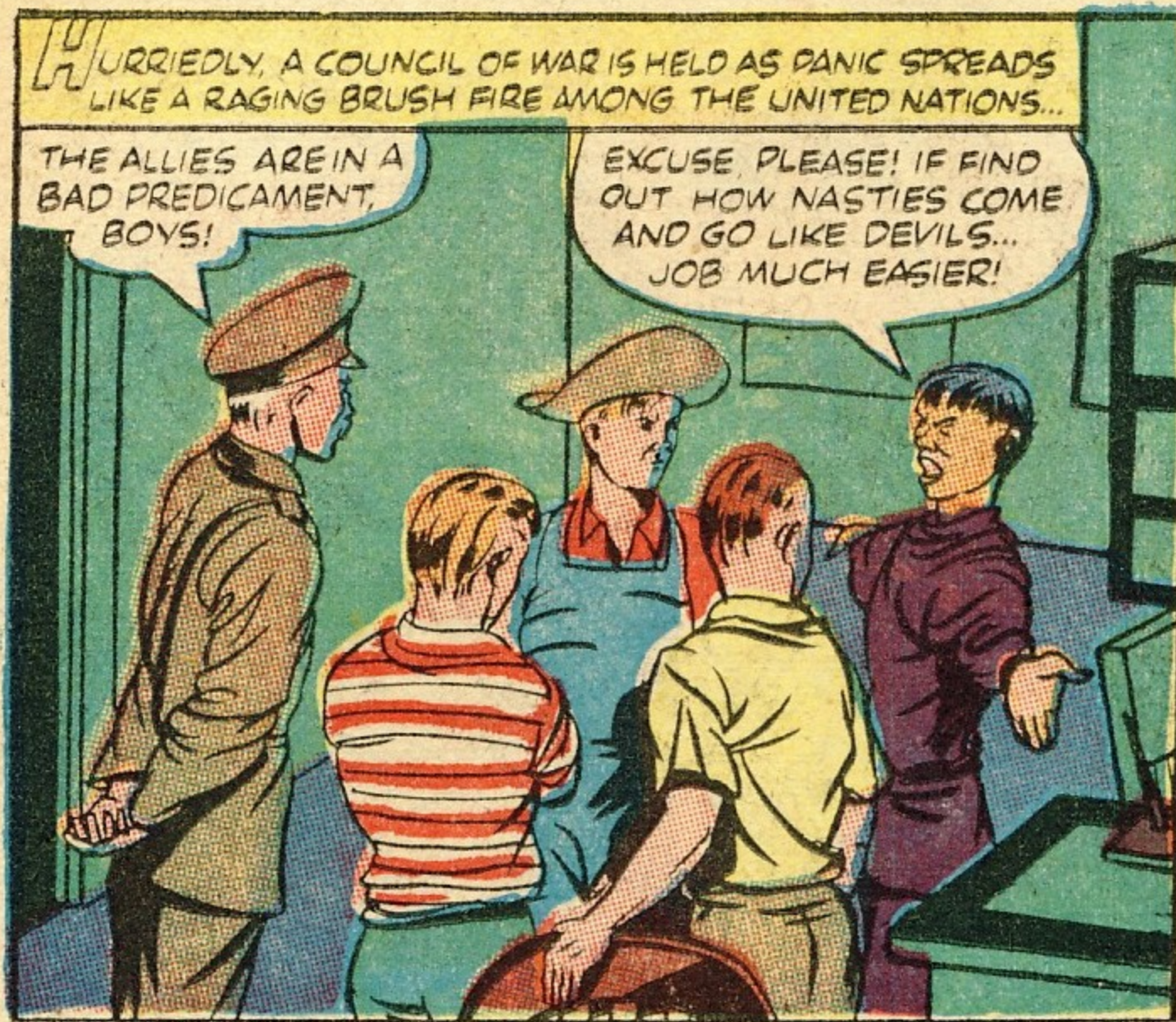
WHEN THE MIGHTY ECHOS OF THE BLAST ROLL AWAY...

NOT A SIGN OF THE GUY YOL SAW RUNNING INTO HERE BEFORE THE EXPLOSION!

BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO GET AWAY! H-HOLY S-SMOKE HE MUST'VE DISAPPEARED THE SAME WAY HE SHOWED UP... IN THIN AIR!

A SHIP AT SEA. HEROIC GUERRILLAS ON THE BATTLE-WORN RUSSIAN FRONT, A TANK FACTORY IN FAR-OFF AMERICA... THESE AND MANY MORE FEEL THE POWER OF HITLER'S TERRIBLE SECRET WEAPON!







DIS'LL KEEP ME IN TRIM TO KNOCK DE OLD APPLE OVER DE FENCE AFTER PEACE BREAKS OUT!



VELLY NICE! CHIN ALWAYS WANT TO WATCH NAZI SHOOT OFF MOUTH! NOW WILL SEE SAME!



NOW YOU VILL DIE, PIG OF AN AMERICAN!

MAYBE, RAT OF A NAZI! BUT YOU'RE GOIN' TO GET YOURSELF BARBECUED FIRST!



THE TROUBLE WITH BEING AN OFFICER IS THAT YOU DON'T OFTEN HAVE A CHANCE TO DO THIS!

OH-OH! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ... BUT FAST!



GOLLY, THAT WAS CLOSE! THANKS, JERRY!

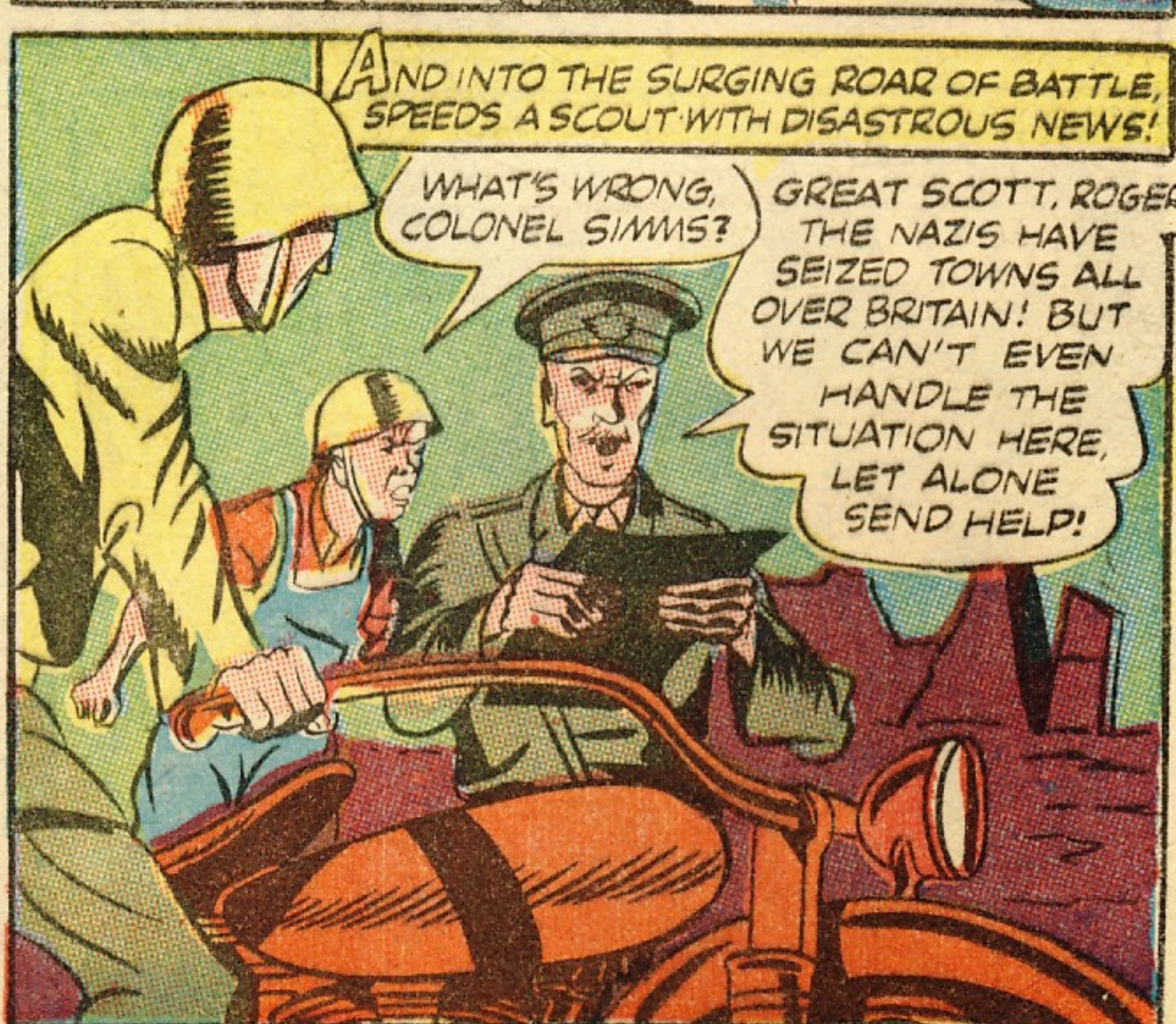
THE NEXT ONE'S ON YOU, DAD!



BUT INDISCRIMINATE SLAUGHTER DOES NOT STOP THE FLOOD OF ONCOMING BOCHES...

INTO DER ATTACK MEN! ENGLAND ISS OURS!

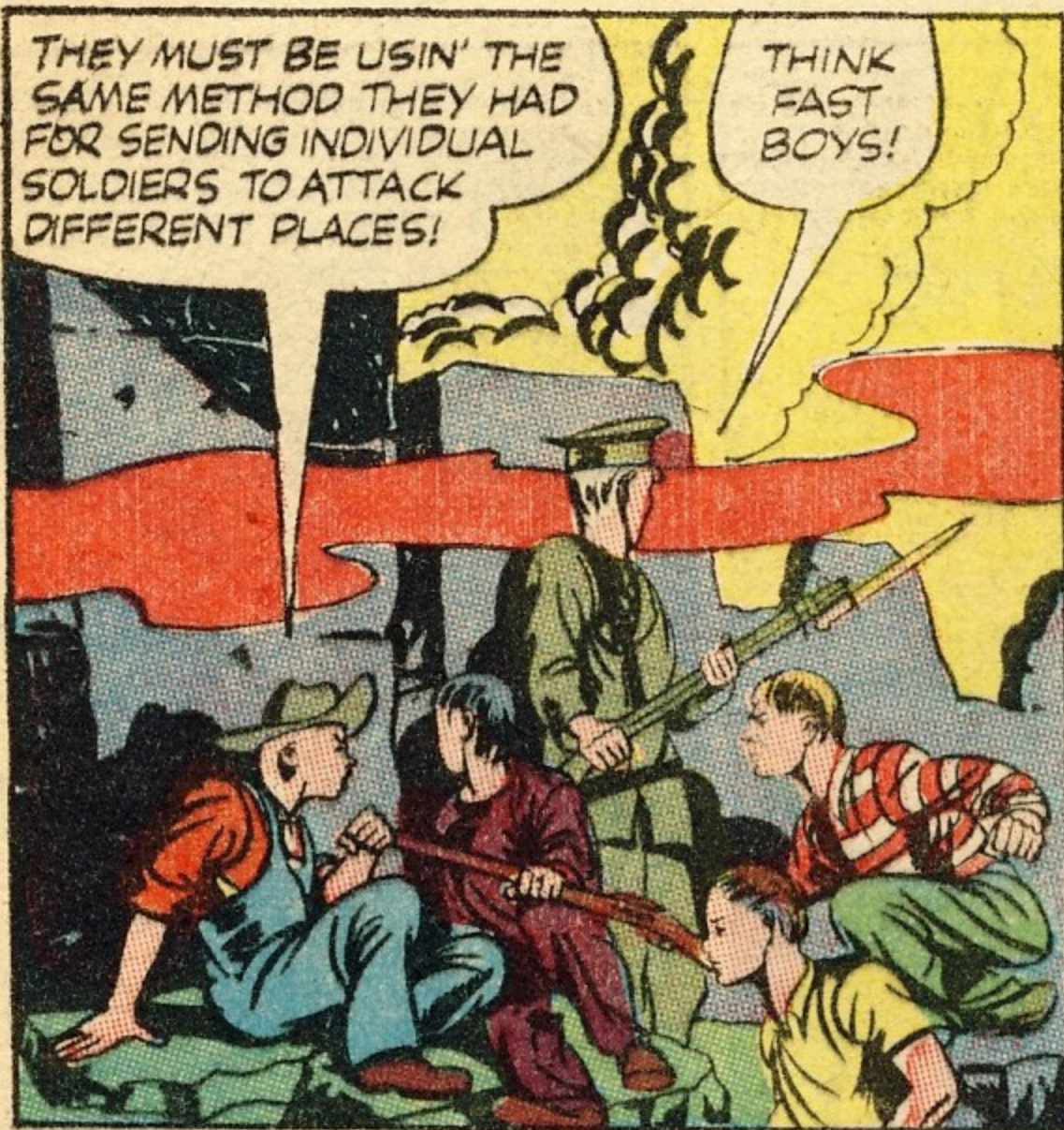
HEIL HITLER!



AND INTO THE SURGING ROAR OF BATTLE, SPEEDS A SCOUT WITH DISASTROUS NEWS!

WHAT'S WRONG, COLONEL SIMMS?

GREAT SCOTT, ROGER! THE NAZIS HAVE SEIZED TOWNS ALL OVER BRITAIN! BUT WE CAN'T EVEN HANDLE THE SITUATION HERE, LET ALONE SEND HELP!



THEY MUST BE USIN' THE SAME METHOD THEY HAD FOR SENDING INDIVIDUAL SOLDIERS TO ATTACK DIFFERENT PLACES!

THINK FAST BOYS!



AND SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER...

EASY NOW! DON'T LET HIM HEAR US!

WID ALL DAT NOISE, I CAN'T EVEN HEAR MESELF!



VOT ISS!

ISS A COUPLA CALLERS, RATZI! — MIND IF WE DROP IN?



LET ME GO AT VUNCE!

IF WE DO, IT'LL JUST BE TO WALLOP YOU AROUND! — SO YOU BETTER BEG US TO HANG ONTO YOU!



SWIFTLY, THE JUNIOR RANGERS HAUL THEIR UNWILLING PREY TO COLONEL SIMMS FOR QUESTIONING...

WHERE DO YOU COME FROM, AND HOW WERE YOU SENT HERE?

YOU VON'T GET INFORMATION FROM ME!



WELL, THAT'S OUT! ACCORDING TO INTERNATIONAL LAW PRISONERS CAN'T BE FORCED TO GIVE INFORMATION!

SOLDIERS CAN'T FORCE THEM, BUT WE'RE CIVILIANS, AREN'T WE?



AT A DISCREET DISTANCE FROM THE EMBATTLED FORCES, A NAZI VULTURE IS MADE TO SING LIKE A STOOL-PIGEON...

GHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT TALKING YET?

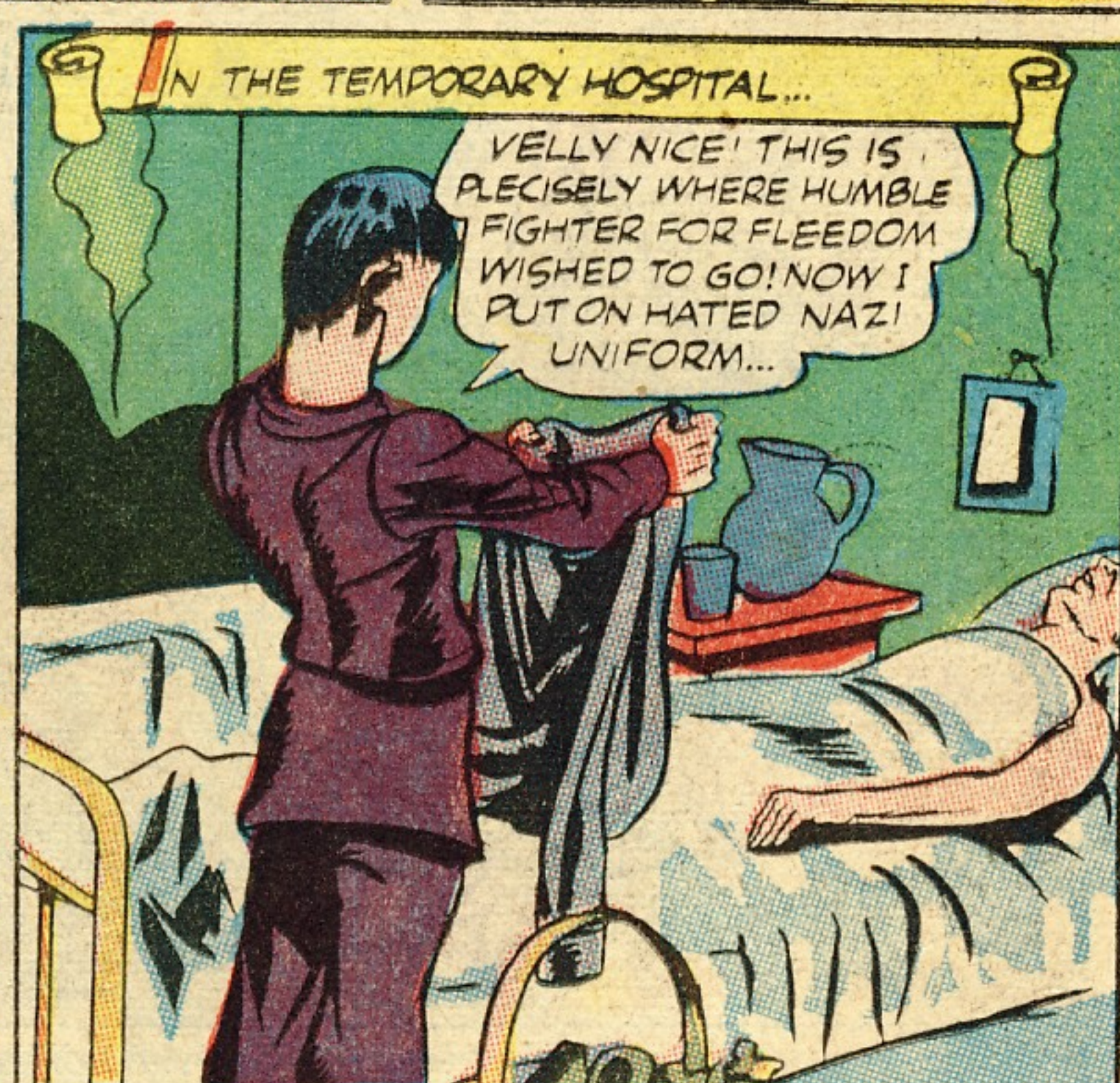
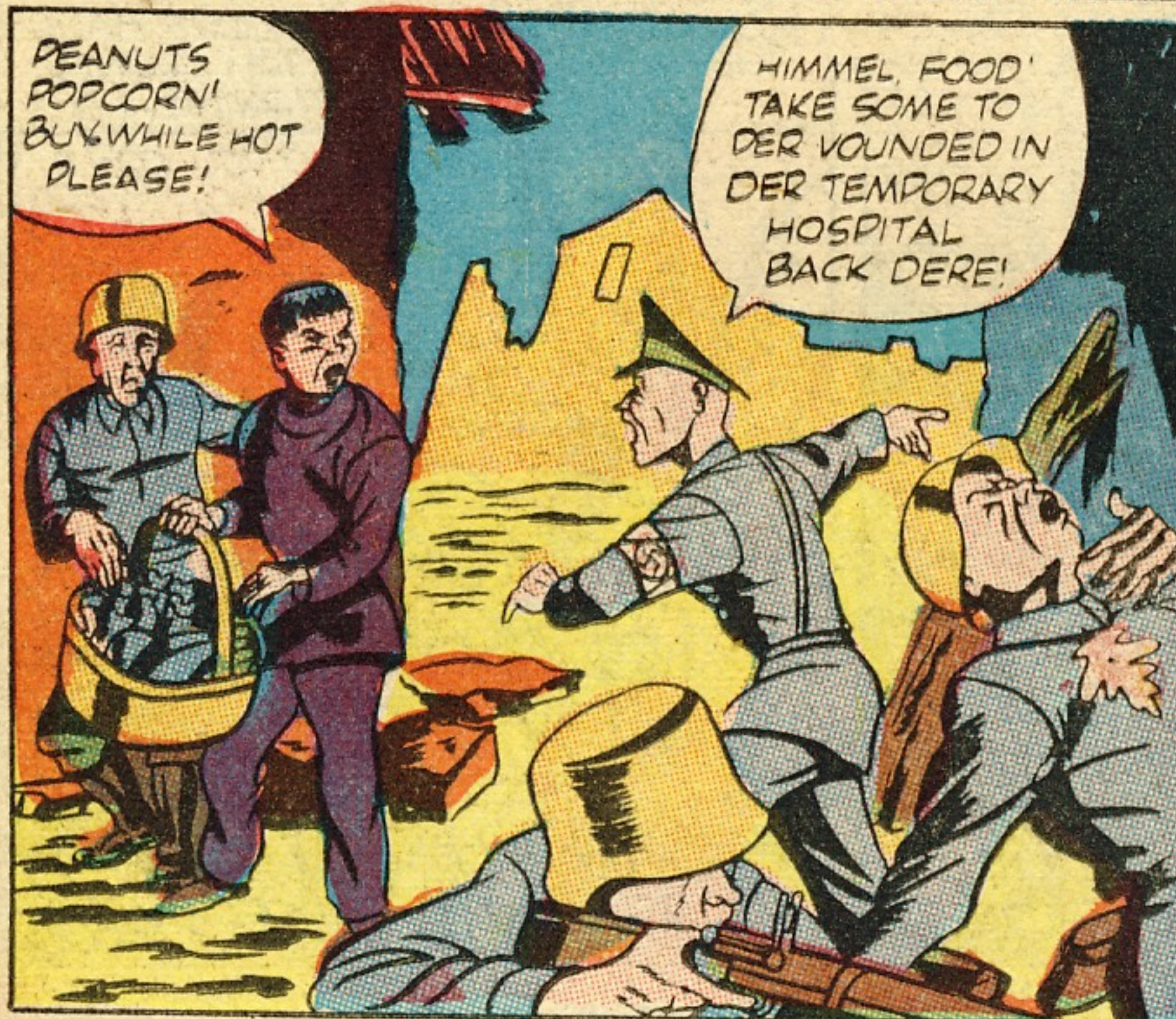
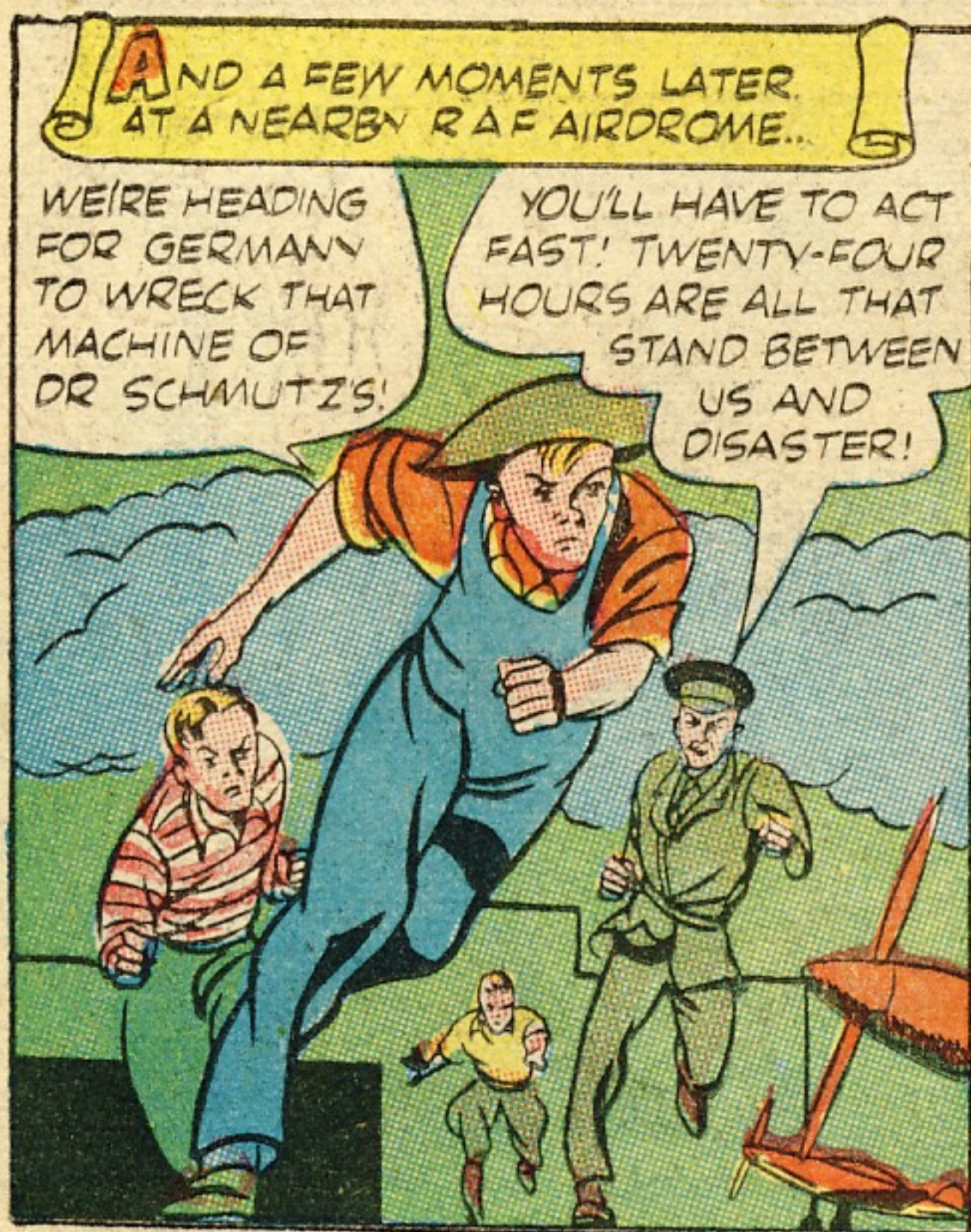
YA, YA! I VILL TELL YOU ANYT'INK YOU VANT TO KNOW!



PRESENTLY...

HE SAYS HITLER IS A USING A MACHINE, INVENTED BY A DR. SCHMUTZ THAT CAN PROJECT PEOPLE TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD! AND IN 24 HOURS, THE MASS INVASION OF BRITAIN IS GOING TO START!

GREAT HEAVENS! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?



ENGLISH USE
SECTET WEAPON
AND CHANGE
MISELABE
COMPLETION
TO VELLY
PLETTY SHADE
OF YELLOW!

MEIN GOOTNESS, SO THEY DID! I VANT YOU SHOULD
STAY AROUND SO I CAN MAKE A COMPLETE STUDY
OF DER METHOD! DIS ISS WERRY WERRY
INTERESTINK!

HEH, HEH! EVELYTHING HUNKY-DOLY..
CHIN GET TO NASTYLAND WITHOUT
TLOUBLE, MAKE FLIENDS WITH
INVENTOR, NOW WAIT FOR CHANCE TO
LUIN MIST' HITLER'S PLANS! HOPE OTHER
JUNIOR LANGERS HAVE SO MUCH LUCK...

BUT SWOOPING, SPITTING DEATH--NOT CHIN'S GOOD
FORTUNE--IS DOGGING THE TRAIL OF THE OTHER
PARTNERS IN PERIL!

OBOY, NOW WE'RE IN
FOR IT! DAT RATZIES
COMIN' DOWN-STAIRS
WID HIS CHOPPER READY
TO OPEN UP ON US!

HANG ONTO YOUR
TEETH! I'M GOIN'
TO GIVE HIM AN
ARGUMENT!

BANKING SHARPLY, ROGER RANGER PUTS ON
A SPECTACULAR DISPLAY OF AEROBATICS...

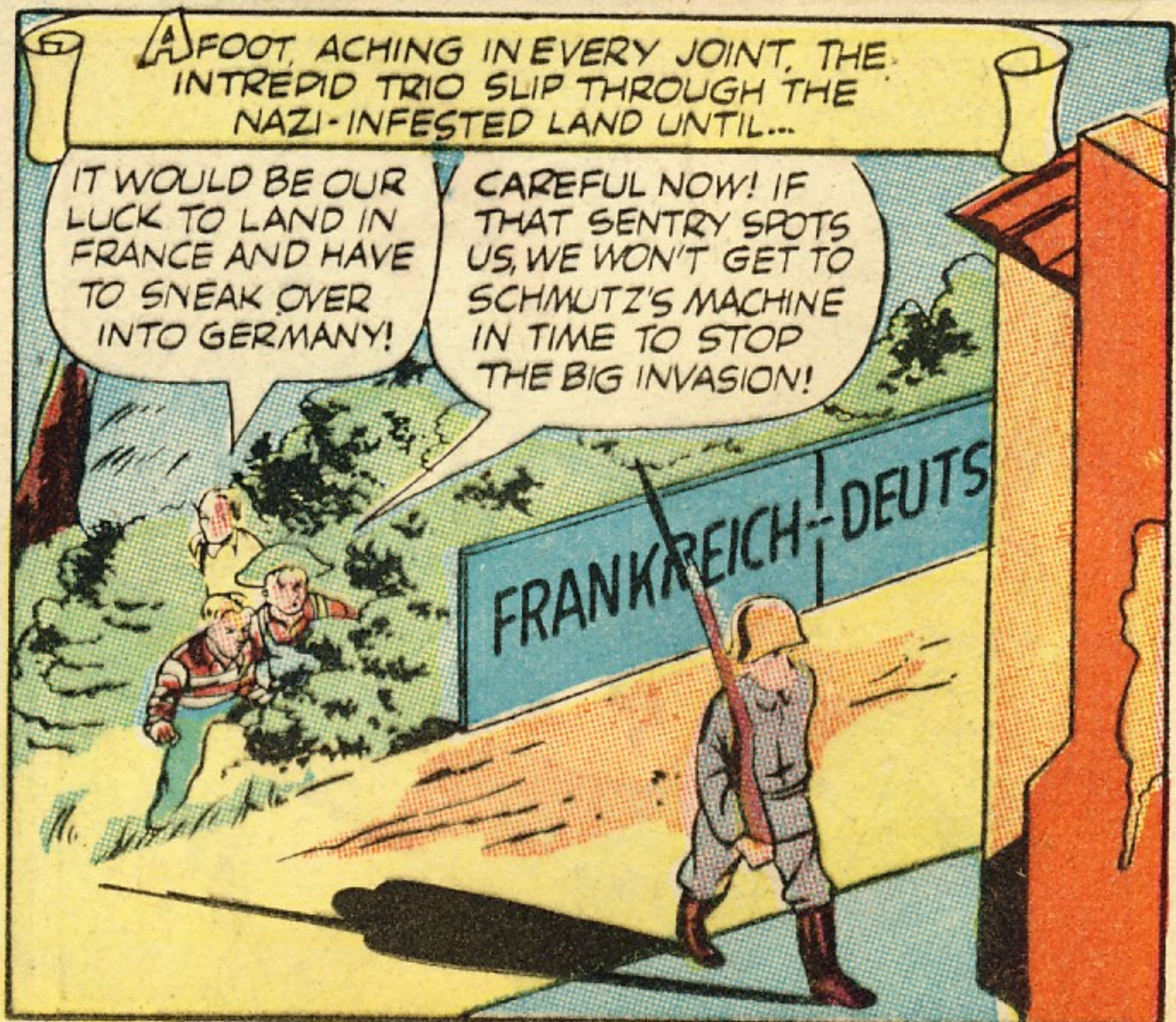
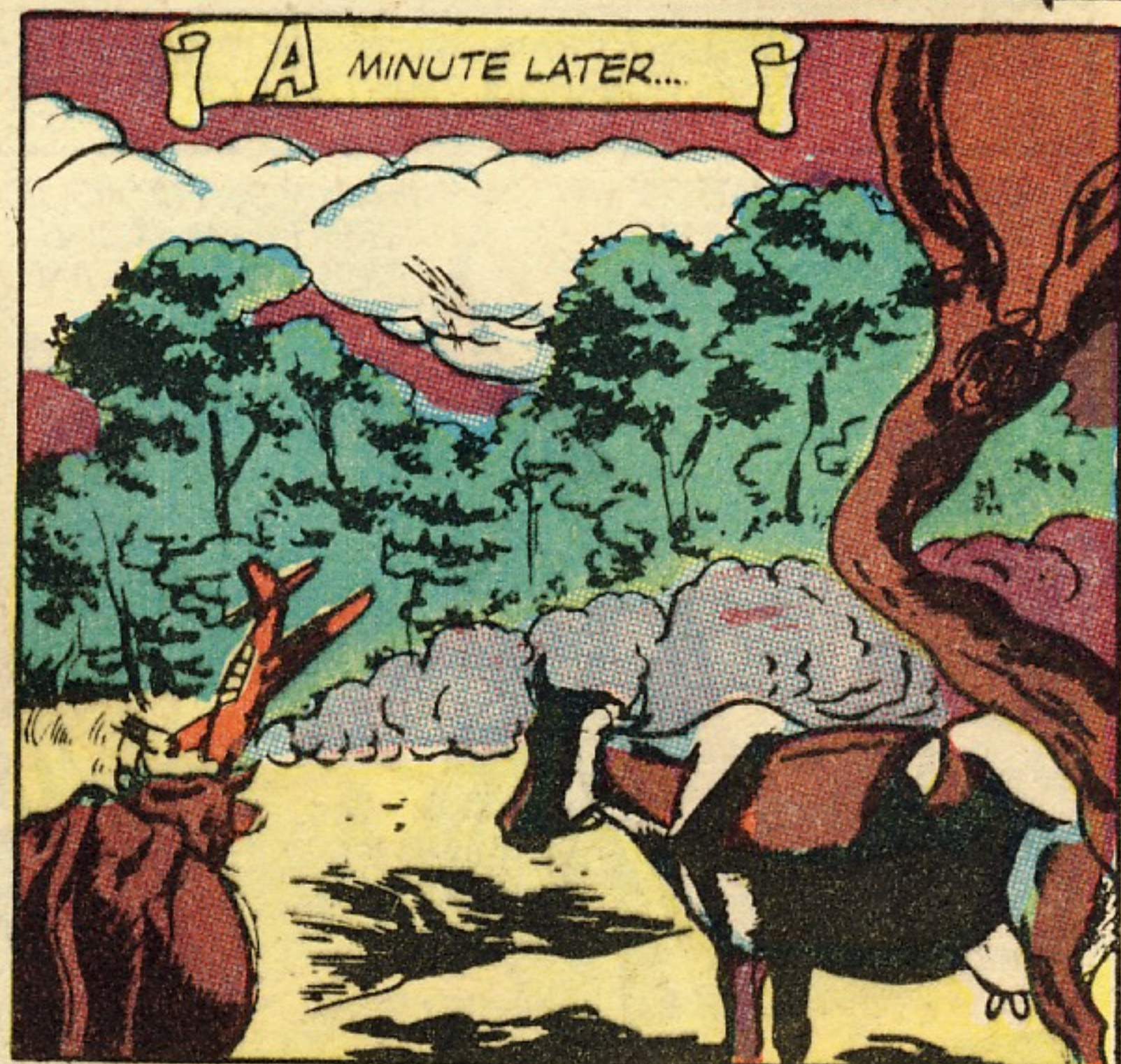
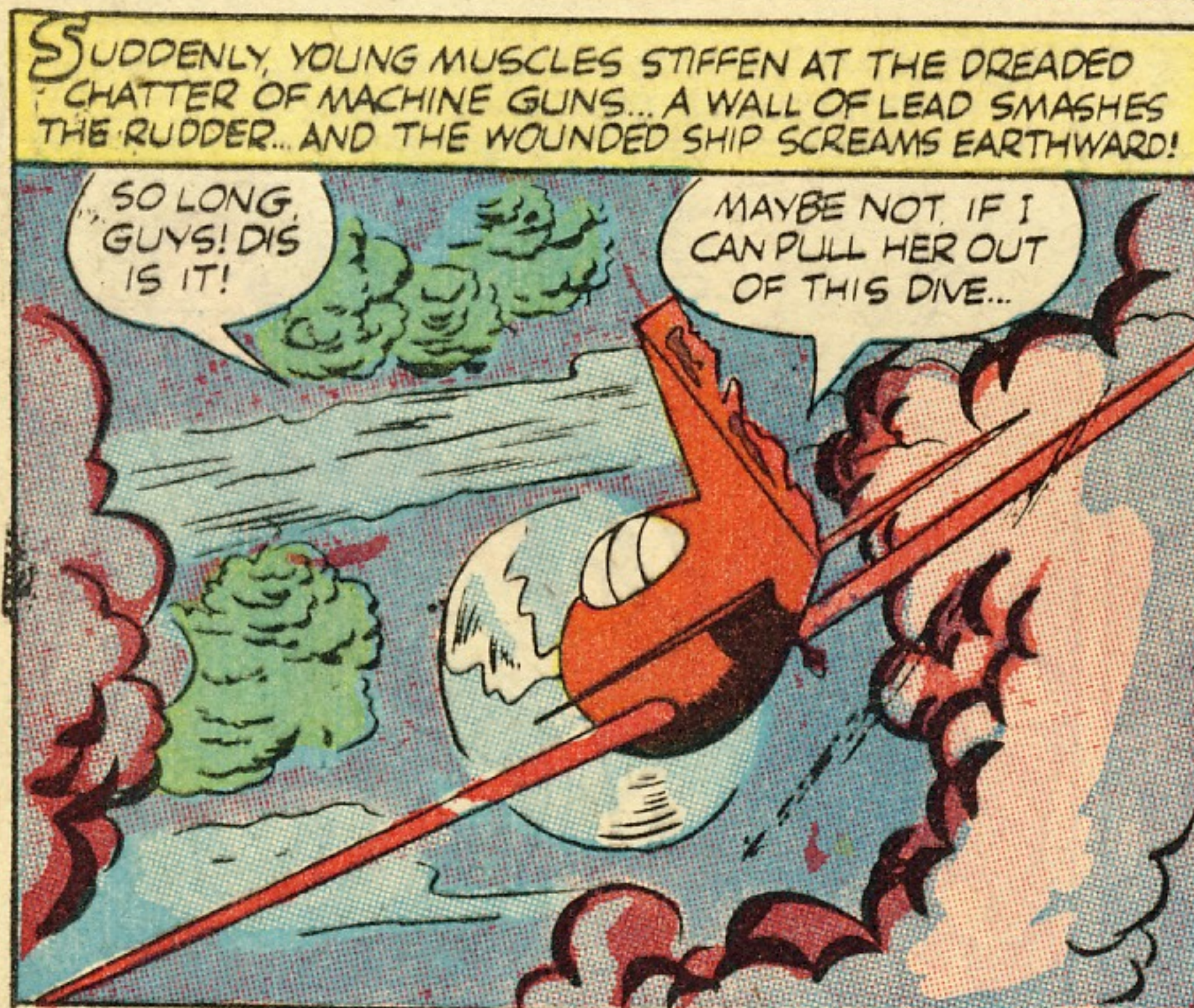
HUH? WHERE
DID HE GO TO
SO SOON
ALREADY?

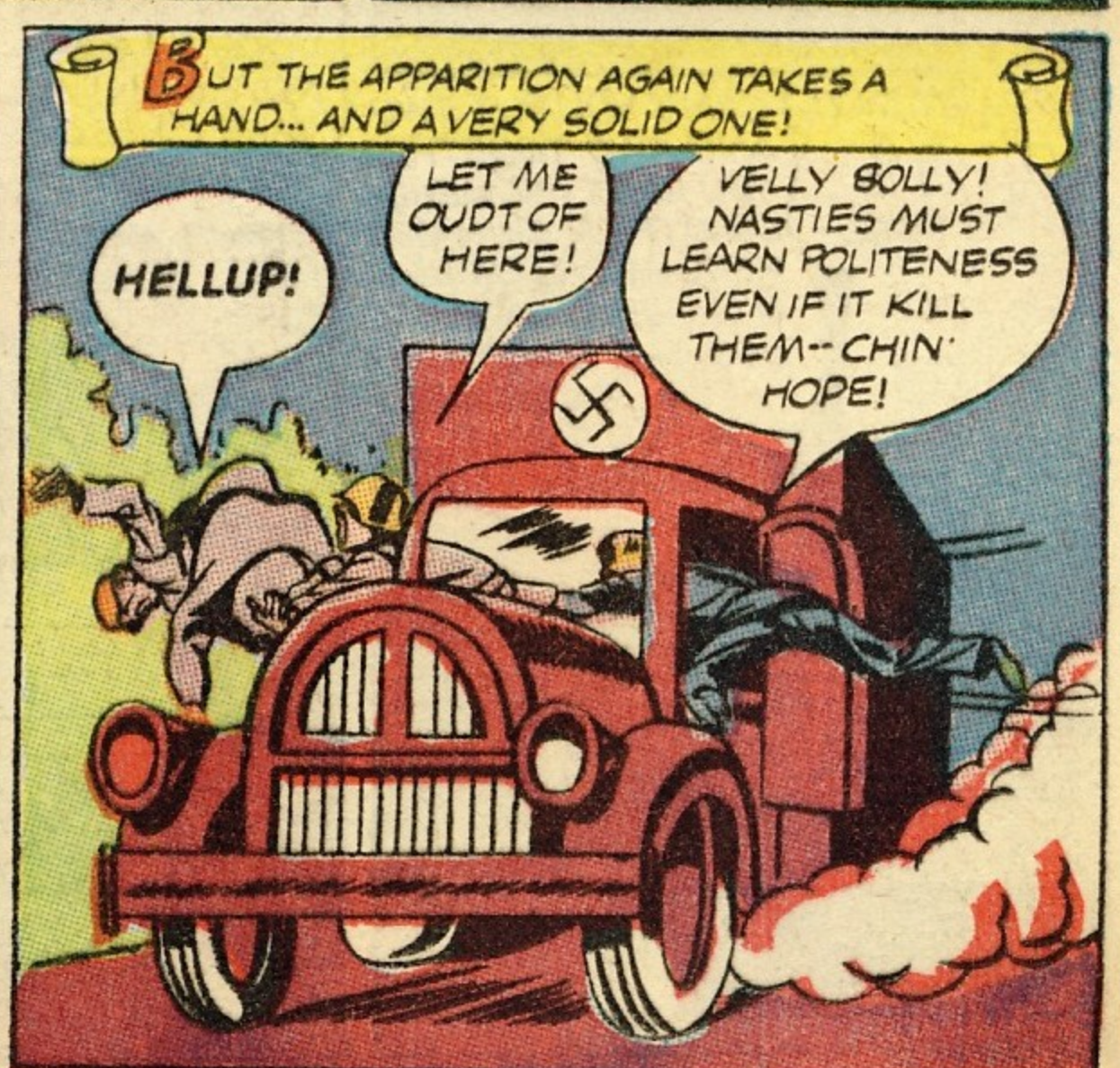
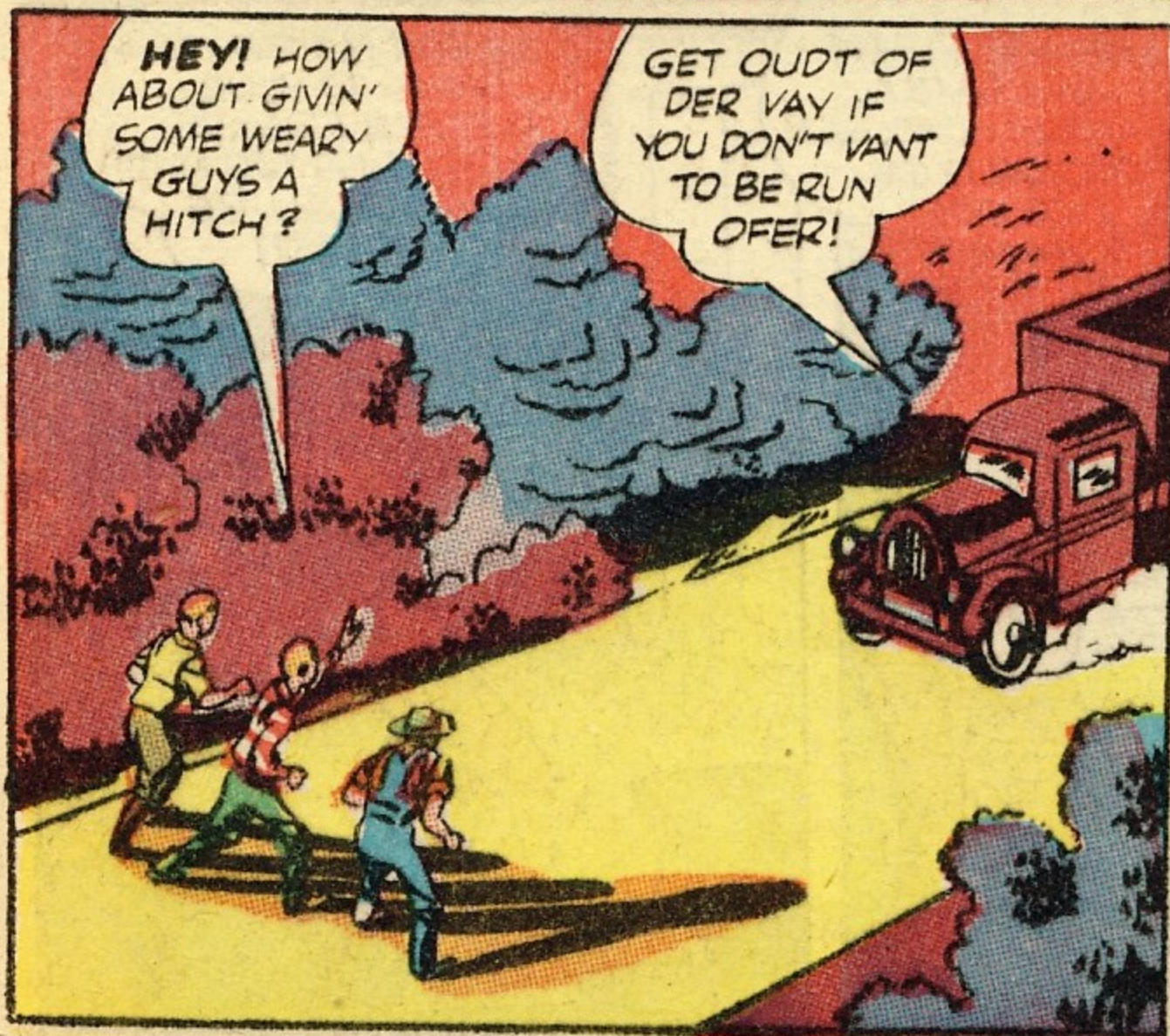
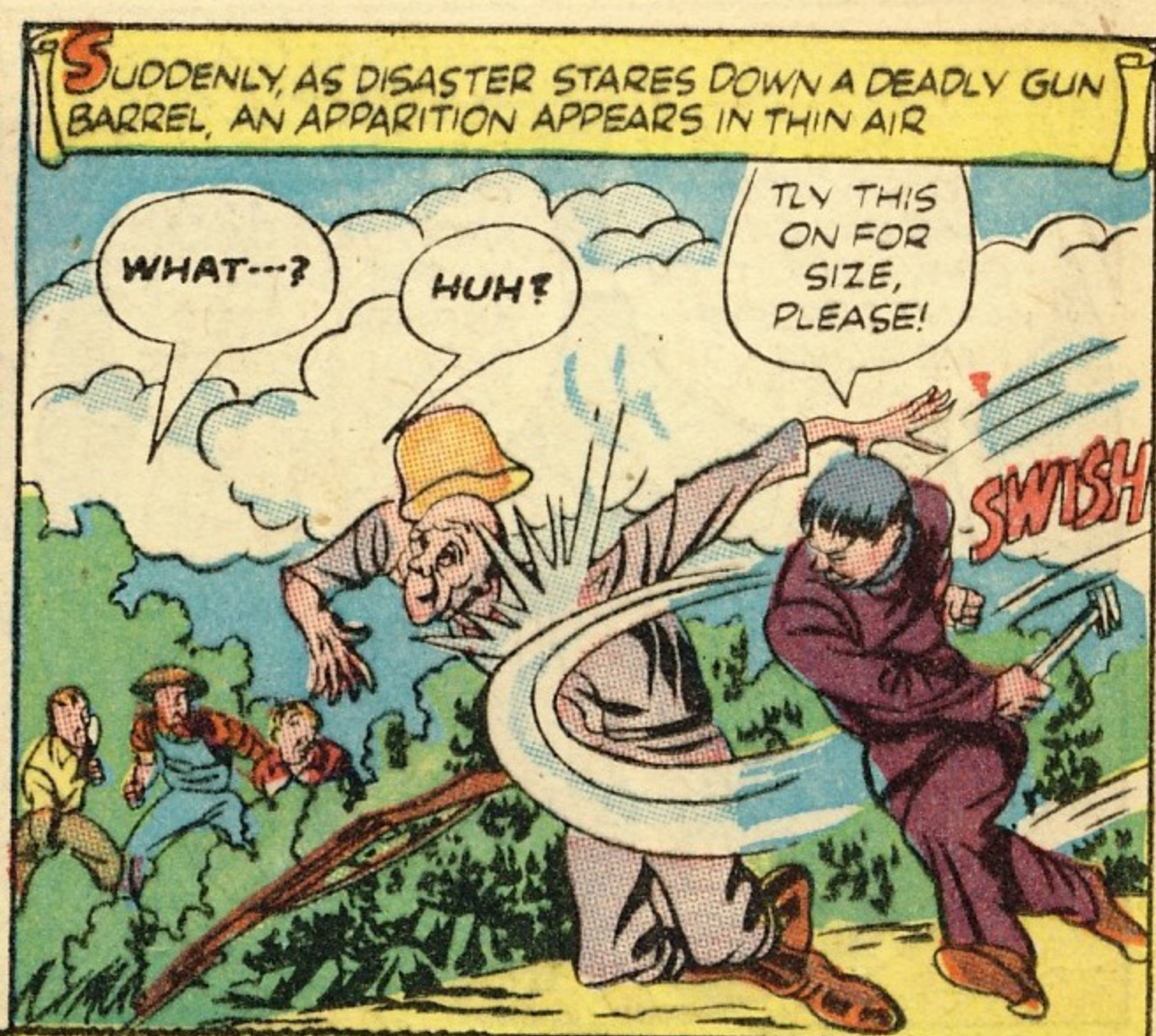
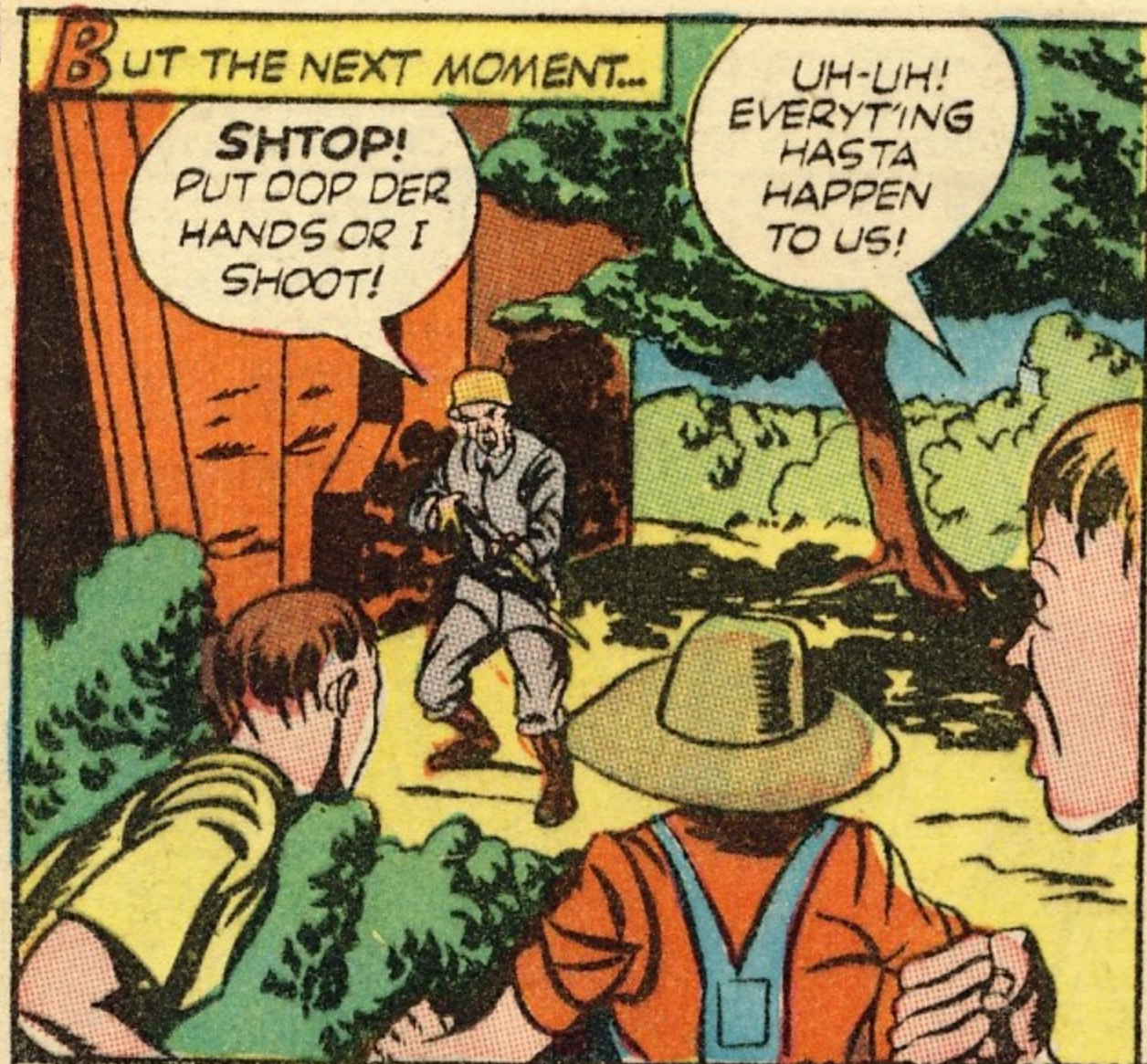
VELL, I AM AN
UNCLE'S MONKEY!
YOU WOULD SVEAR
HE ISS RIDINK A
BRONCO IN A VILD
VEST SHOW!

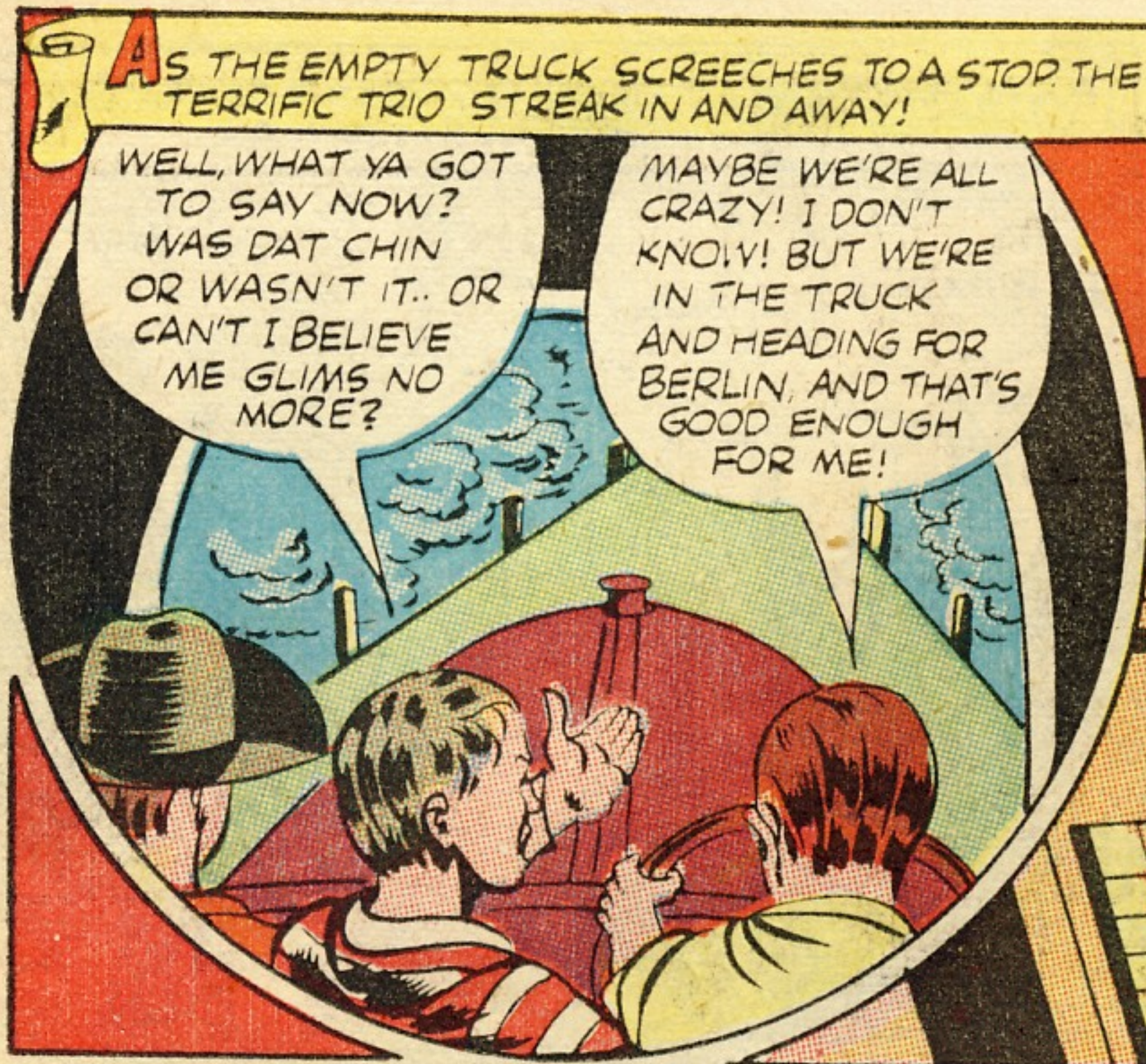
SUDDENLY, A MASTERFUL PIVOT.... A TWO-
SECOND BURST OF SHRIEKING DEATH AND...

BOY, DAT'LL
KILL HIM,
ROGER!

A-A-A-G-G-H-H...







AS THE EMPTY TRUCK SCREECHES TO A STOP THE TERRIFIC TRIO STREAK IN AND AWAY!

WELL, WHAT YA GOT TO SAY NOW? WAS DAT CHIN OR WASN'T IT.. OR CAN'T I BELIEVE ME GLIMS NO MORE?

MAYBE WE'RE ALL CRAZY! I DON'T KNOW! BUT WE'RE IN THE TRUCK AND HEADING FOR BERLIN, AND THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!

CAREENING OVER THE ROAD AT SIXTY MILES AN HOUR, THE CAPTURED TRUCK SOON SOARS DIRECTLY INTO THE HEART OF BERLIN! AND...

HERE'S DR. SCHMUTZ'S LAB!

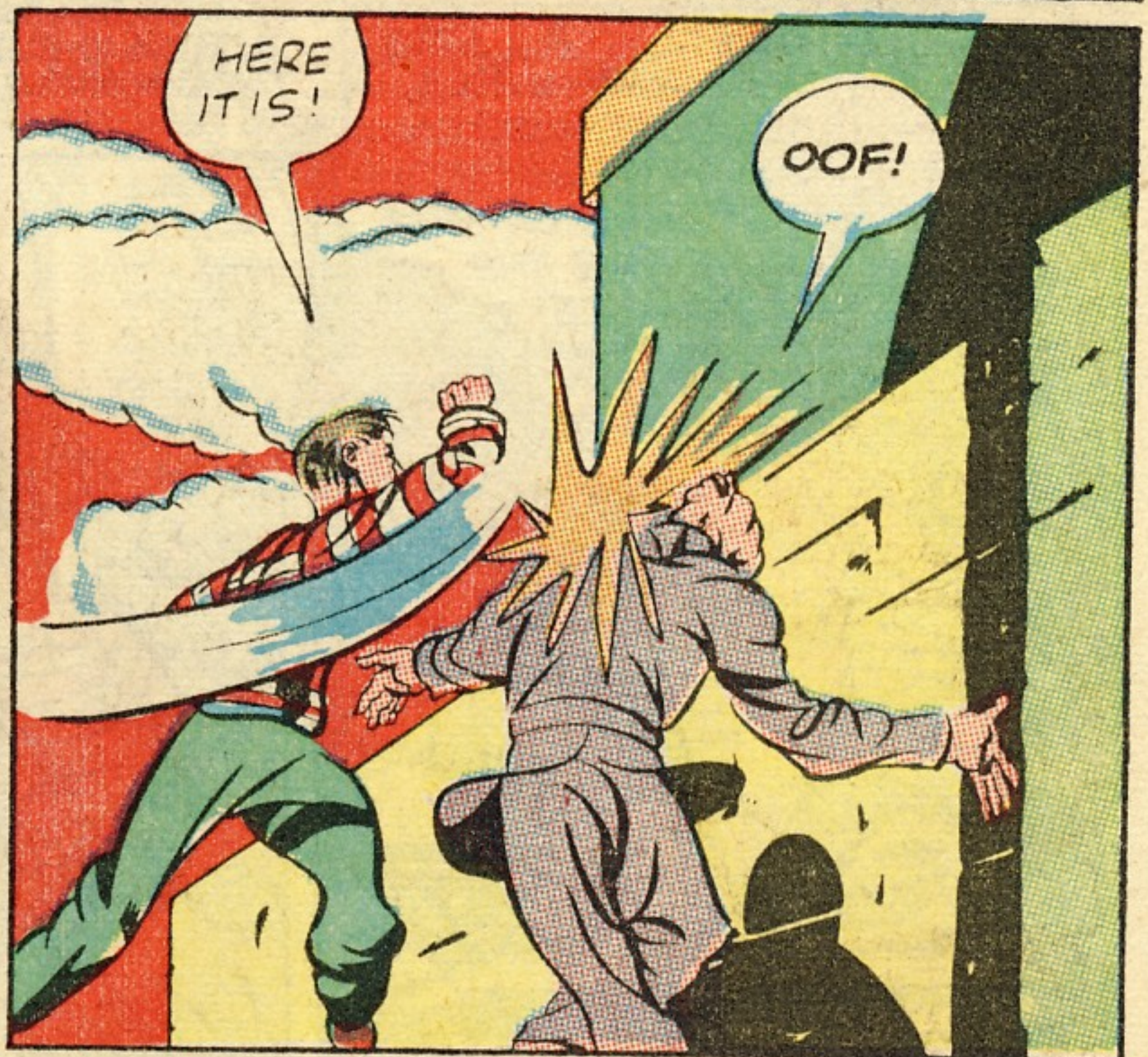
WE'D BETTER MAKE IT SNAPPY! IT'S GETTING DARK AND THAT'S WHEN HITLER IS GOING TO STRIKE WITH FORCE!



SUDDENLY...

HALT UND GIFF DER PASSVORD!

WHY, SURE, BUD- ANY TIME!



HERE IT IS!

OOF!



AND AS NIGHT DESCENDS....

LOOK AT DAT! CHIN IS A REG'LAR PAL OF DE DOC'S.. DE DO, TY TRAITOR! WAIT'LL I GET ME DUKES ON HIM

CAN'T YOU PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER, YOU IDIOT? SOMEHOW OR OTHER, CHIN GOT HERE AHEAD OF US.... AND HE MANAGED TO USE THE MACHINE TO HELP US OUT OF THOSE TIGHT SQUEEZES!



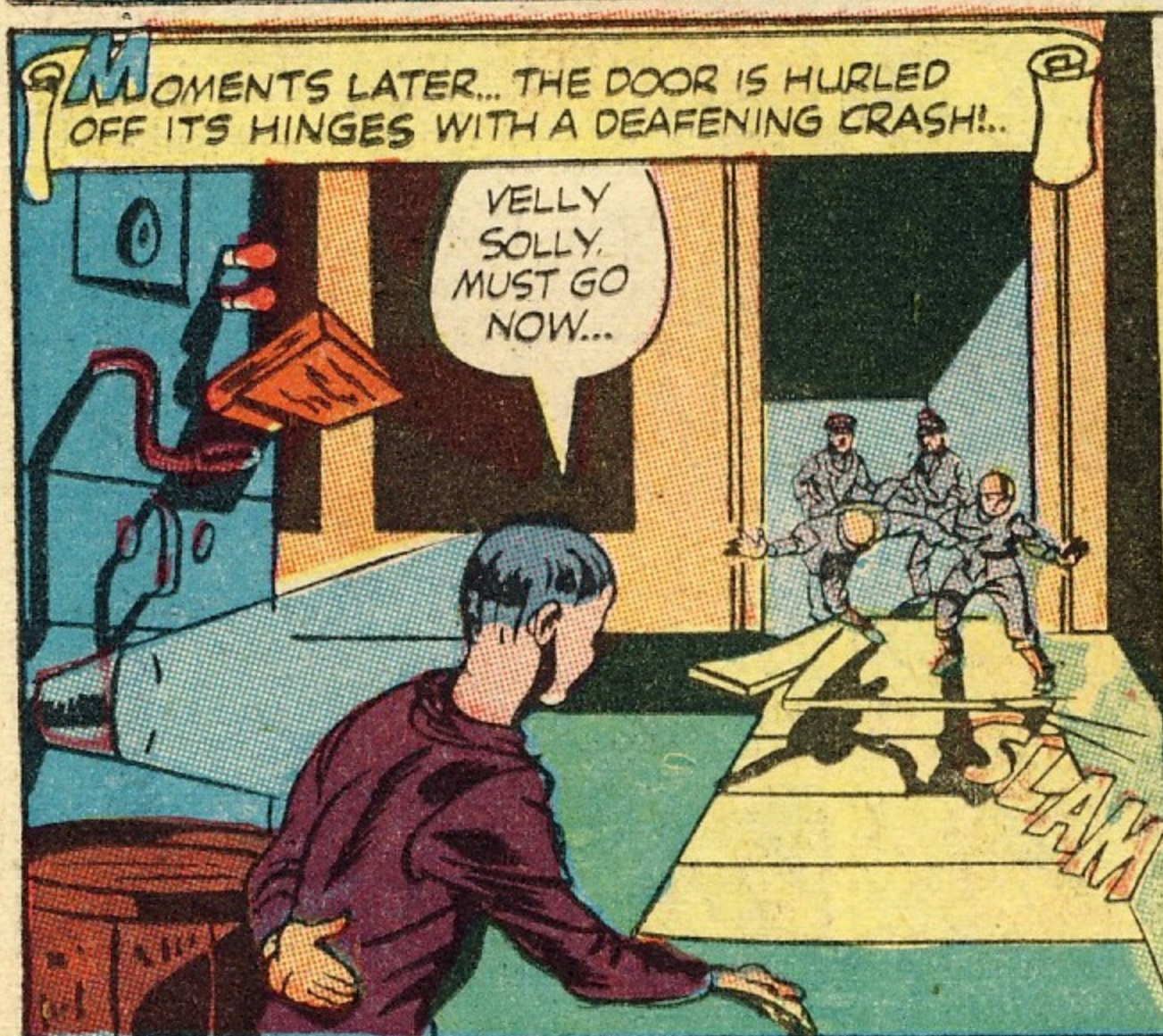
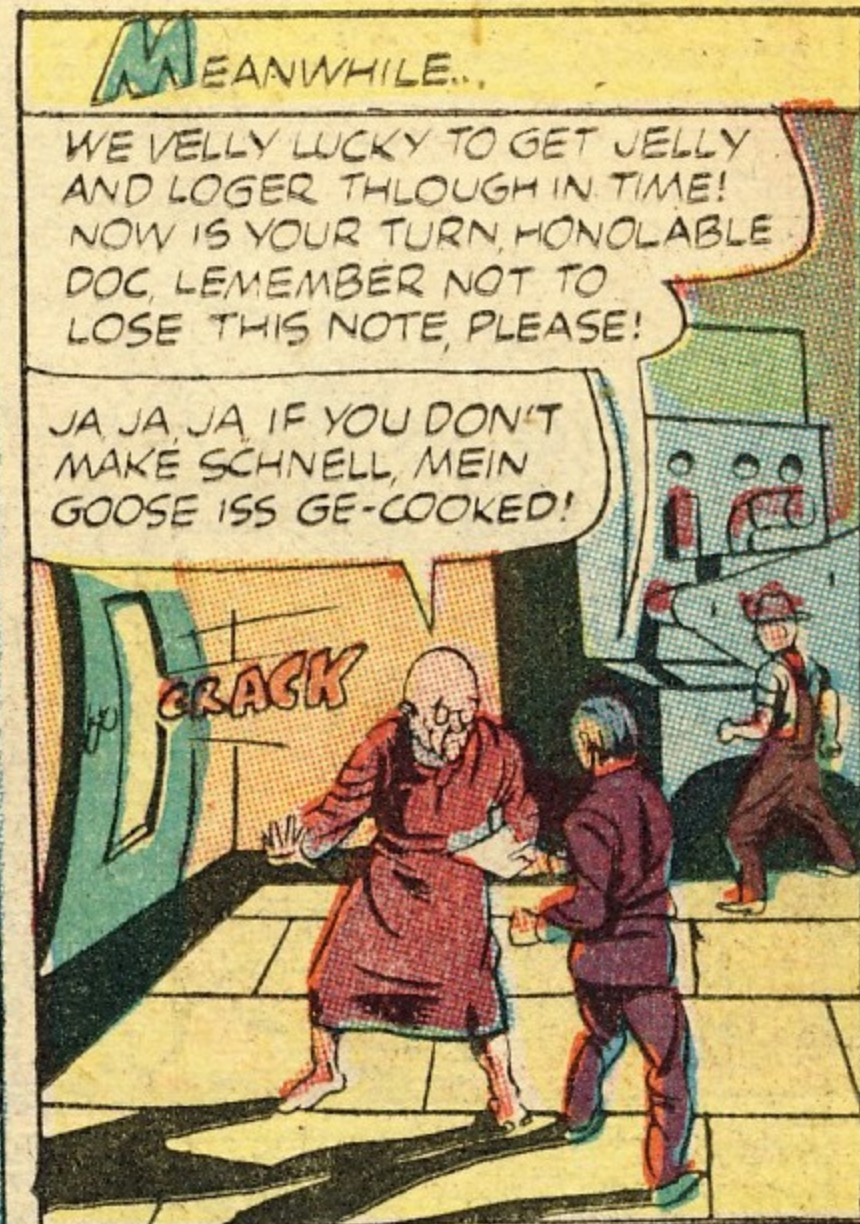
YOU'RE SAFE NOW, CHIN! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS HOMBRE!

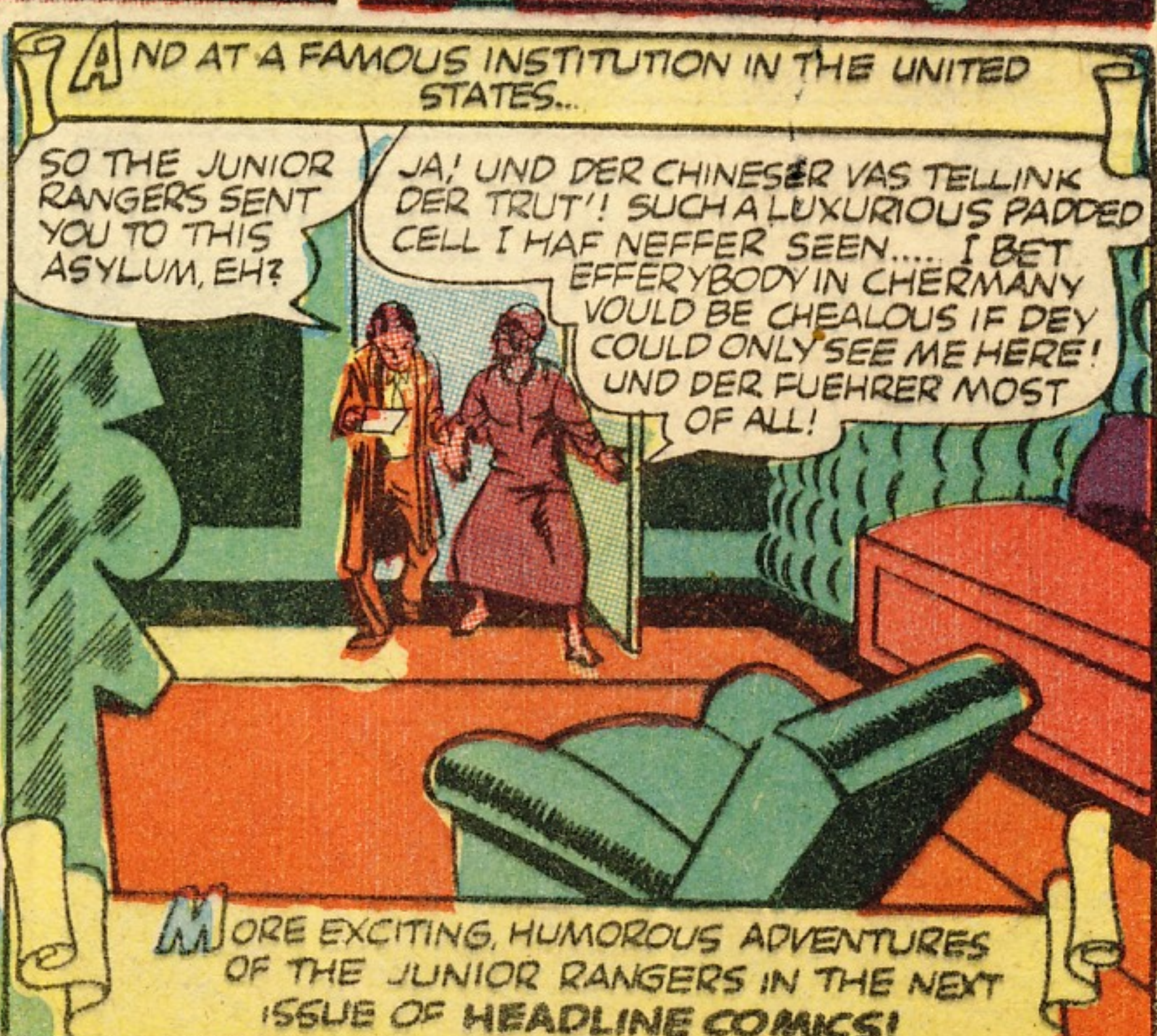
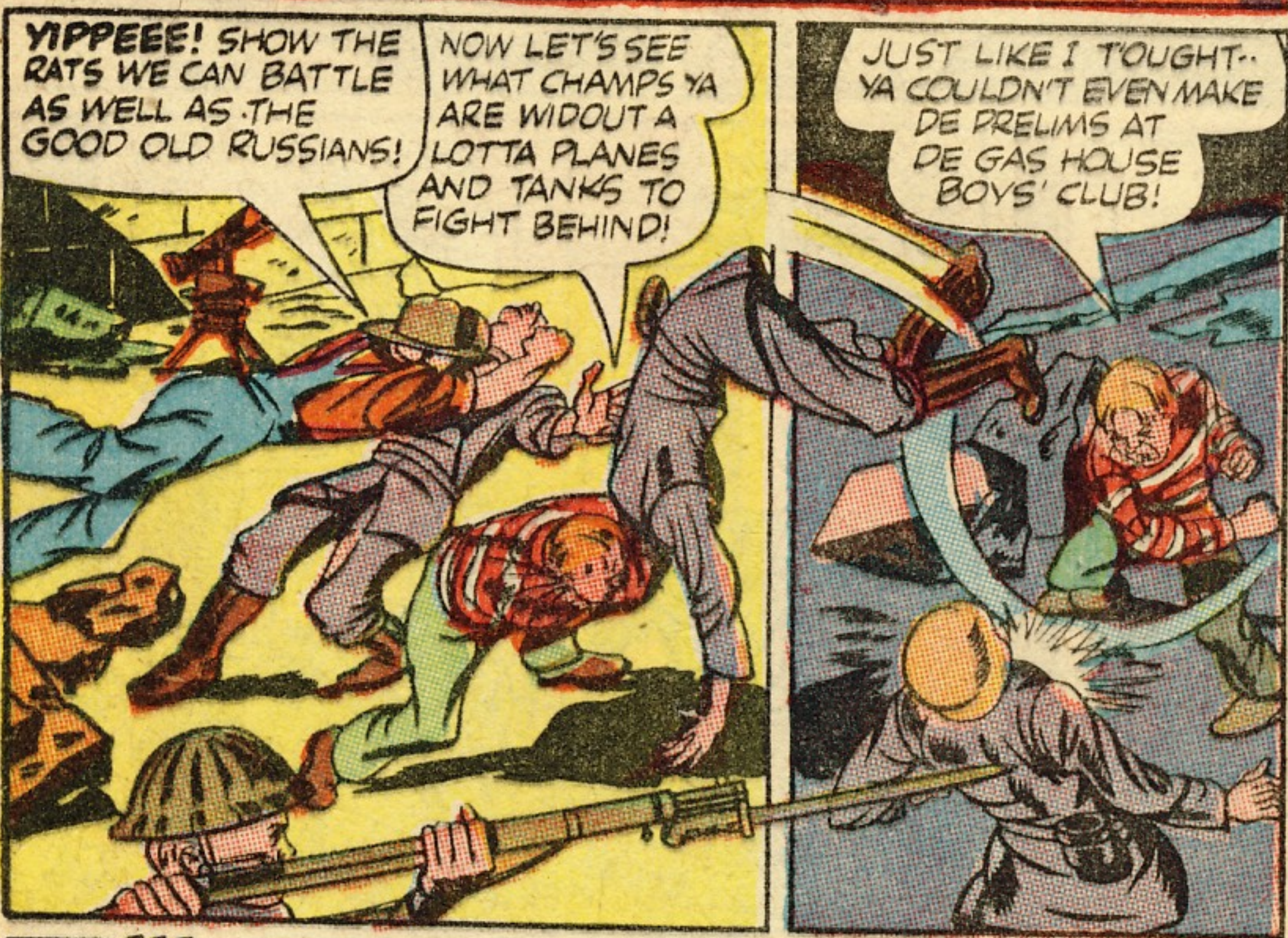
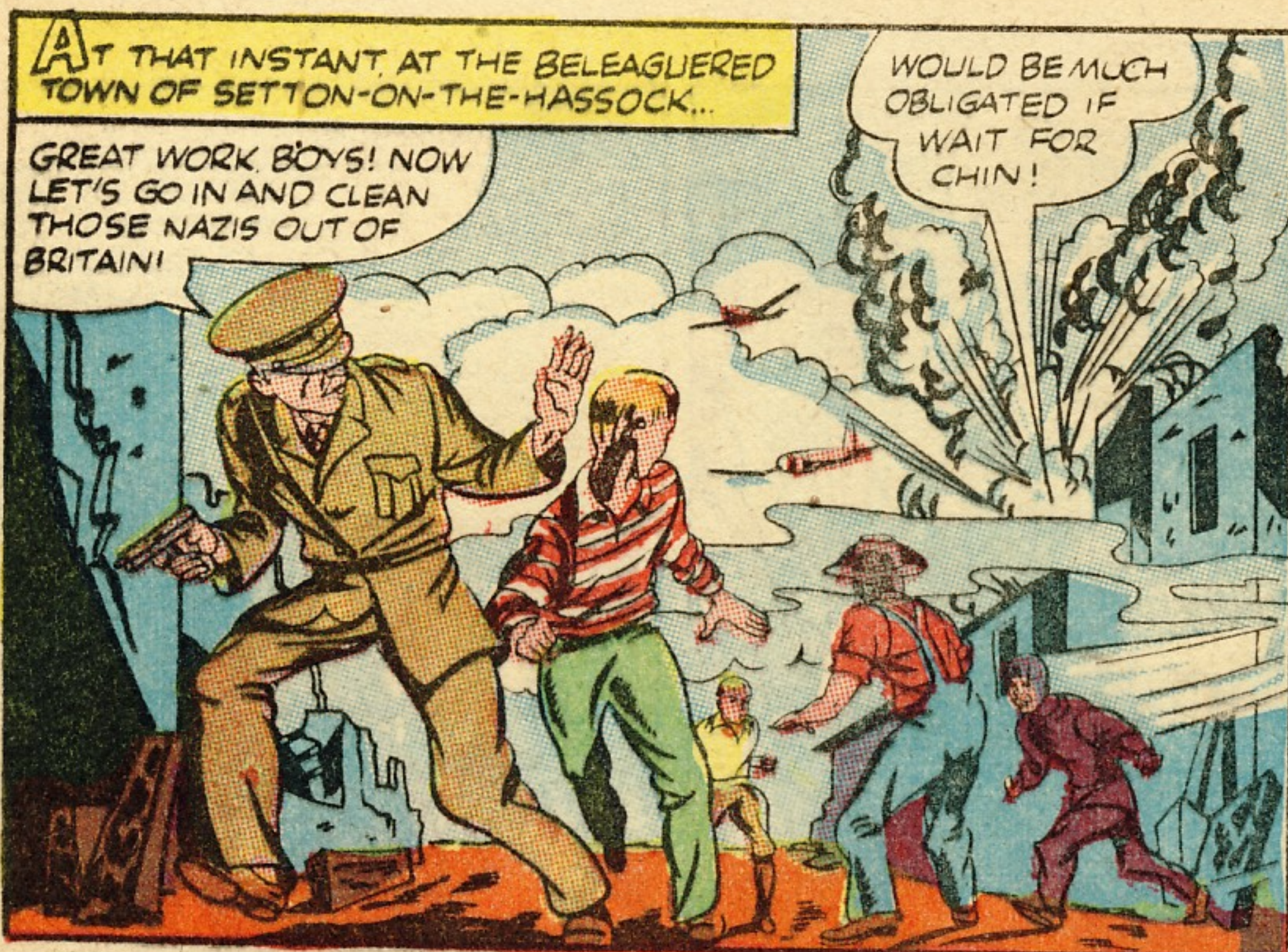
EXCUSE, PLEASE ... WAS SAFE ALL ALONG! HONOLABLE DOCTOR IS ON OUR SIDE!



YA, DOT ISS RIGHT, DANKS TO YOUR CLEFFER FRIEND!... ACH! IT ISS TOO LATE! VE VILL ALL BE KILLED!

KNOCK KNOCK





MORE EXCITING, HUMOROUS ADVENTURES OF THE JUNIOR RANGERS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF HEADLINE COMICS!

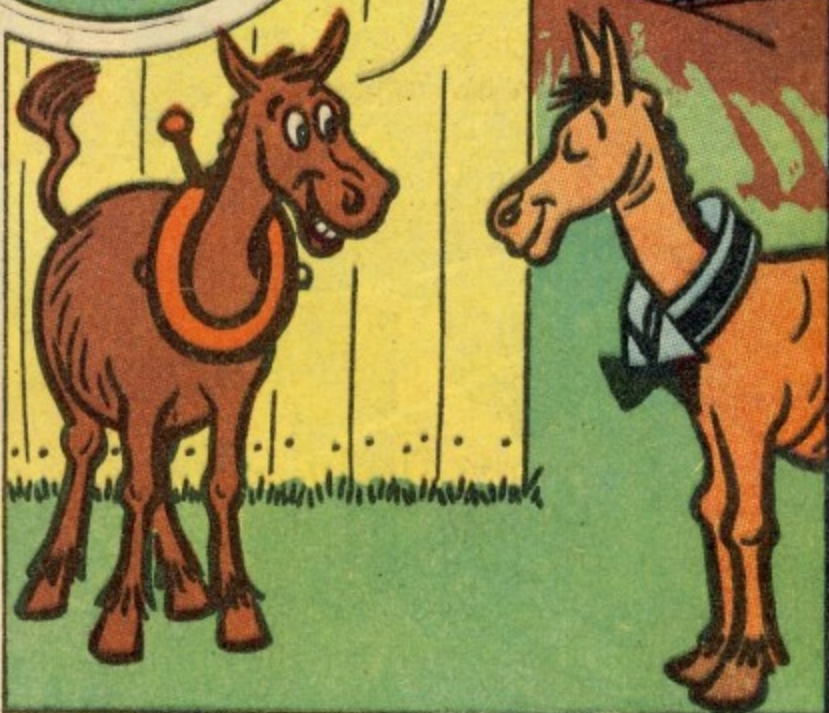
OF COURSE,
YOU'LL HAVE TO
TONE IT DOWN A
BIT IF LADIES ARE
PRESENT.



ANIMAL CRACKERS

By
Buster
Green

I DIDN'T KNOW
THE PARTY WAS
TO BE FORMAL!



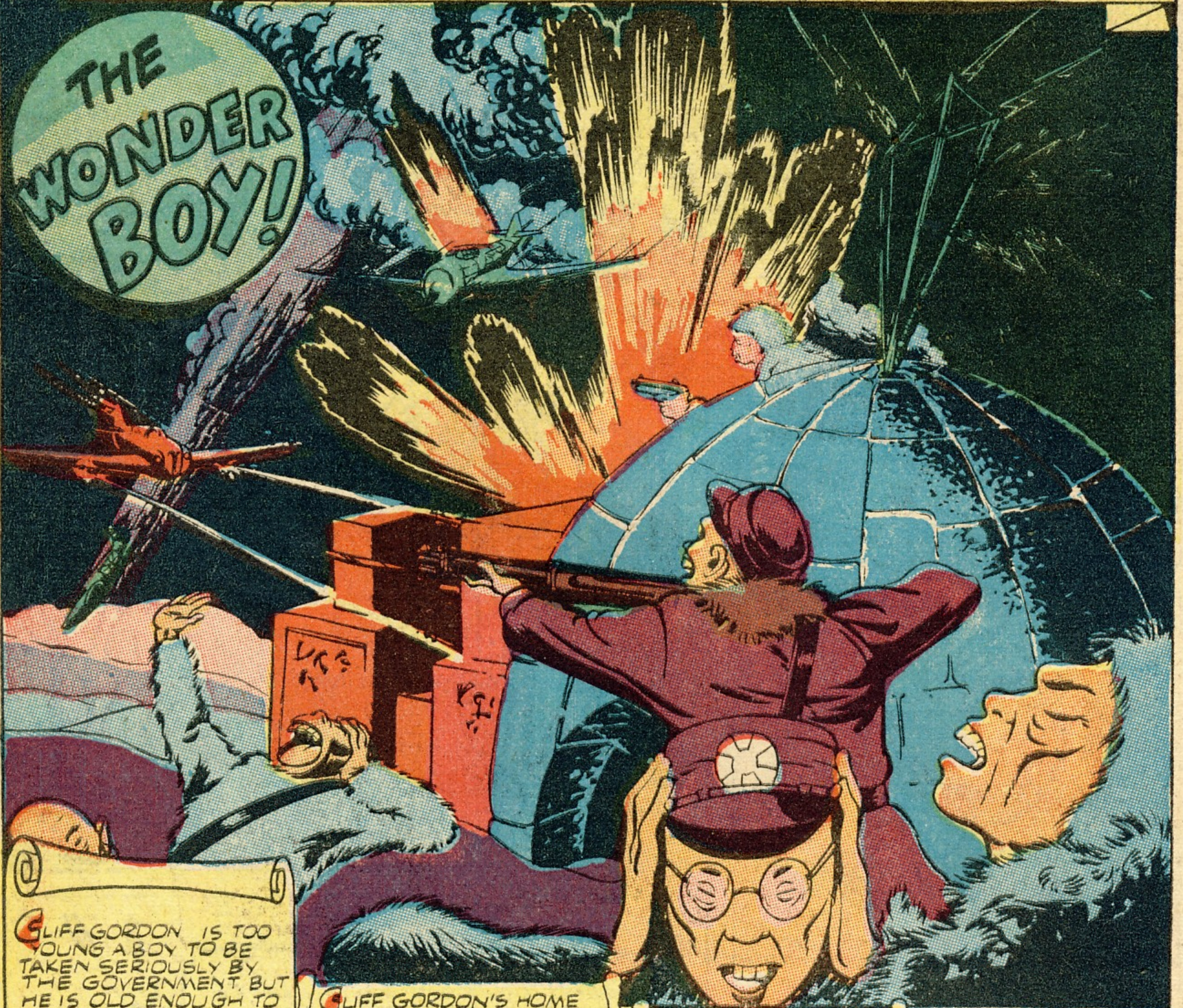
I PUT A ZIPPER ON
SO JUNIOR WON'T
BE JUMPING OUT ALL
THE TIME -



SHE DOESN'T KNOW
WE'RE STANDING ON
STILTS!



CLIFF GORDON



THE
WONDER
BOY!

CLIFF GORDON IS TOO YOUNG A BOY TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY BY THE GOVERNMENT, BUT HE IS OLD ENOUGH TO TAKE THE GOVERNMENT SERIOUSLY. WHEN JAPANESE AGENTS INFILTRATE THE FAR POLAR REGION CLIFF GORDON BATTLES JAP BULLETS AND THE ELEMENTS OF THE UNCONQUERABLE NORTH IN THE DEFENSE OF HIS COUNTRY. HE IS A TRUE HERO RISKING HIS LIFE WITHOUT THOUGHT OF RETURN, OR HONOR -- A REAL AMERICAN BOY...

CLIFF GORDON'S HOME IN A NEW ENGLAND TOWN

YES THIS IS THE GORDON HOME. MY FATHER IS INSIDE.

MY NAME IS JONATHAN ADAMS. I AM A FRIEND OF YOUR FATHER.

JONATHAN ADAMS! STILL LOOKING FOR SPIES?

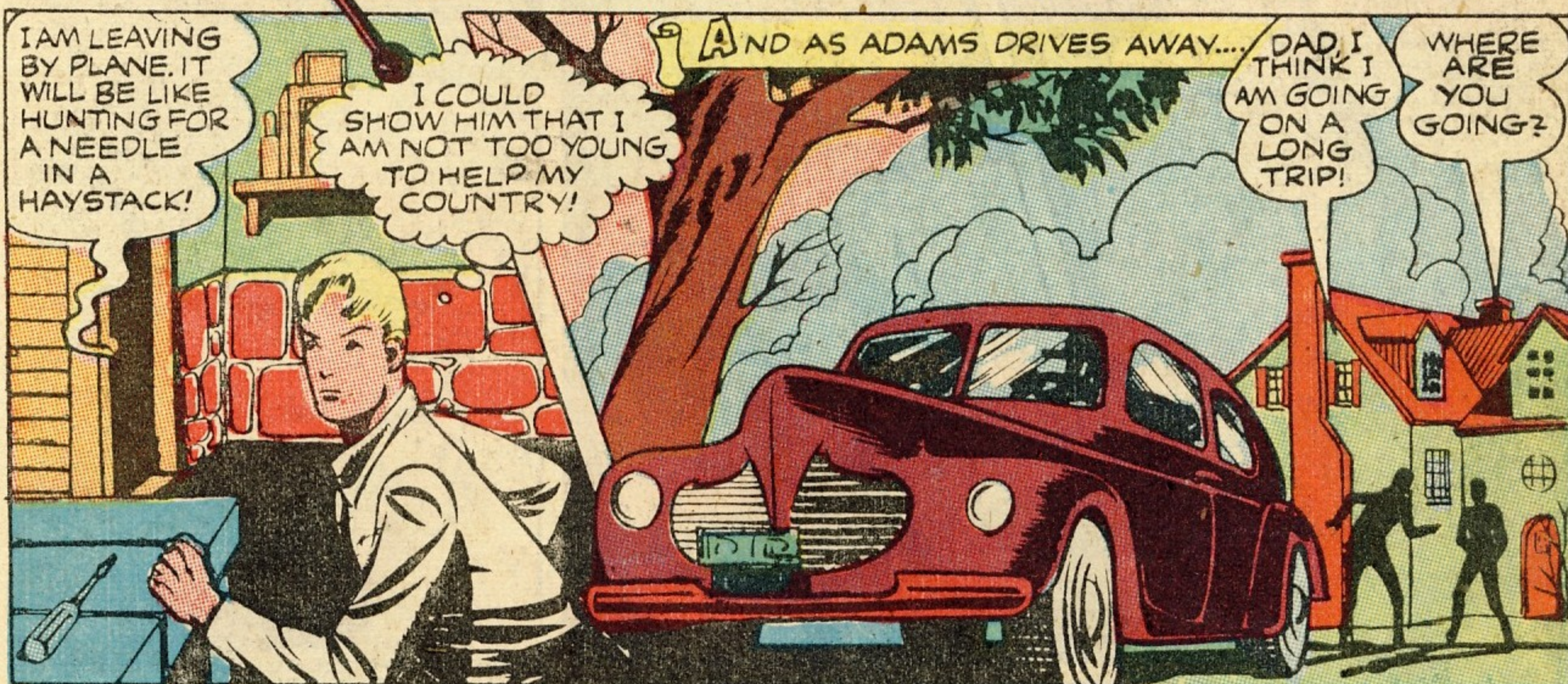
SURE - AND YOU'RE STILL MONKEYING WITH WRENCHES?

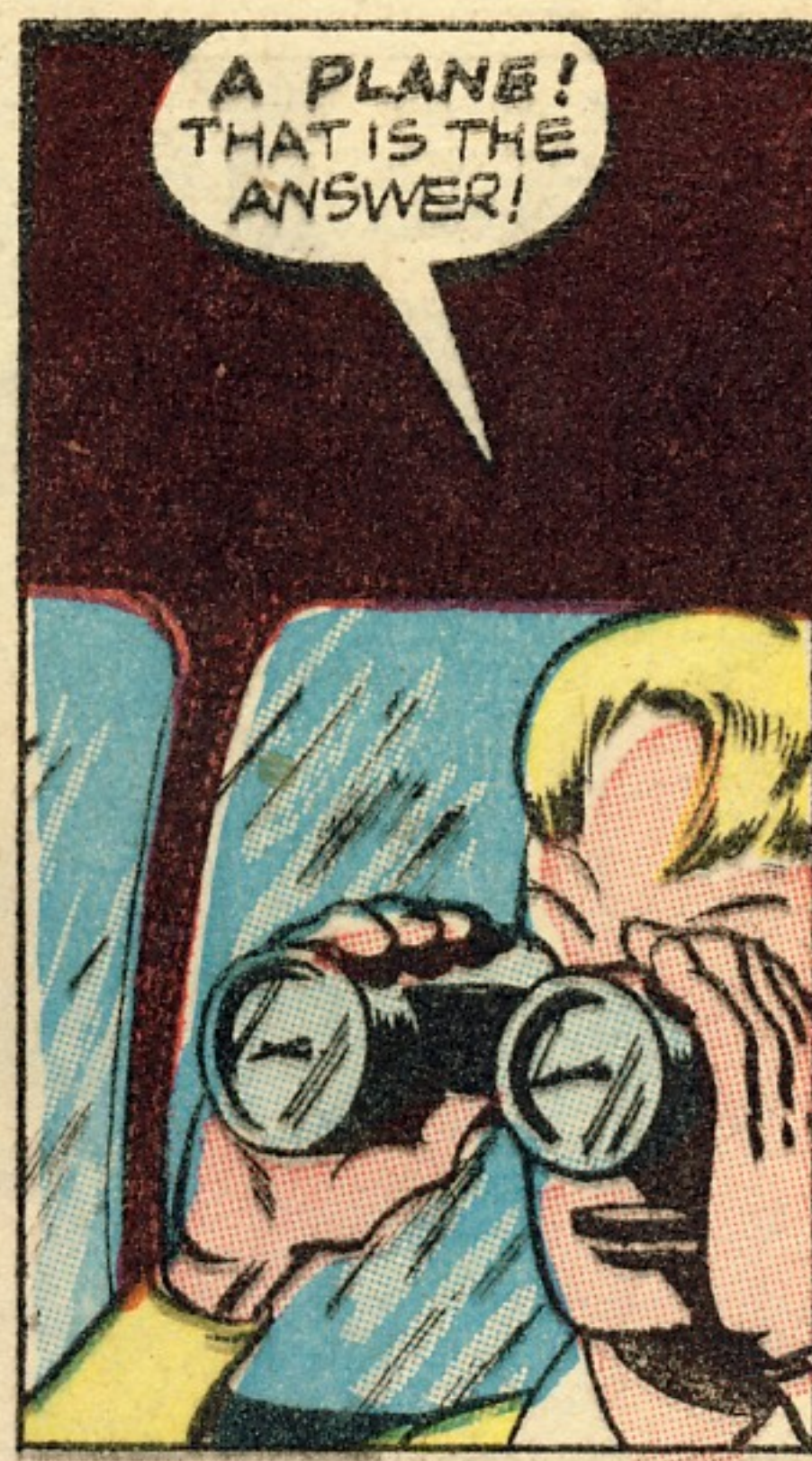
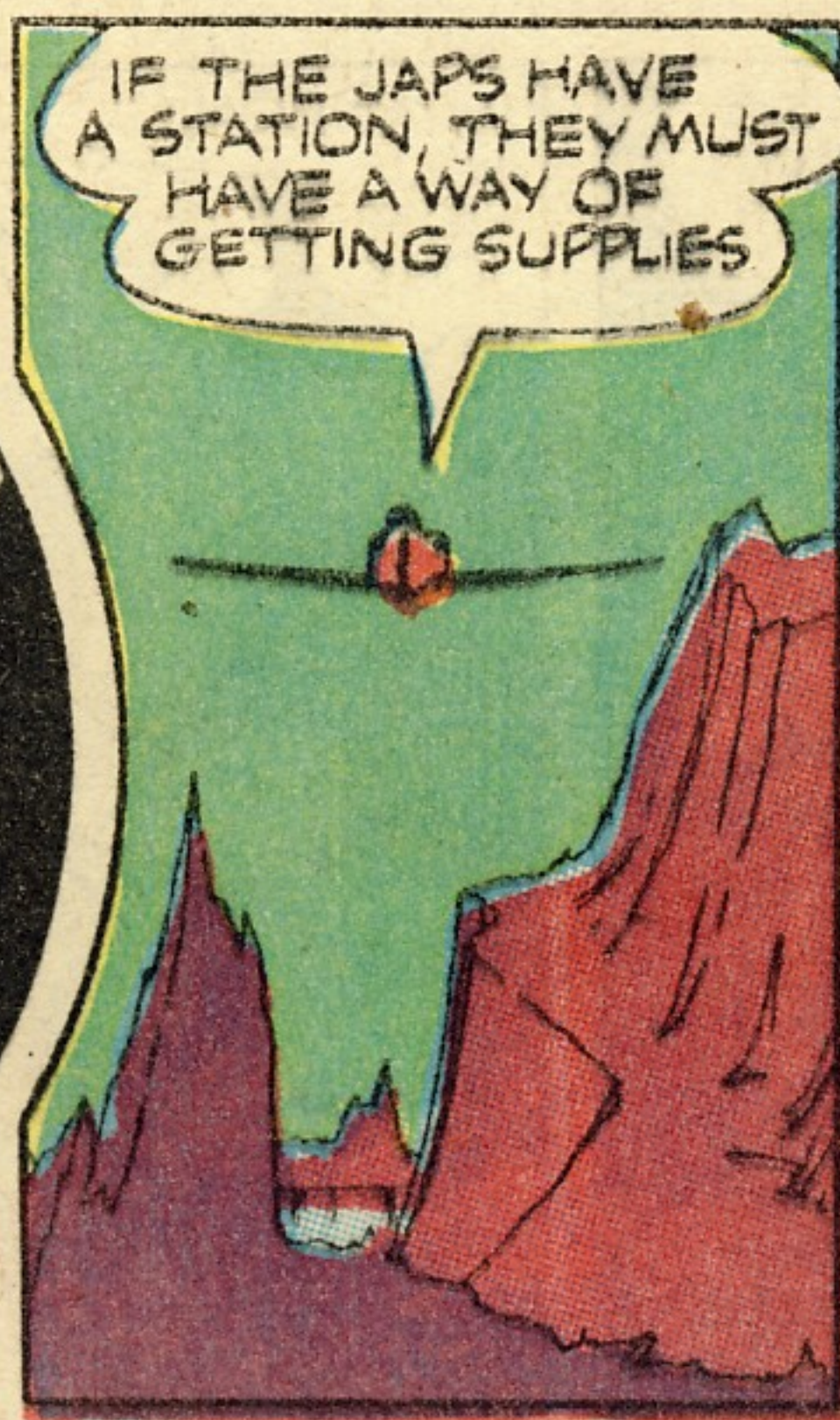
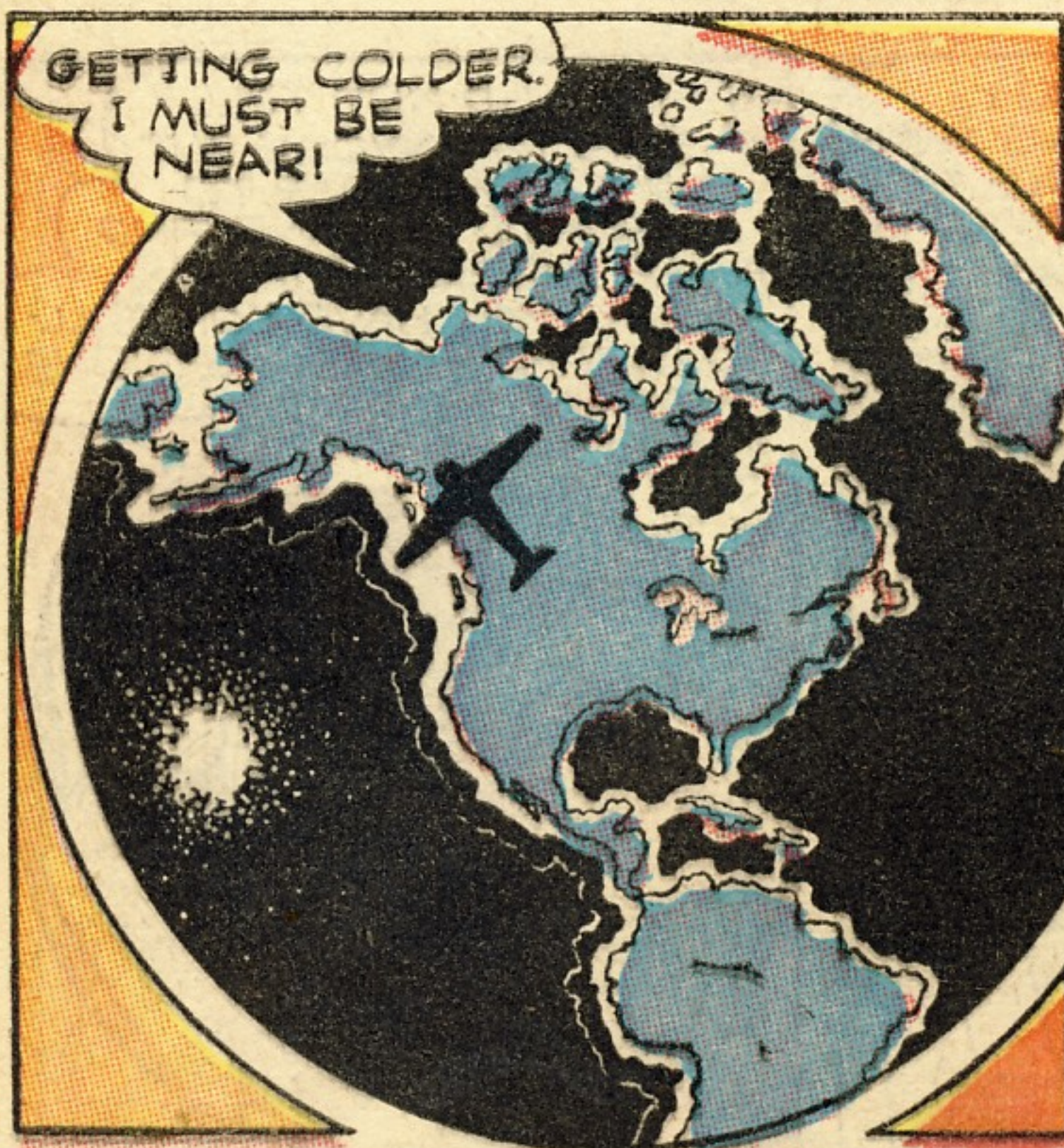
CLIFF THIS IS MY OLD FRIEND JONATHAN ADAMS

THE SECRET SERVICE AGENT, GEE! I'D LIKE TO DO SOMETHING TO HELP!

YOU ARE VERY YOUNG, CLIFF YOUR CHANCE WILL COME!



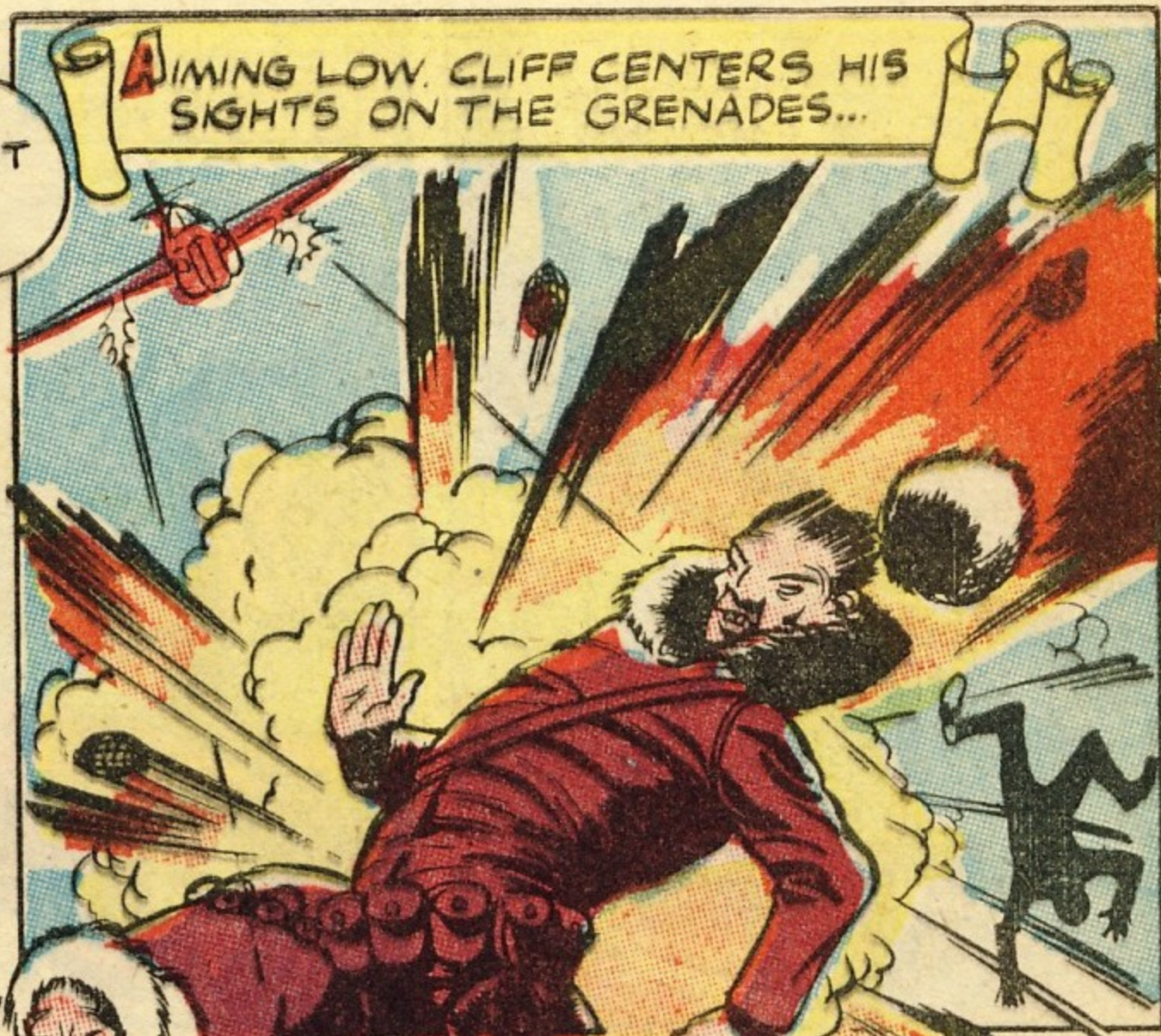






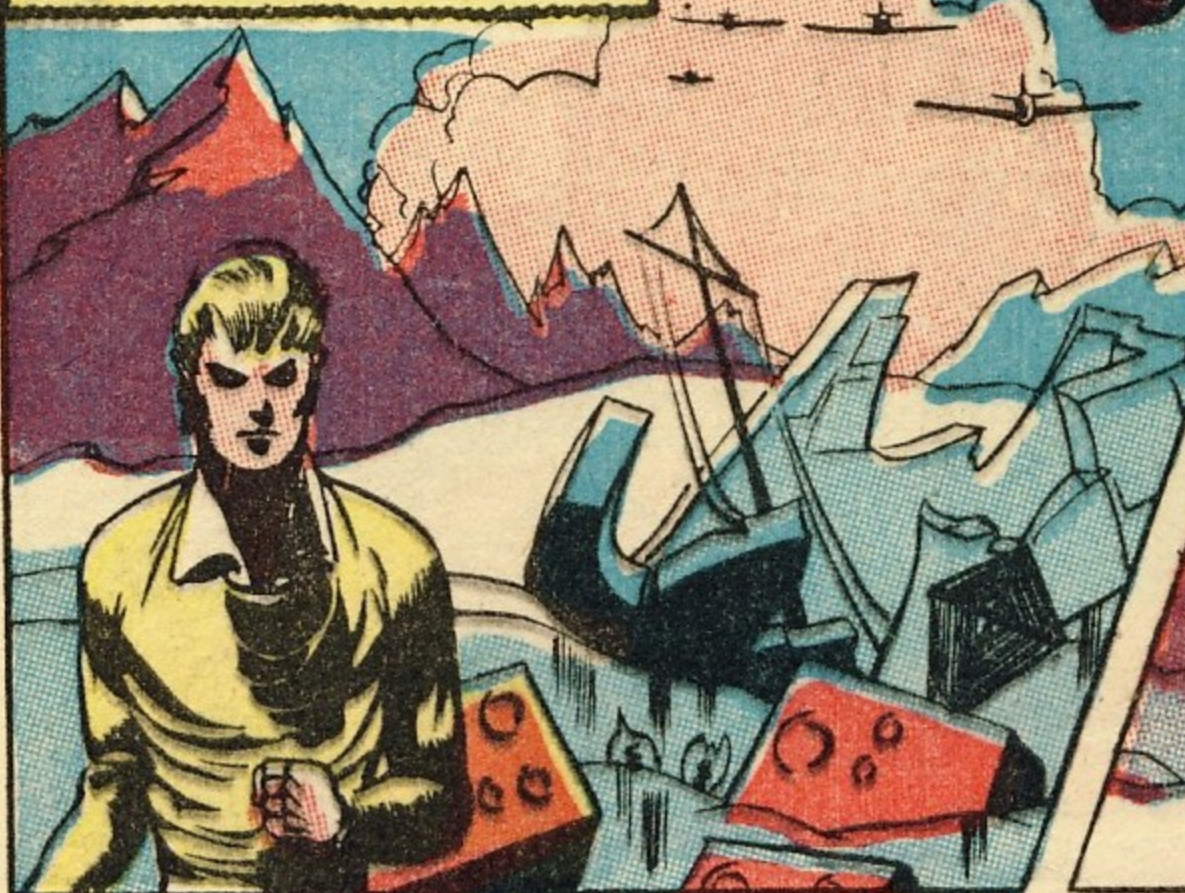
AN SOS GOES OUT JUST AS...

I CAN NOT MISS HIM!



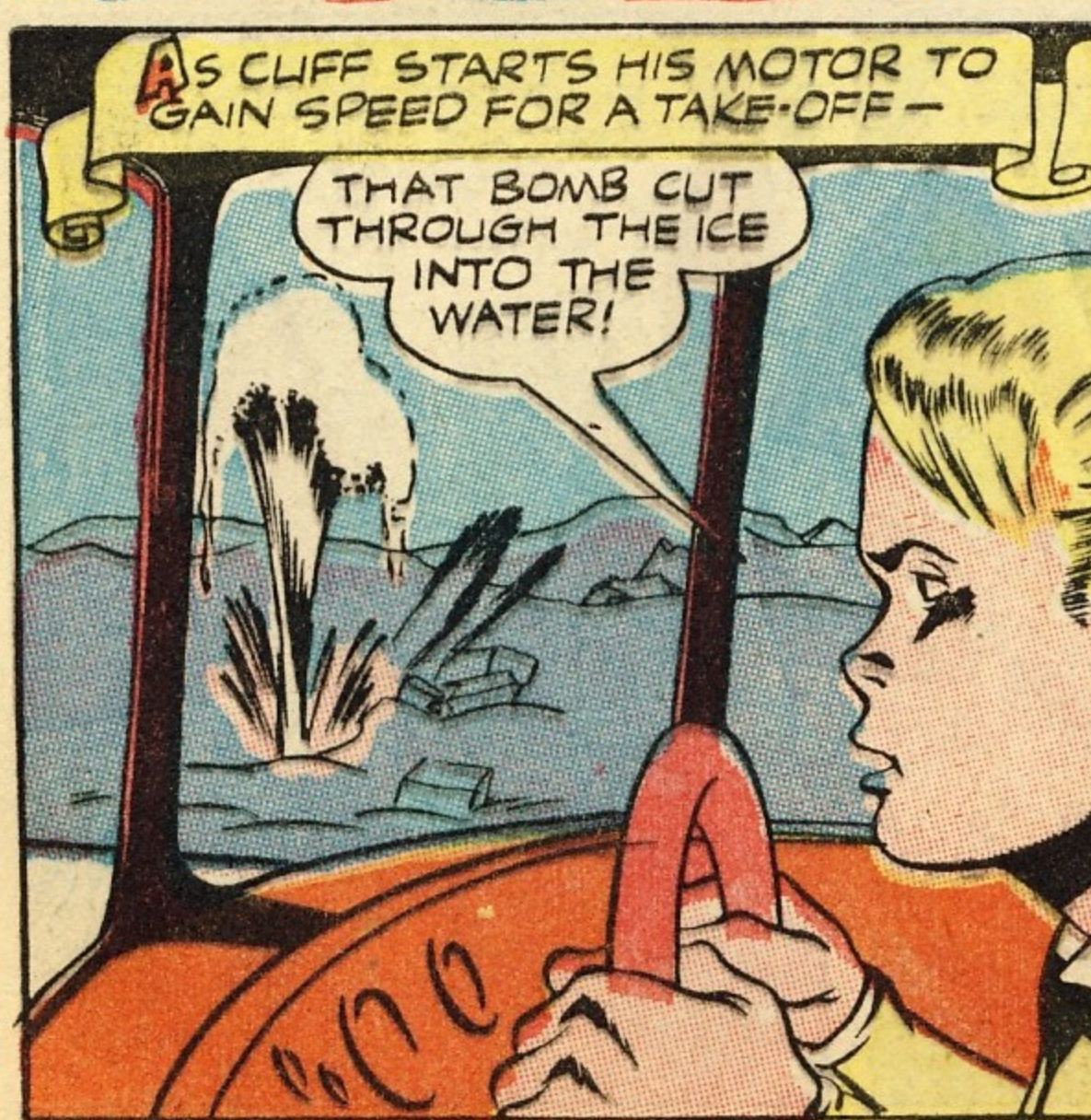
AIMING LOW, CLIFF CENTERS HIS SIGHTS ON THE GRENADES...

AS CLIFF COMPLETES THE RUIN OF THE RADIO STATION, THERE IS A ROAR OF MOTORS OVERHEAD....



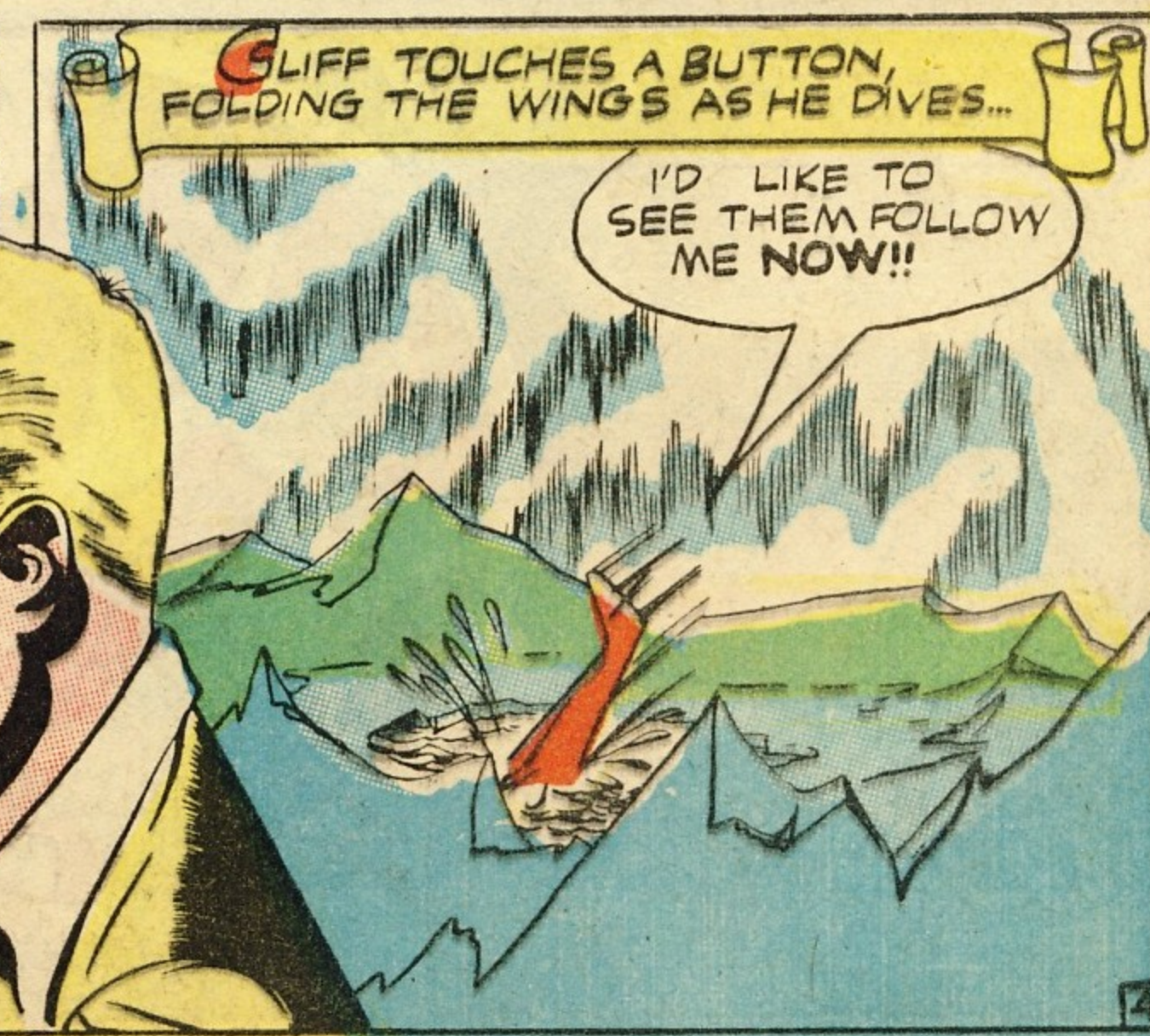
THAT MUST BE JAPS IN ANSWER TO THE SOS. LUCKY THEY ARE SUCH BAD SHOTS!

BEFORE CLIFF CAN TAKE TO THE AIR...



AS CLIFF STARTS HIS MOTOR TO GAIN SPEED FOR A TAKE-OFF -

THAT BOMB CUT THROUGH THE ICE INTO THE WATER!



CLIFF TOUCHES A BUTTON, FOLDING THE WINGS AS HE DIVES...

I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM FOLLOW ME NOW!!



THERE IS
ICE ALL
AROUND
AND
ABOVE!

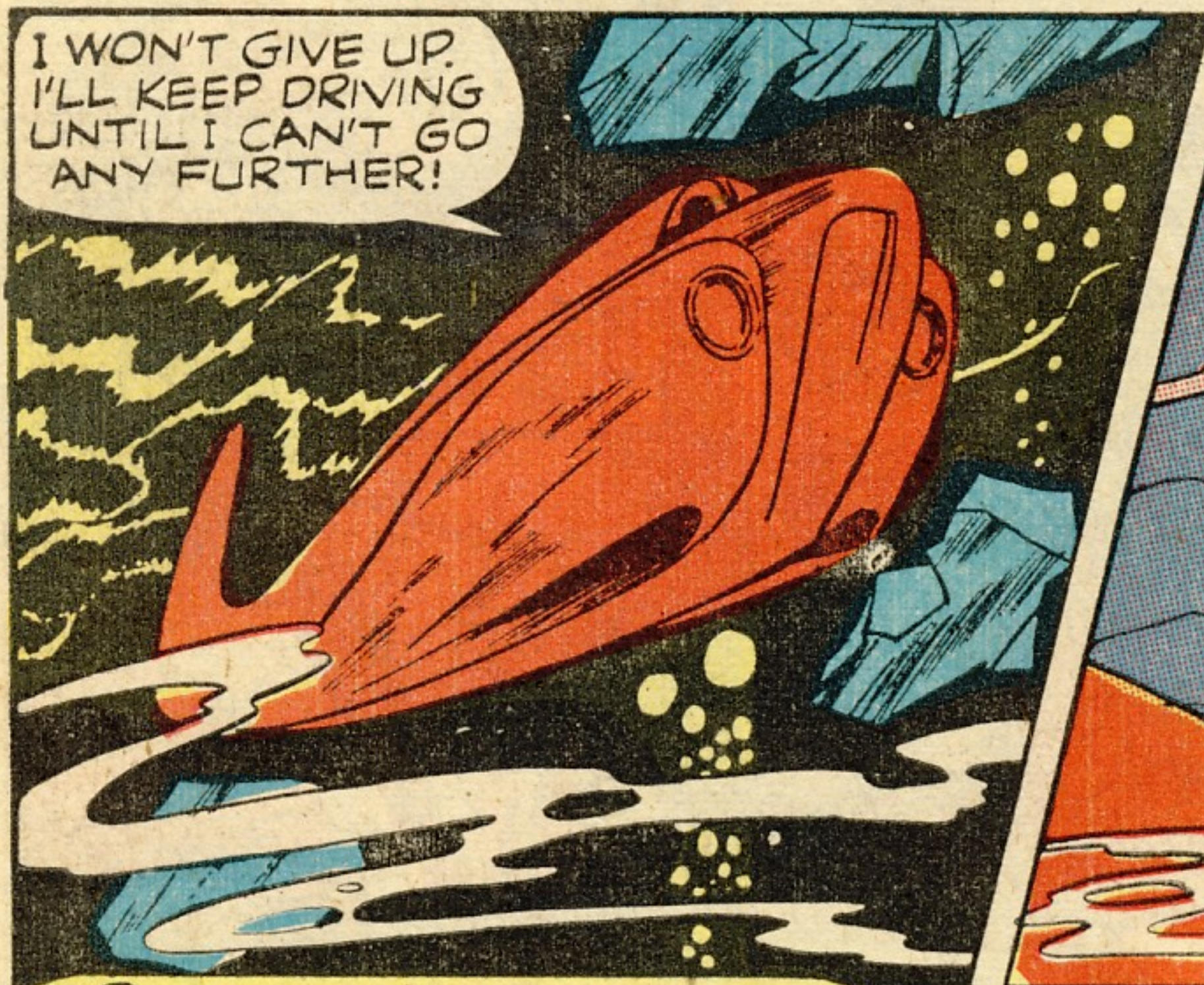


SLOWLY THE TRUTH
DAWNS ON CLIFF GORDON

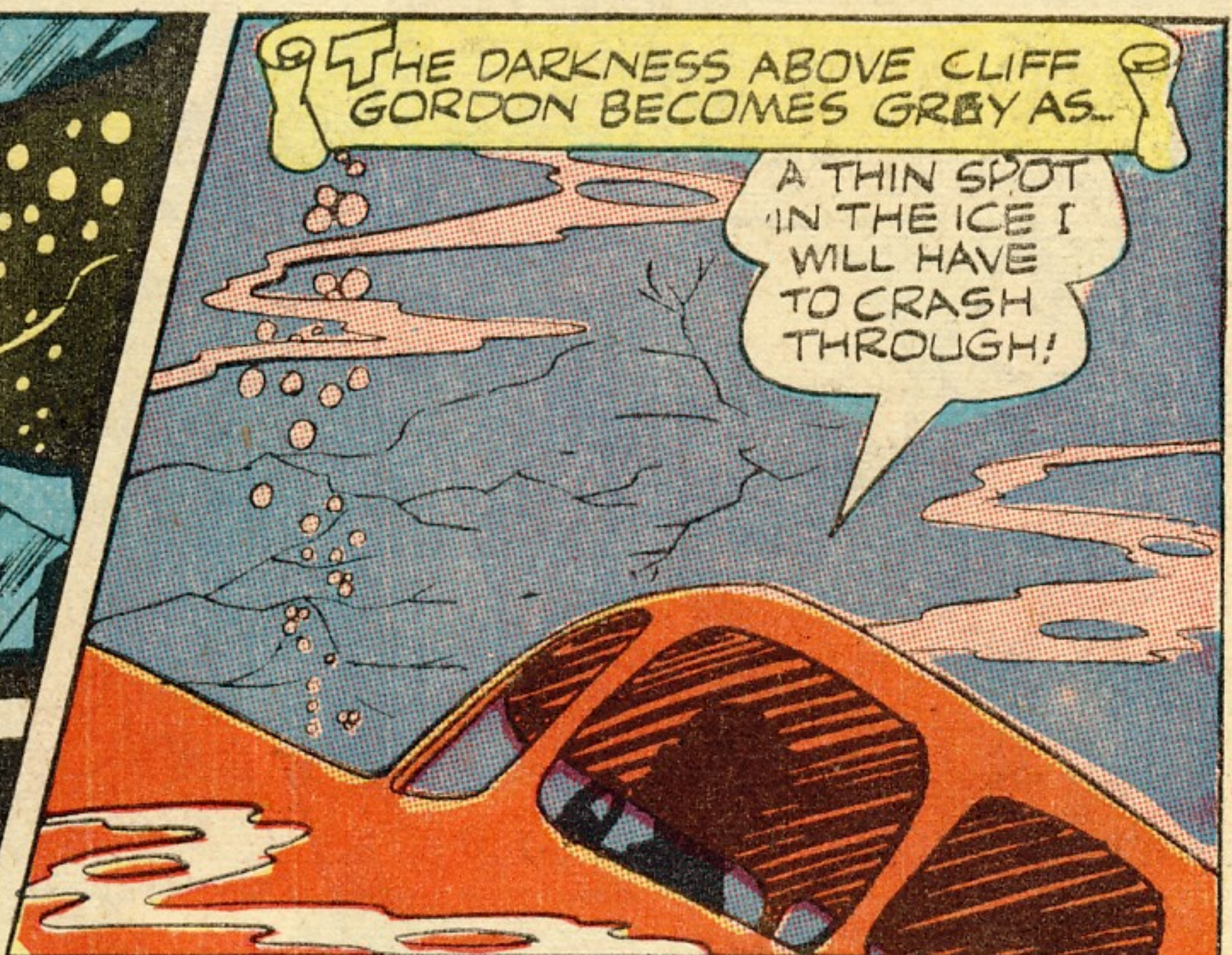
I-I THINK I
AM **TRAPPED**
BENEATH
THE ICE!



I AM NEARLY OUT
OF GAS! I CAN'T
KEEP ON
LIKE THIS!

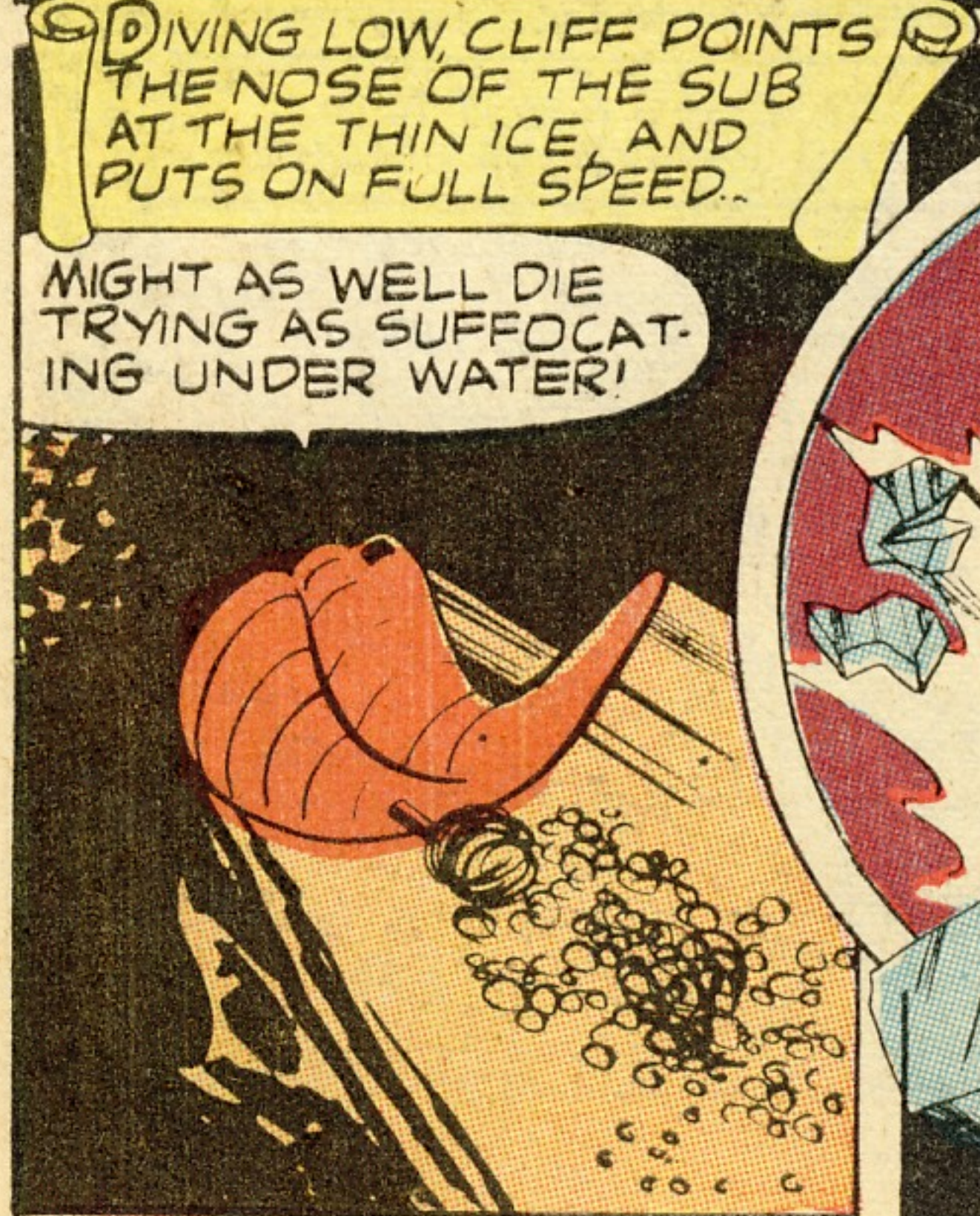


I WON'T GIVE UP.
I'LL KEEP DRIVING
UNTIL I CAN'T GO
ANY FURTHER!



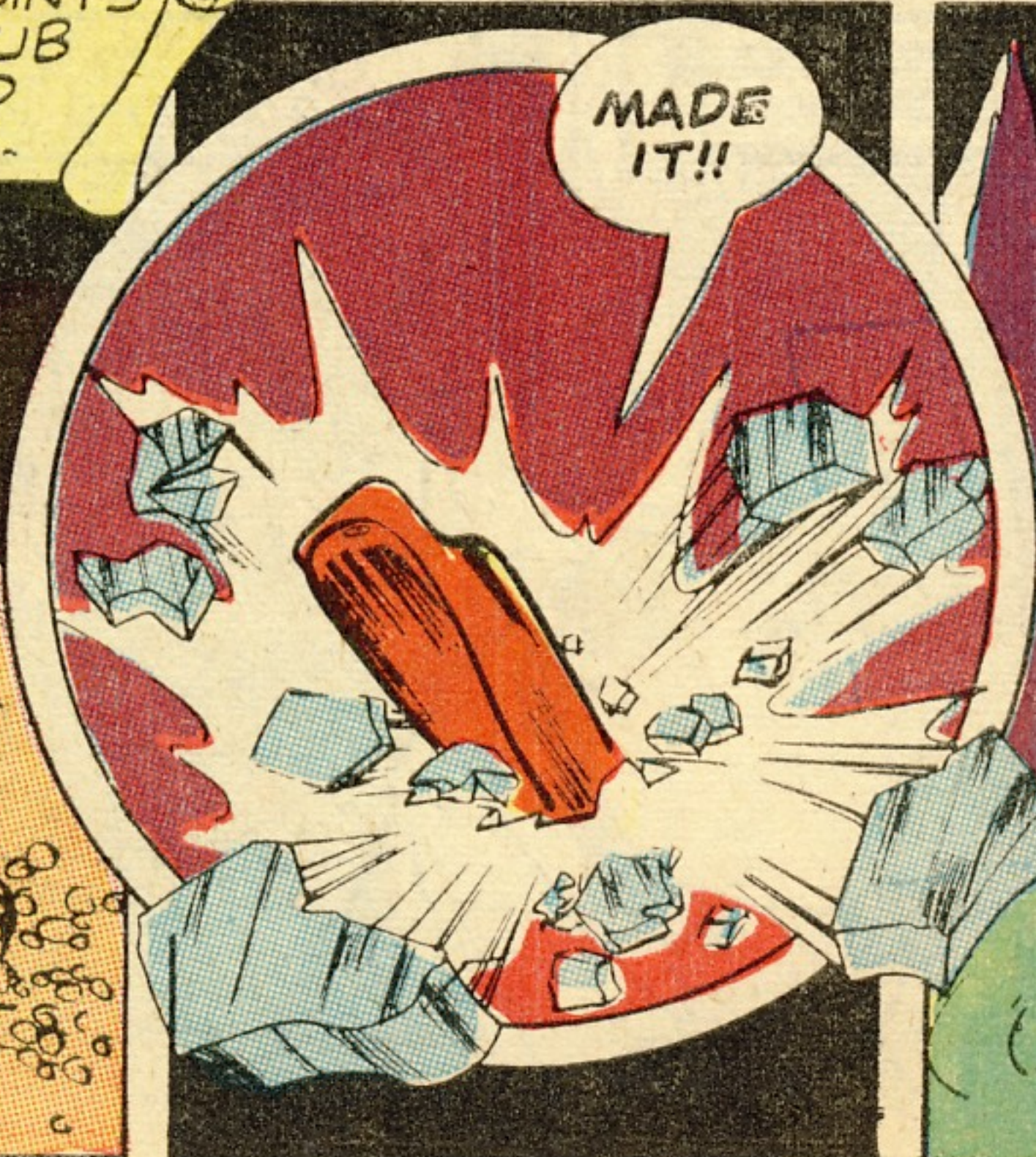
THE DARKNESS ABOVE CLIFF
GORDON BECOMES GREY AS...

A THIN SPOT
IN THE ICE I
WILL HAVE
TO CRASH
THROUGH!



DIVING LOW, CLIFF POINTS
THE NOSE OF THE SUB
AT THE THIN ICE, AND
PUTS ON FULL SPEED...

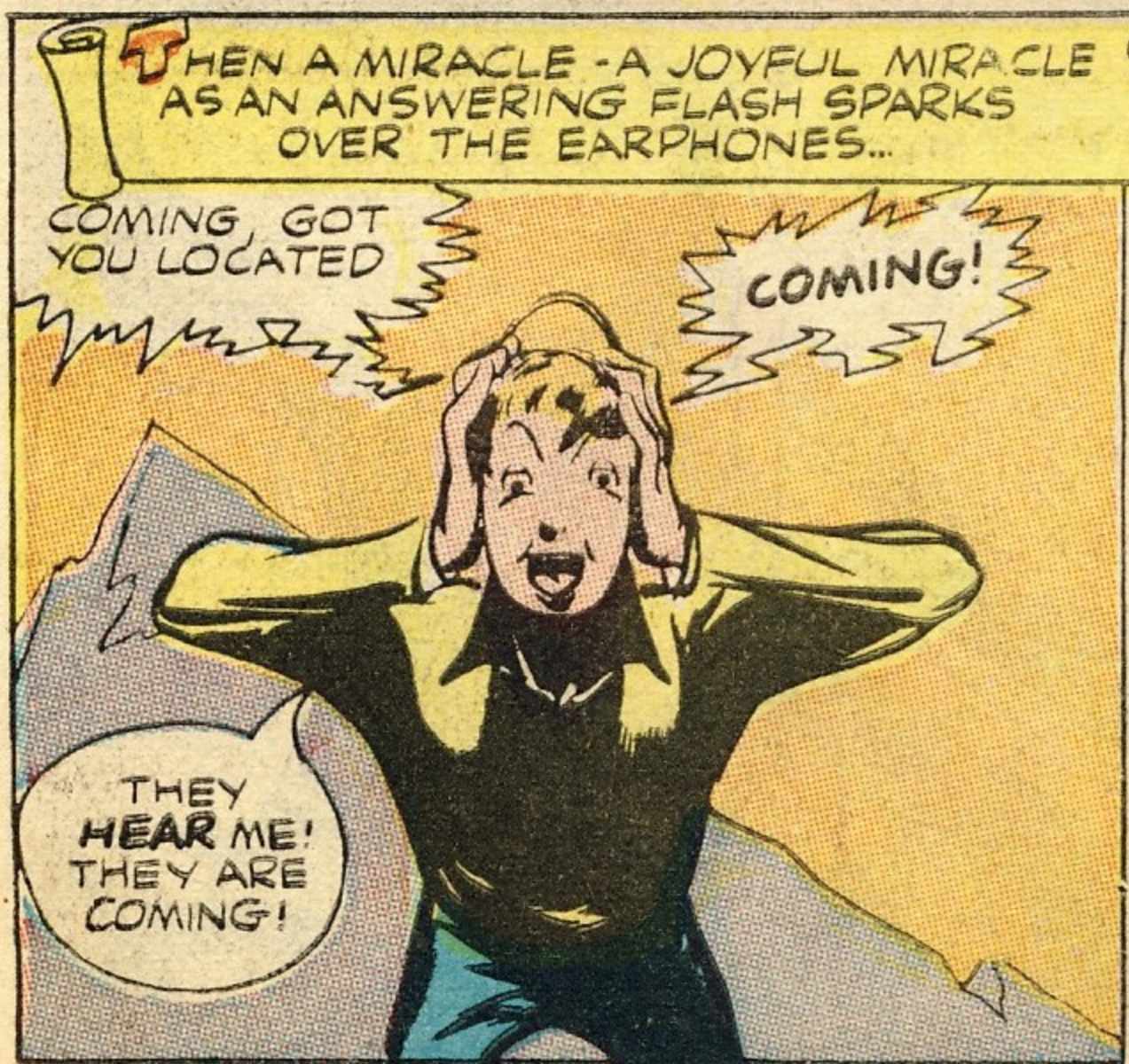
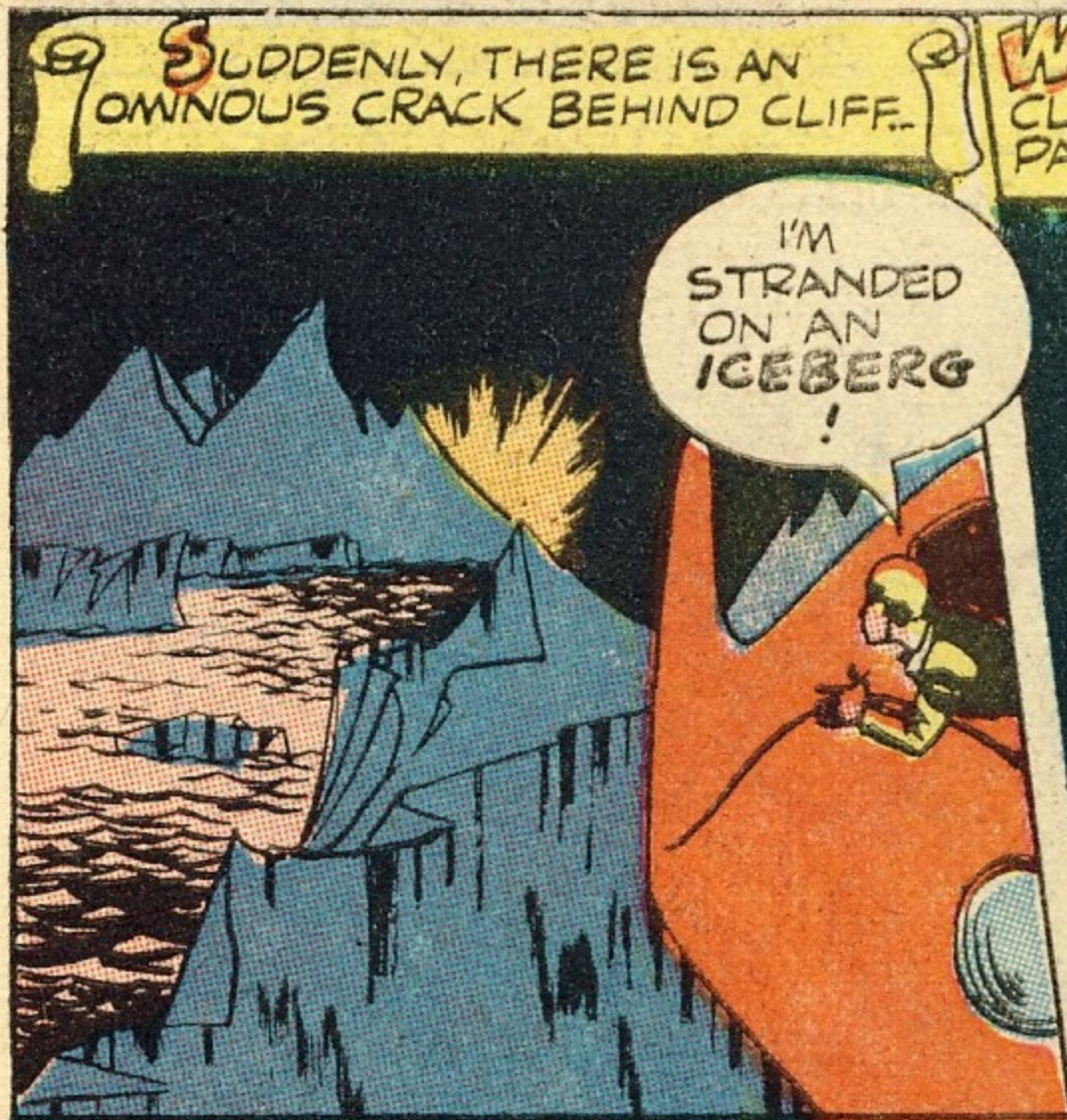
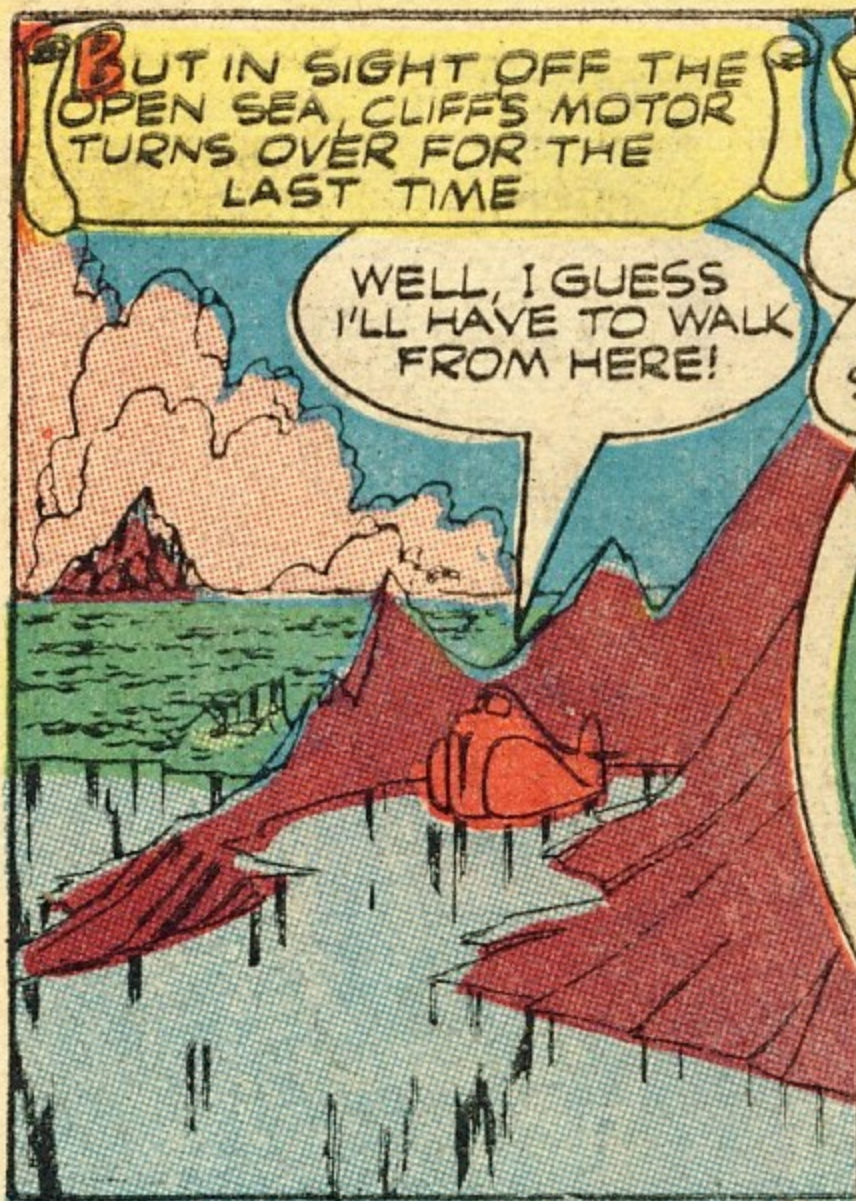
MIGHT AS WELL DIE
TRYING AS SUFFOCAT-
ING UNDER WATER!



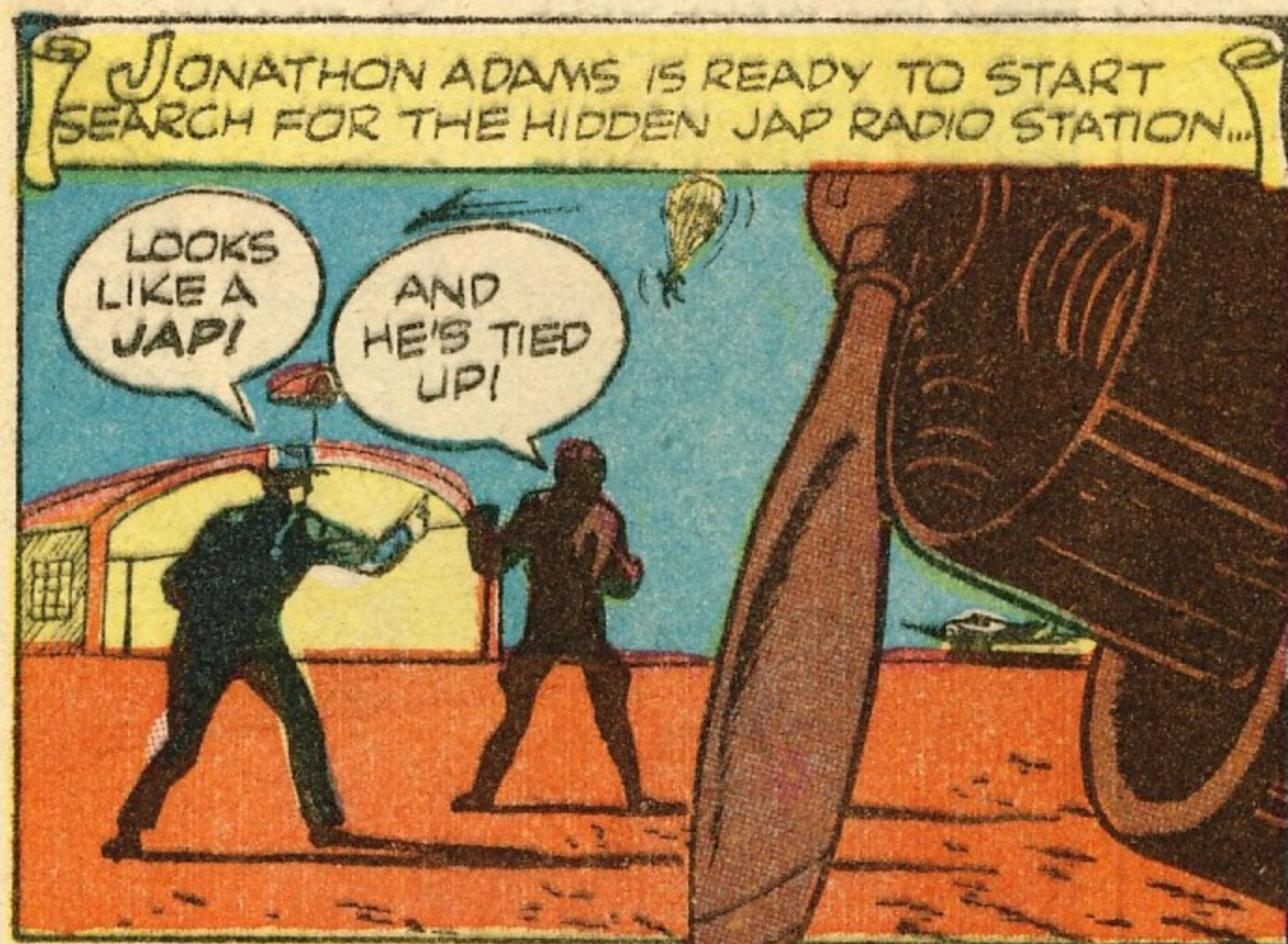
MADE
IT!!



I HAD BETTER
FIND SOMEBODY
BEFORE THE LAST
OF THE GAS
GIVES OUT!







WIN WAR BONDS FOR YOUR IDEAS! HELP BEAT THE AXIS!

Maybe you have just the idea that will help beat the Axis. Perhaps, like Cliff Gordon, you have an idea that will be a big help to the Army and Navy. HEADLINE COMICS will send a \$25.00 WAR BOND for the best invention to reach us before June 1st, 1943. We will also send in all good ideas to the War and Navy Depts., giving you full credit. The Editors of this magazine will be the judges and their decisions will be final.

SEND THEM IN NOW!

YOURS MAY BE THE IDEA THAT WILL DO THE TRICK!
INVENTION EDITOR,
1790 Broadway

HEADLINE COMICS
New York, N. Y.

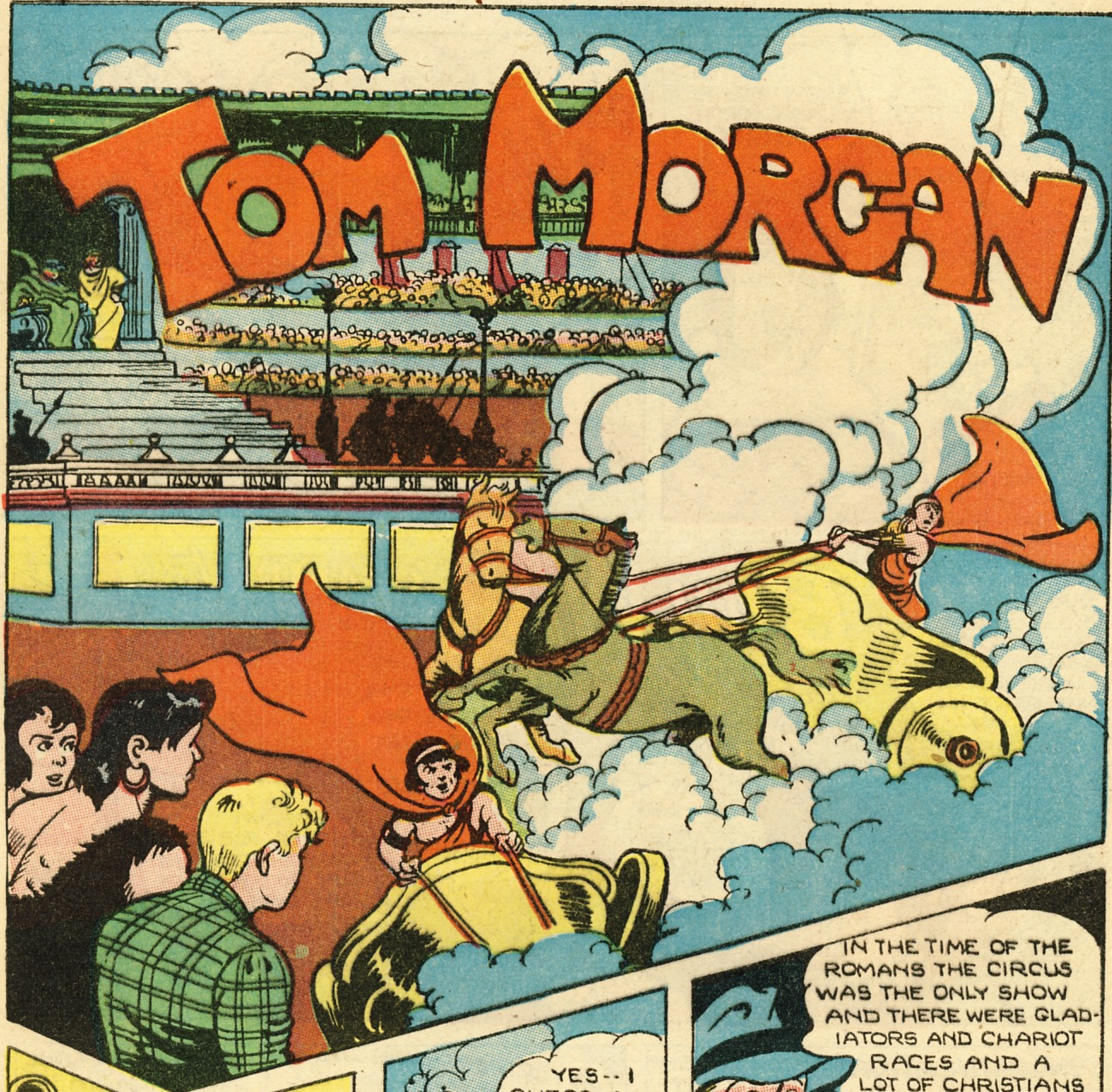
HAPPY AND SCRAPPY

KEN
BROWNE

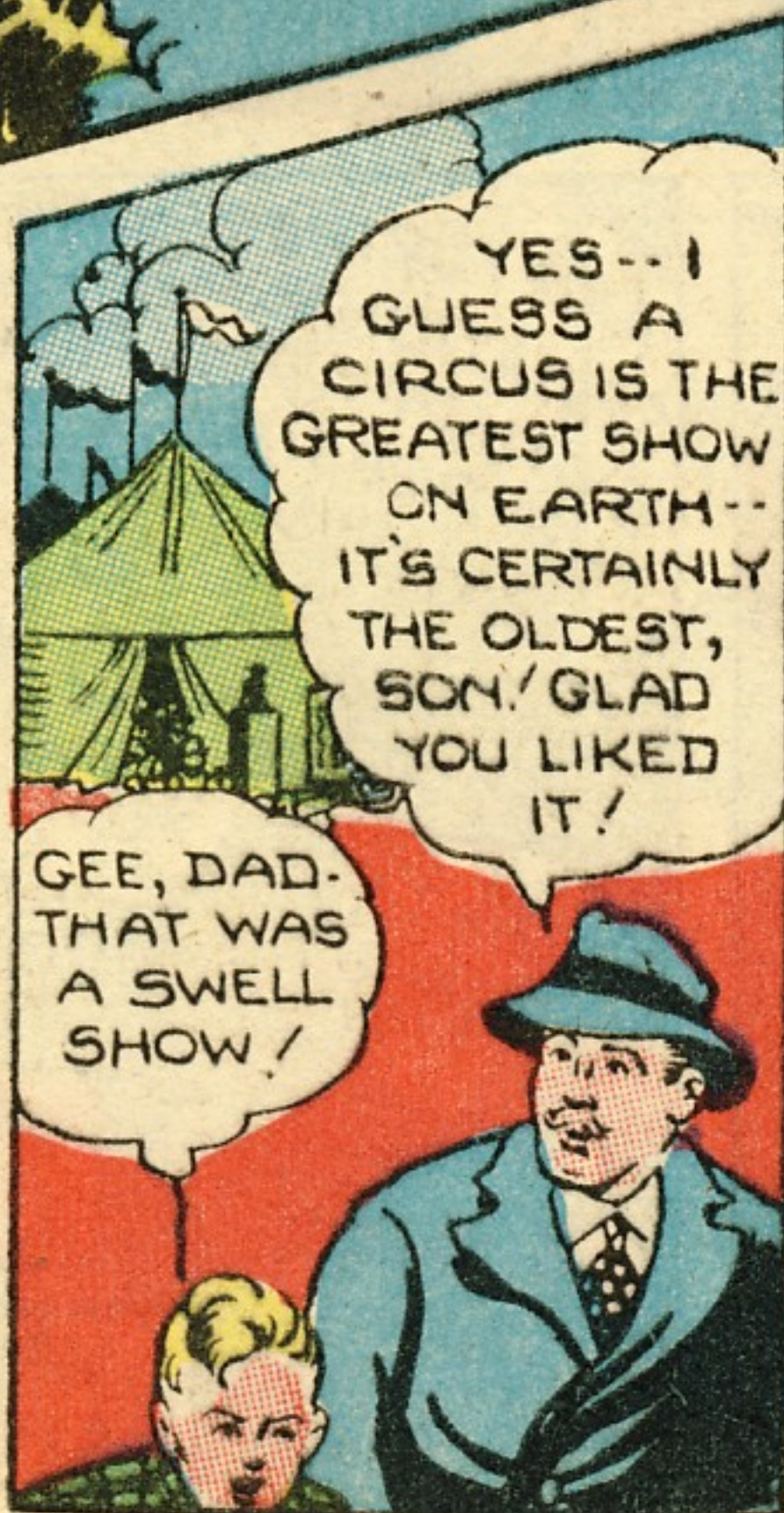




TOM MORCAN



IN THE DAYS OF ANCIENT ROME THE EMPEROR USED TO SAY--GIVE THE PEOPLE BREAD AND CIRCUSES--- THIS WAS TO KEEP THEIR MINDS OFF THEIR TROUBLES AND WITH ALL THE GLORY THAT WAS IMPERIAL ROME THERE WERE PLENTY OF TROUBLES---NOR WERE THE MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLES AT THE **CIRCUS MAXIMUS** MUCH FUN FOR THE UNFORTUNATE ONES WHO WERE THROWN TO THE LIONS

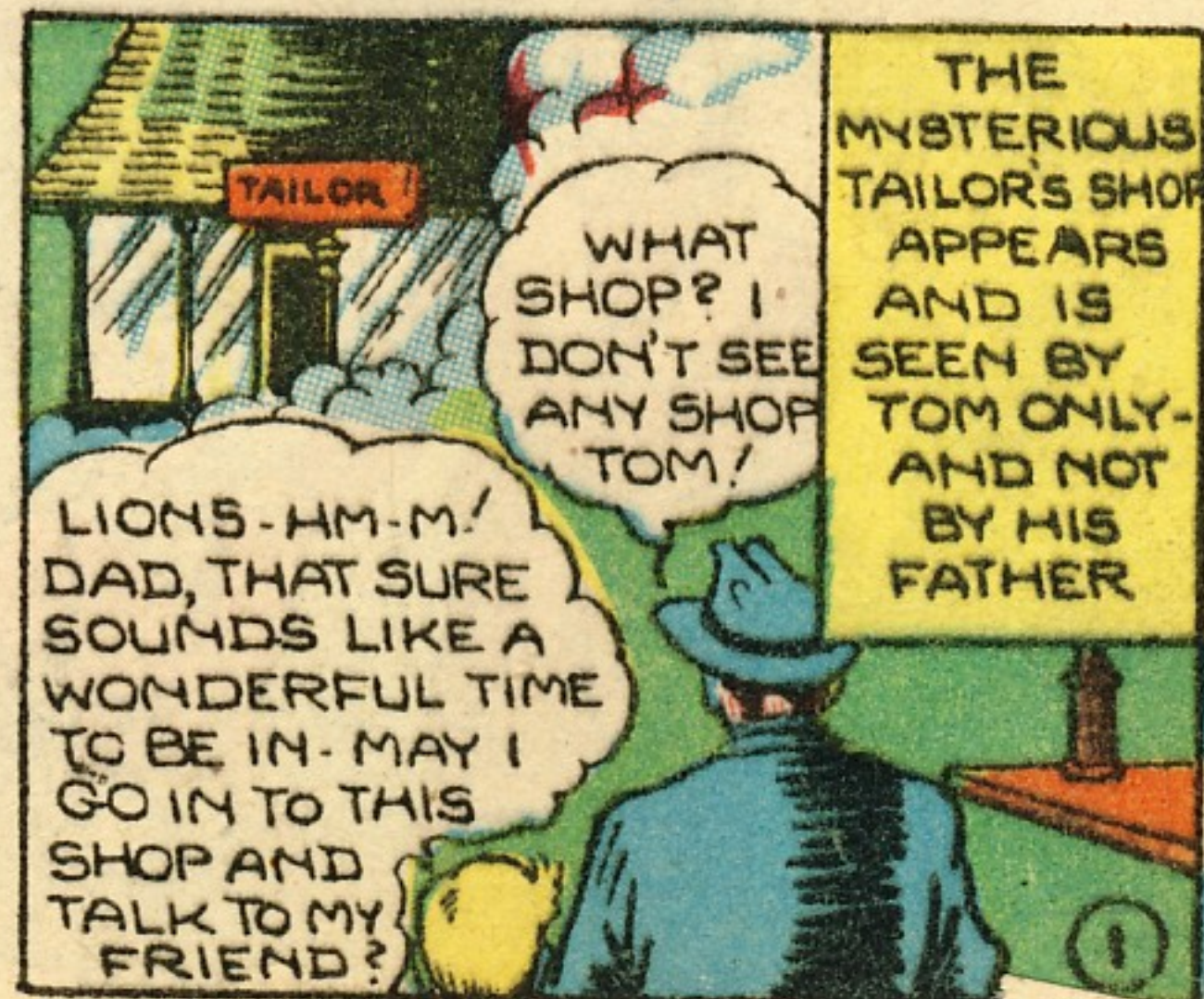


YES-- I GUESS A CIRCUS IS THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH-- IT'S CERTAINLY THE OLDEST, SON! GLAD YOU LIKED IT!

GEE, DAD. THAT WAS A SWELL SHOW!



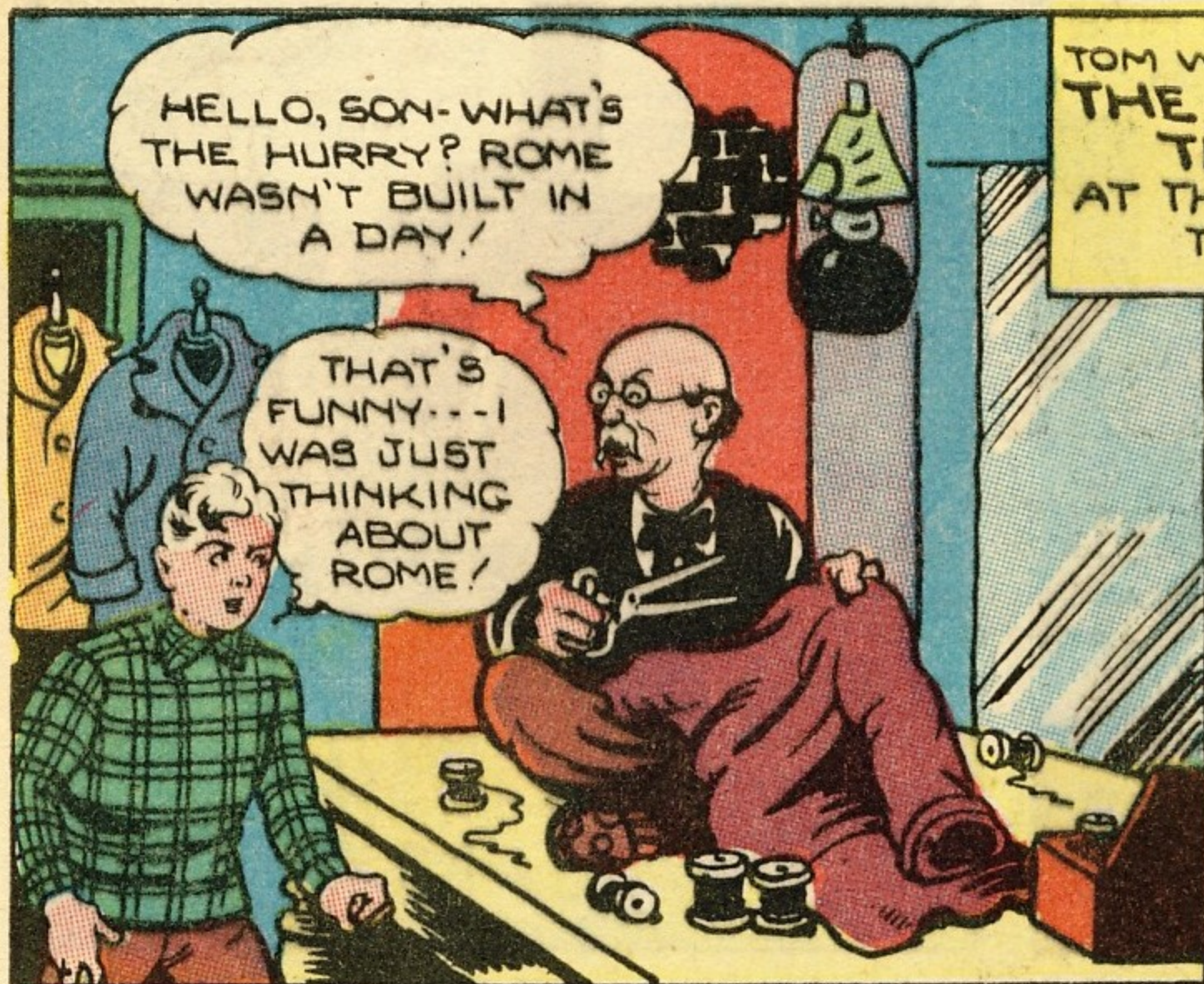
IN THE TIME OF THE ROMANS THE CIRCUS WAS THE ONLY SHOW AND THERE WERE GLADIATORS AND CHARIOT RACES AND A LOT OF CHRISTIANS BEING THROWN TO THE LIONS!



LIONS-HM-M! DAD, THAT SURE SOUNDS LIKE A WONDERFUL TIME TO BE IN- MAY I GO IN TO THIS SHOP AND TALK TO MY FRIEND?

WHAT SHOP? I DON'T SEE ANY SHOP TOM!

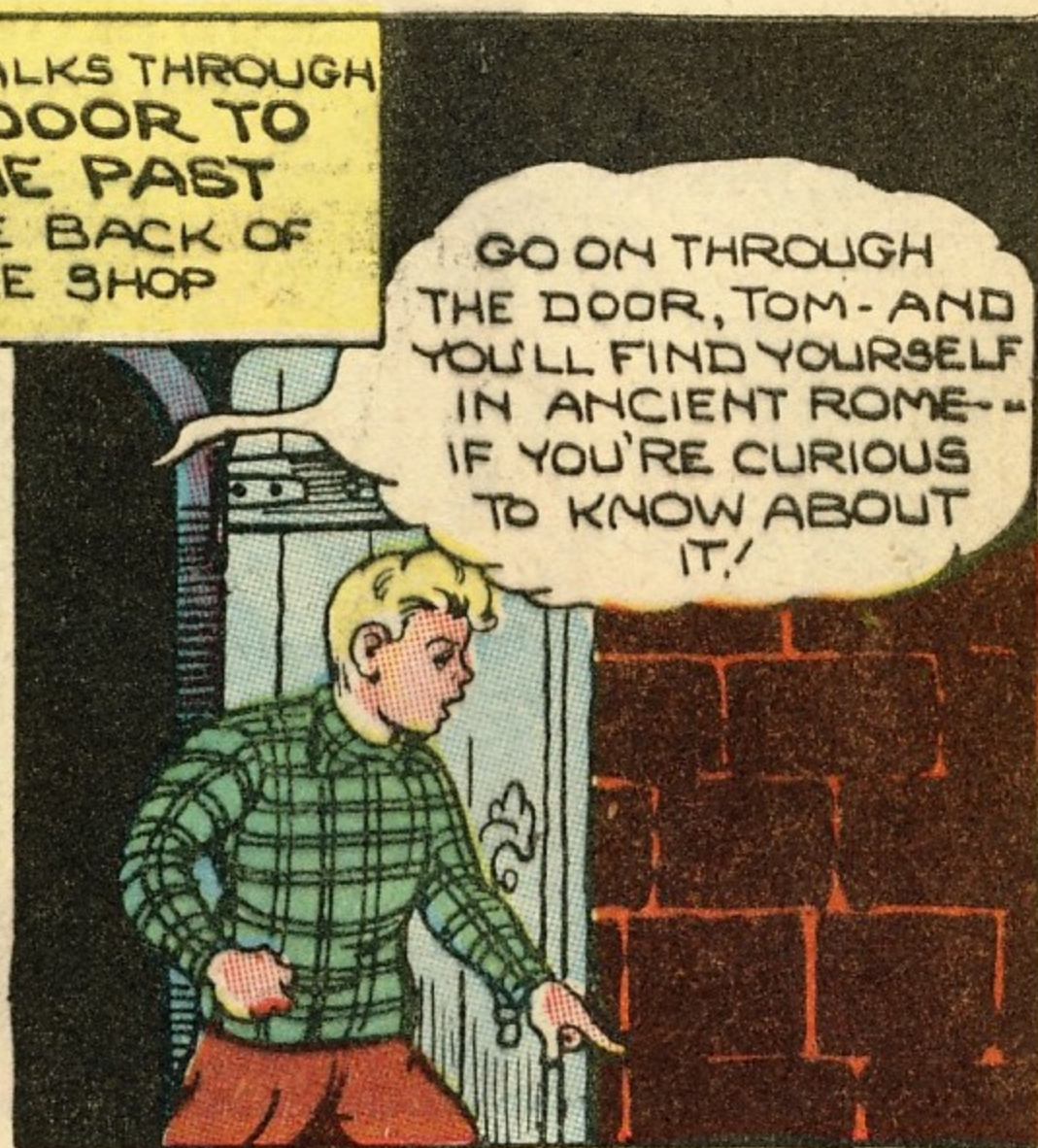
THE MYSTERIOUS TAILOR'S SHOP APPEARS AND IS SEEN BY TOM ONLY- AND NOT BY HIS FATHER



HELLO, SON-WHAT'S THE HURRY? ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY!

THAT'S FUNNY...I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT ROME!

TOM WALKS THROUGH THE DOOR TO THE PAST AT THE BACK OF THE SHOP



GO ON THROUGH THE DOOR, TOM- AND YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF IN ANCIENT ROME-- IF YOU'RE CURIOUS TO KNOW ABOUT IT!



AND I SAY THE TAXES ARE TOO HIGH!

YES, AND THEY'LL THROW CHRISTIANS TO THE LIONS!

STOP BEEFING-THERE'S A CIRCUS TO-MORROW!

AND FINDS HIMSELF IN A TAILOR SHOP OF ROMAN TIMES



THE EMPEROR NERO GIVES US BREAD AND CIRCUSES BUT HE LEVIES HIGH TAXES AND SUPPRESSES US CHRISTIANS!



SAVE ME! THE GUARD IS AFTER ME !!

LAVINIA! WHAT IS IT? HIDE BEHIND THE COUNTER!

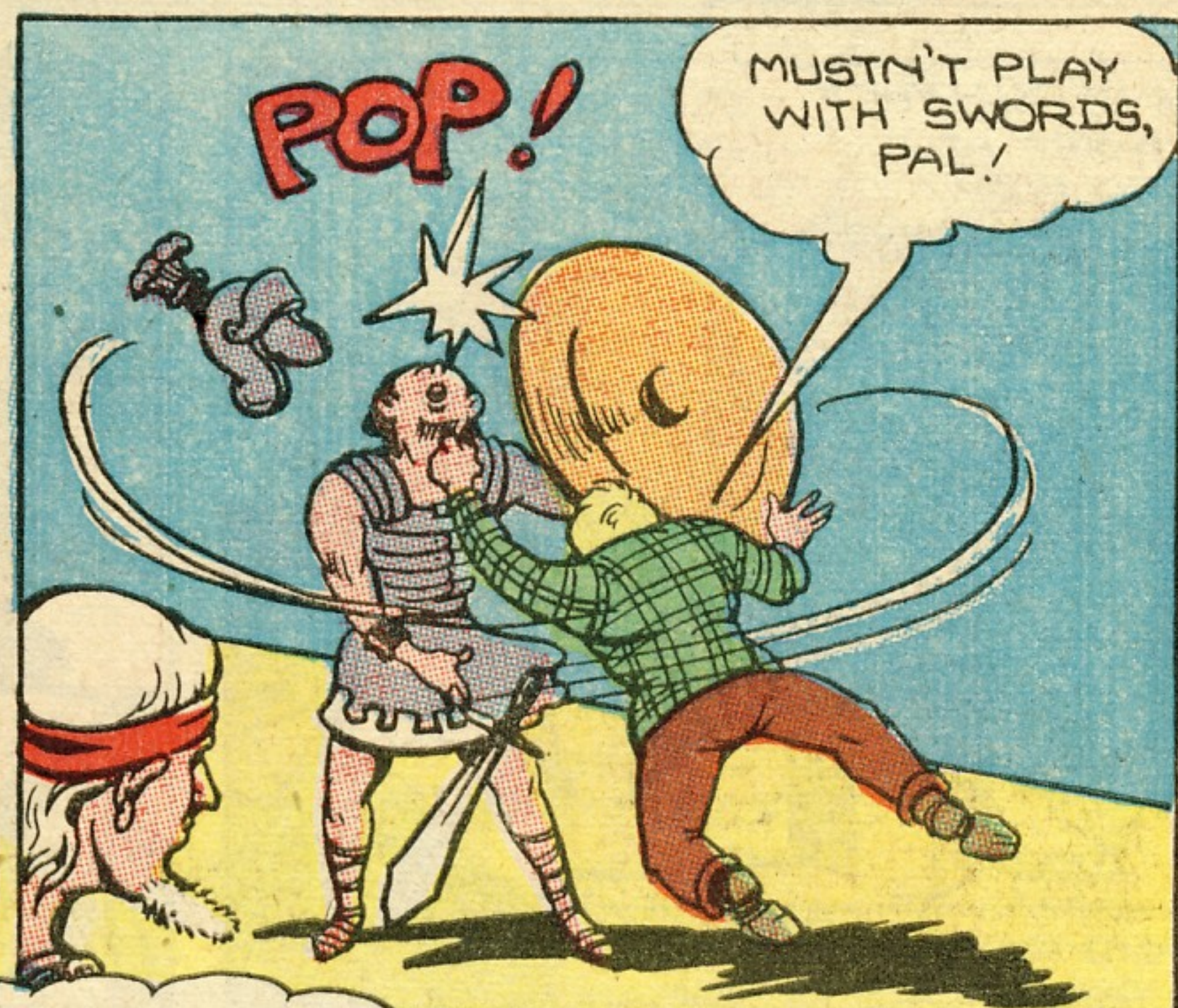
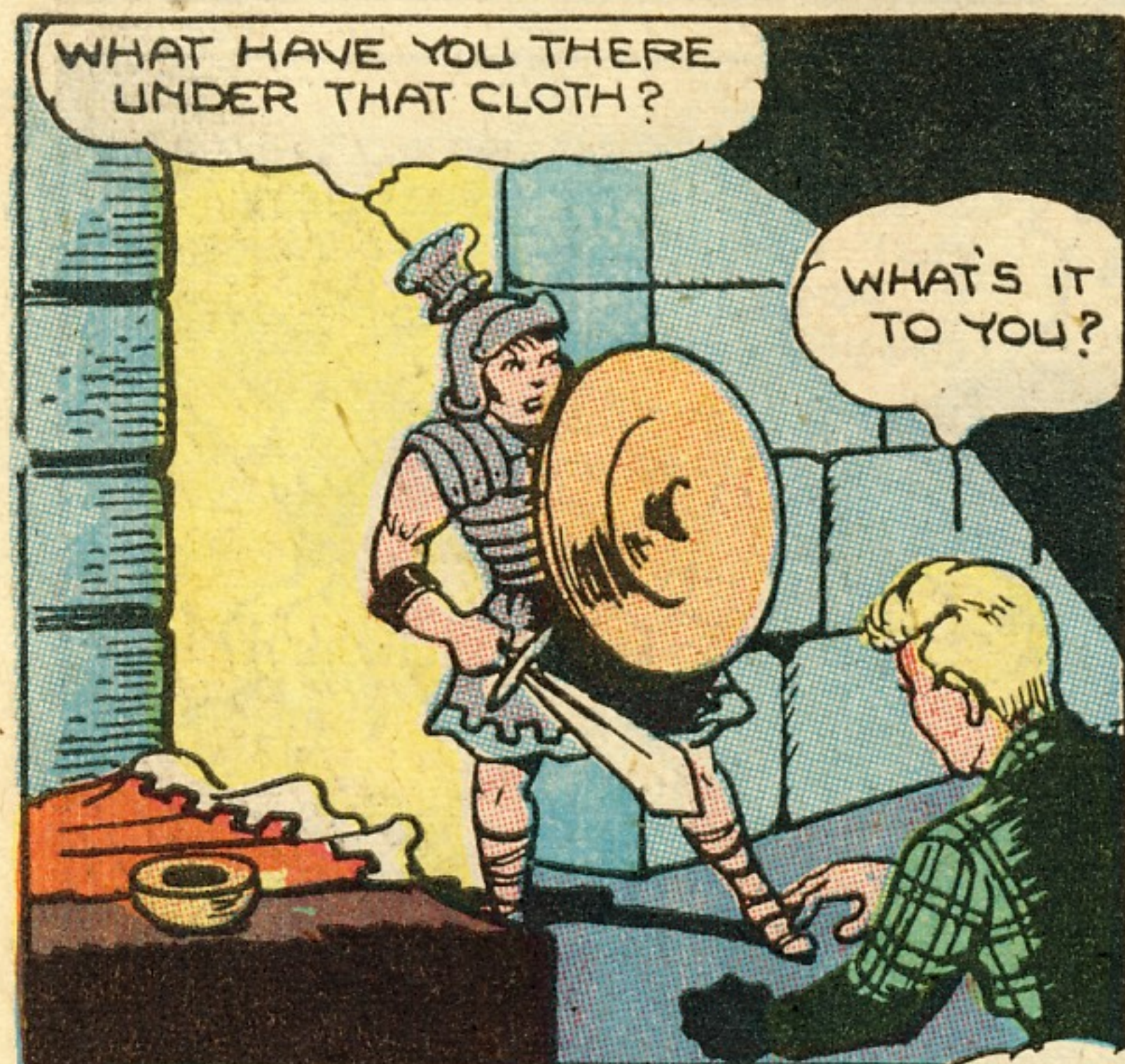
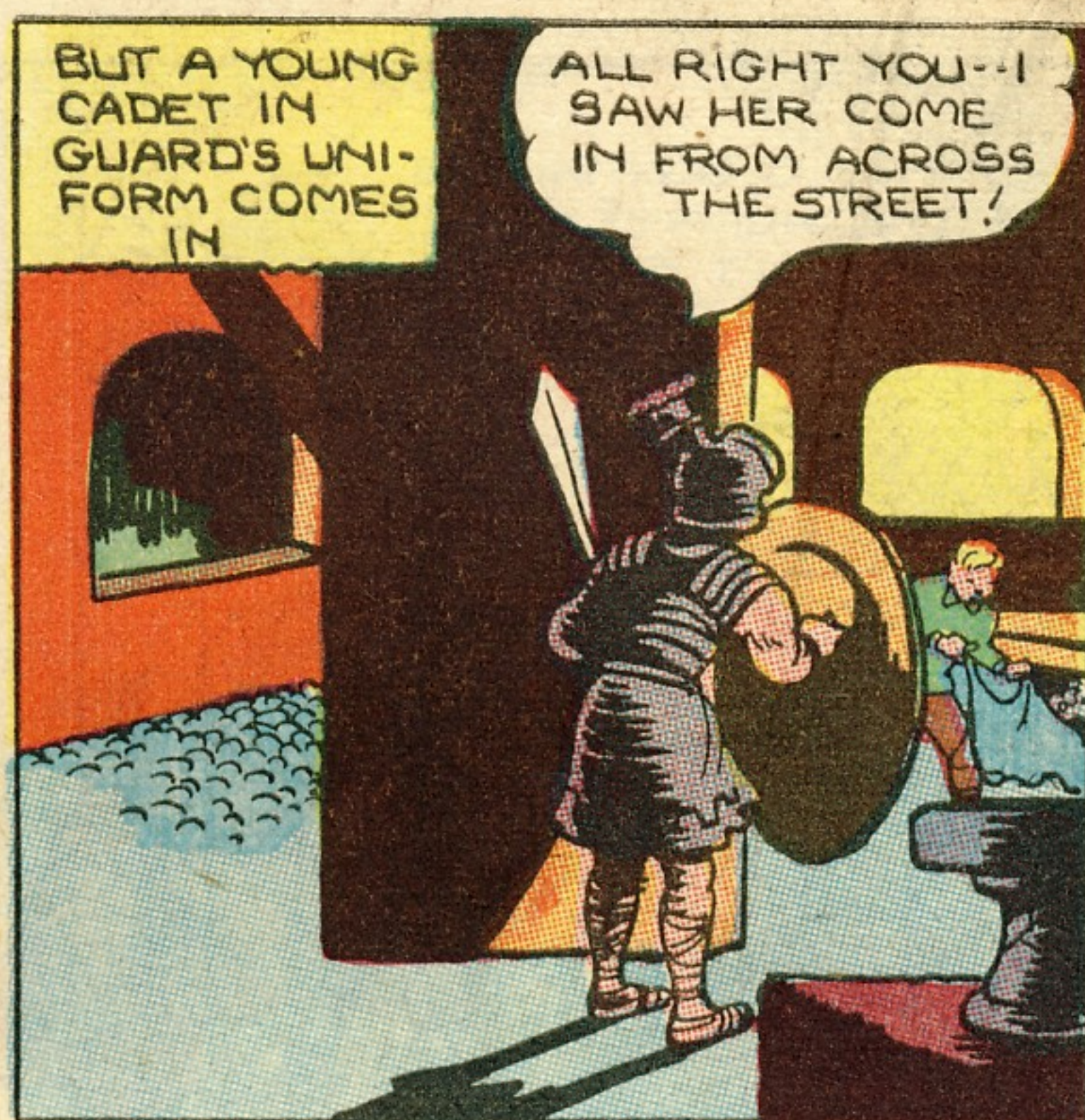
SUDDENLY THERE IS AN INTERRUPTION



WHERE IS THE CHRISTIAN GIRL?

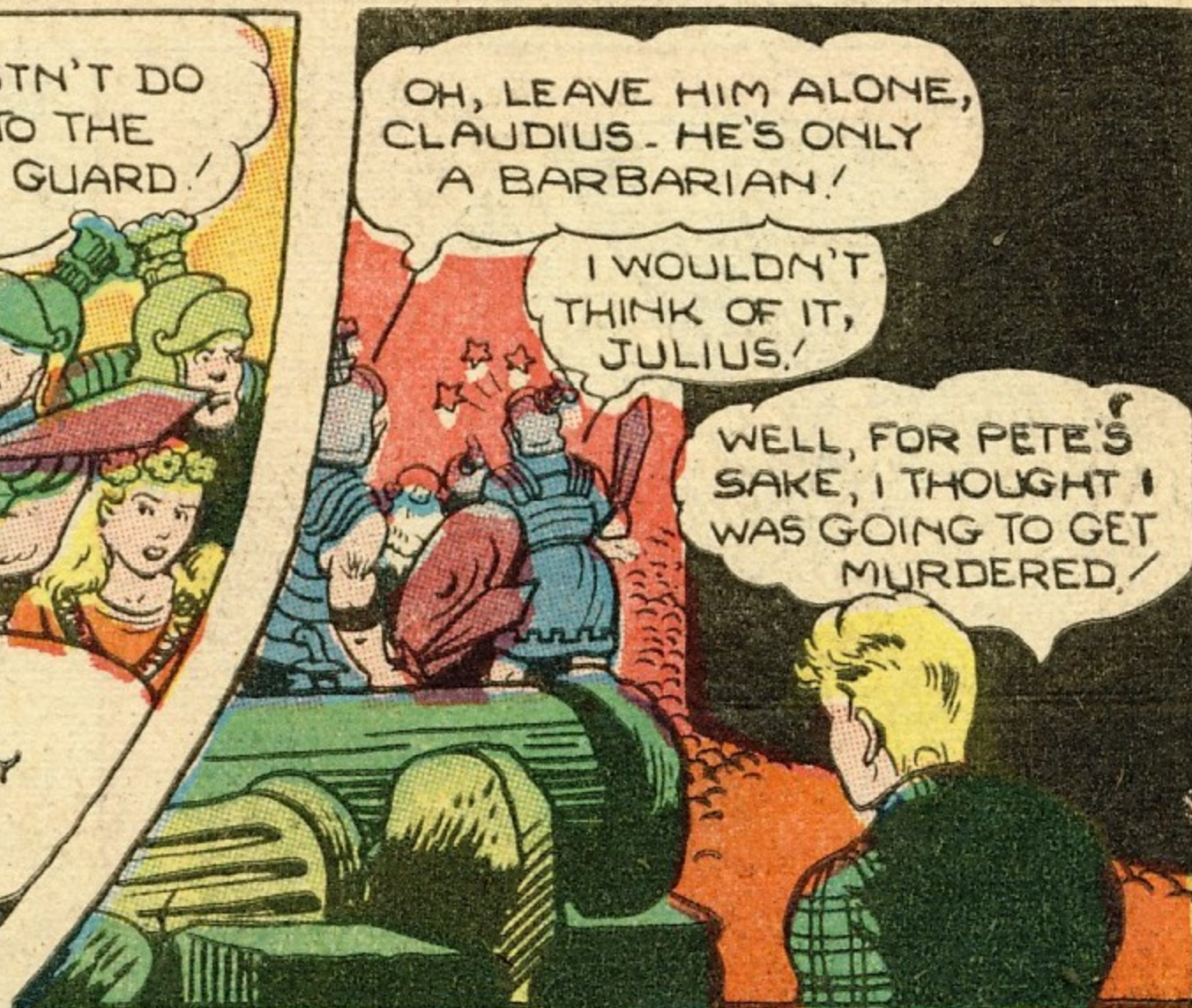
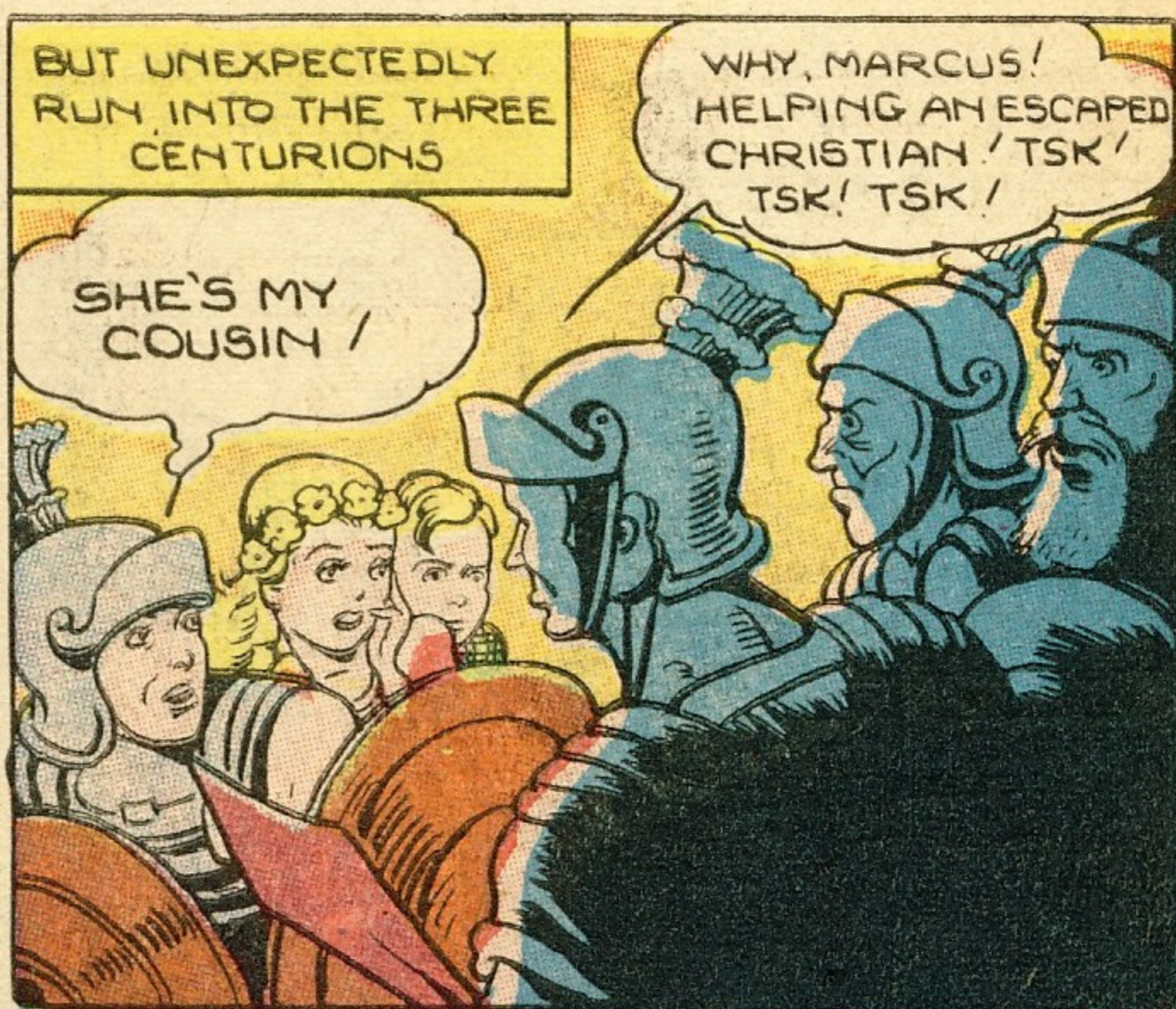
OH-WE MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE!

NO ONE HAS COME IN HERE BUT THE BOY IN THE STRANGE COSTUME!

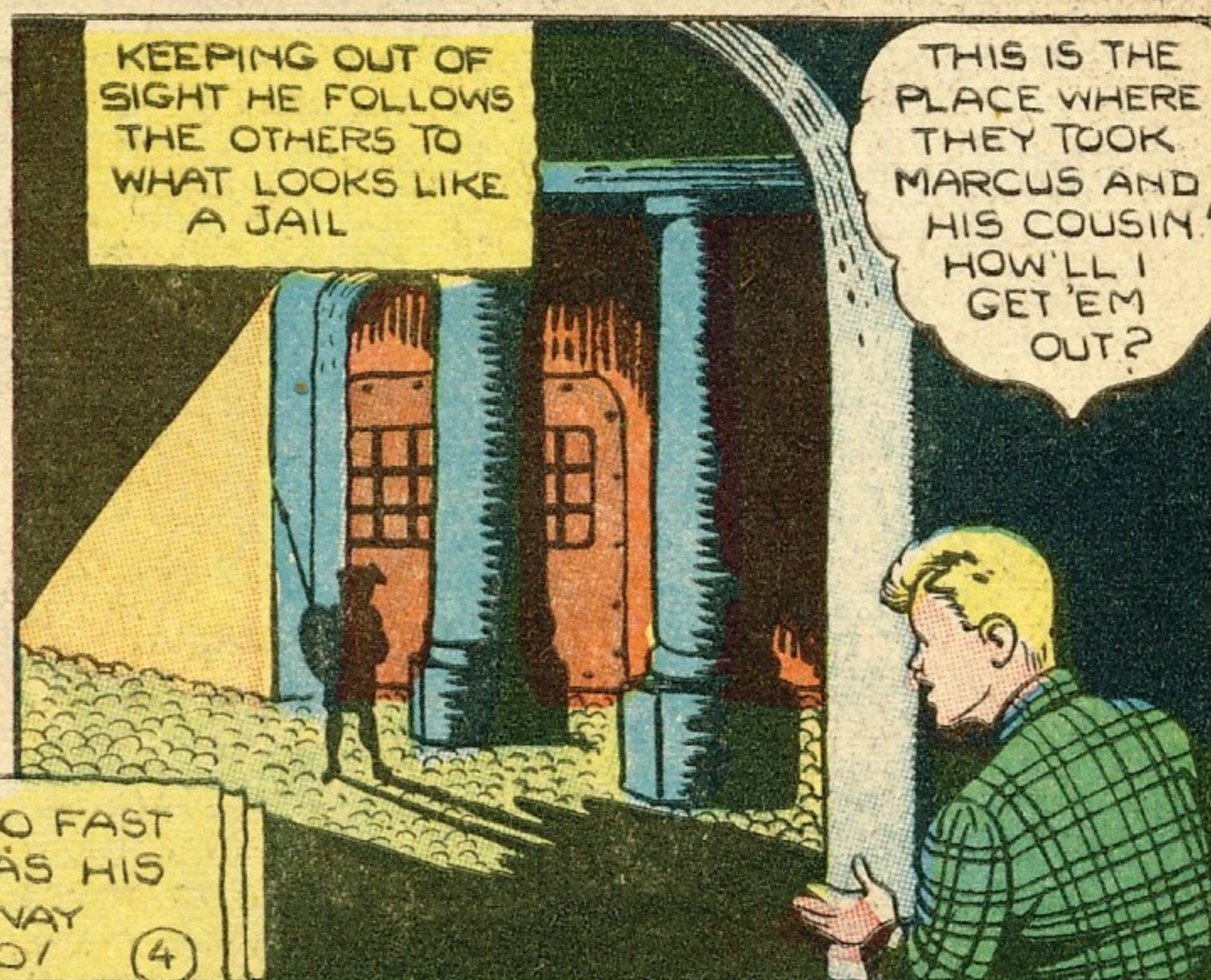


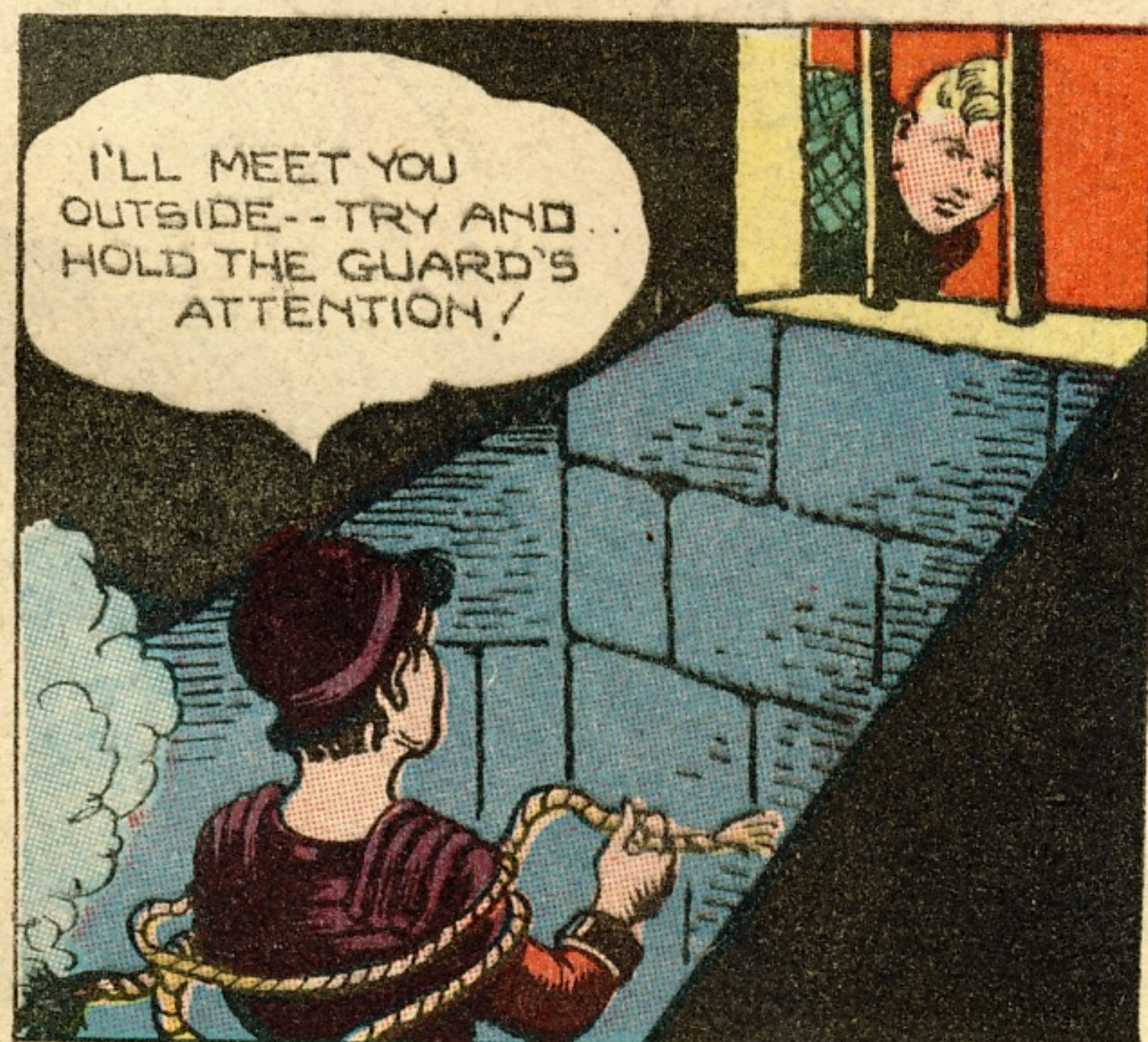
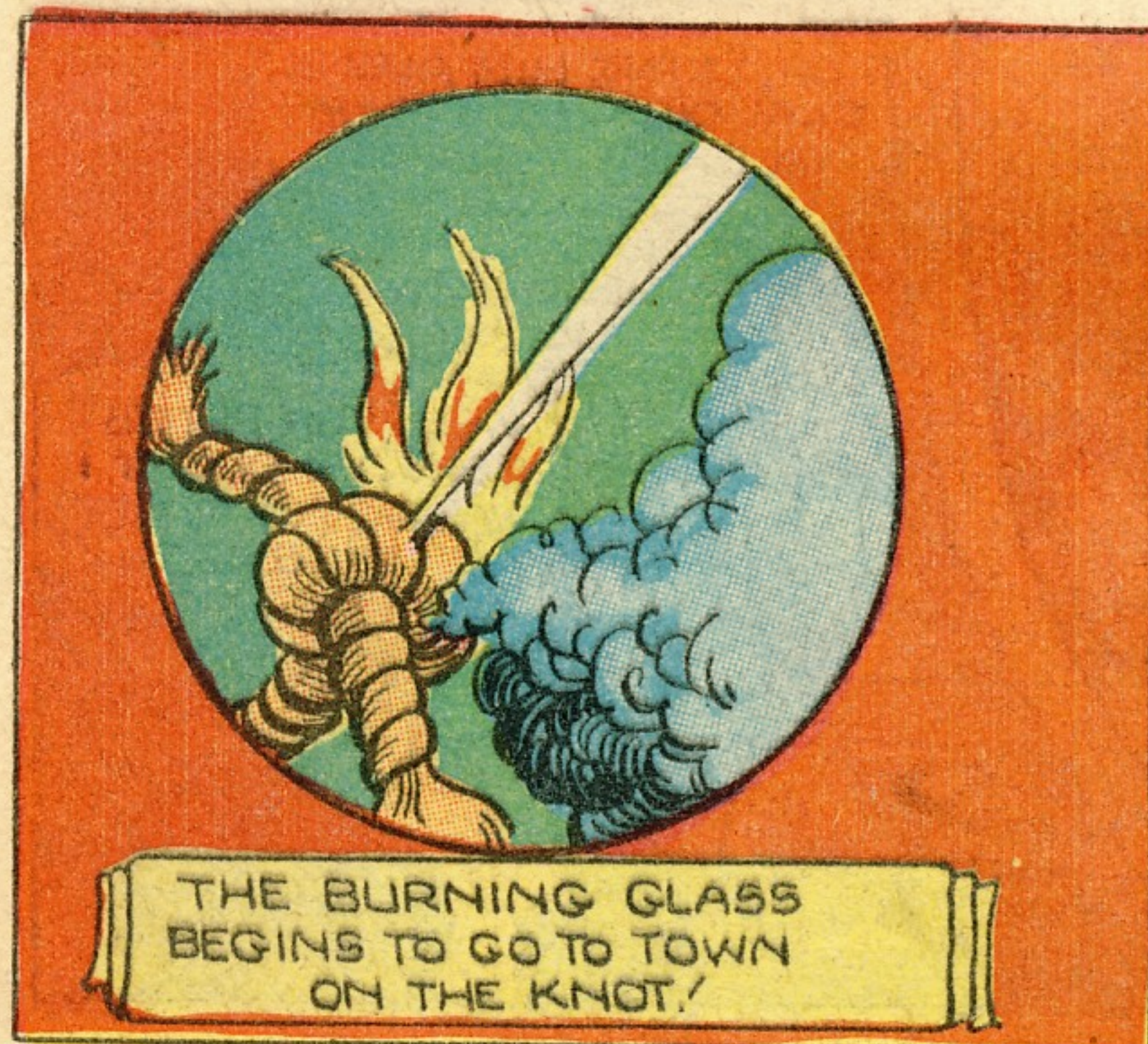
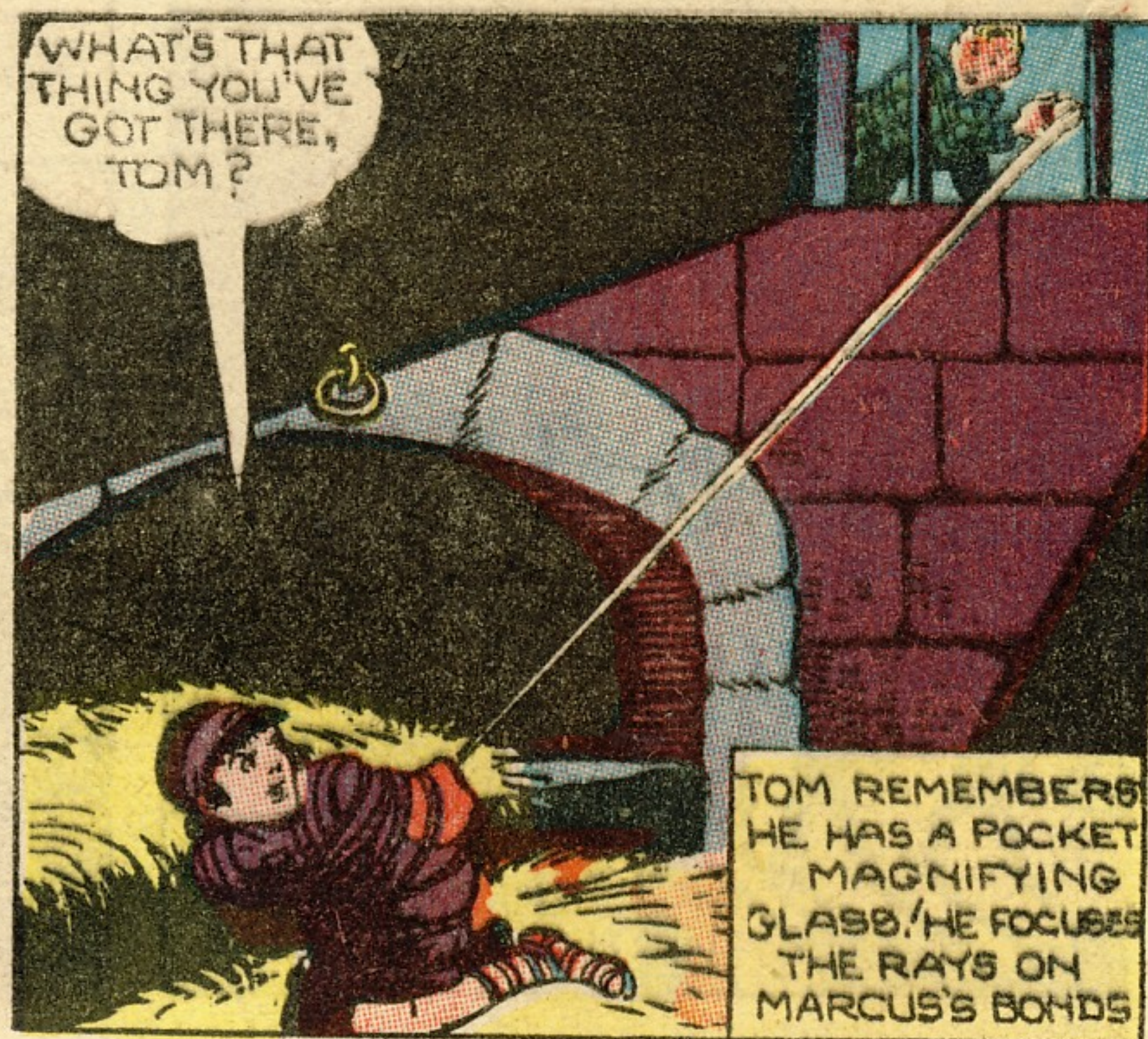
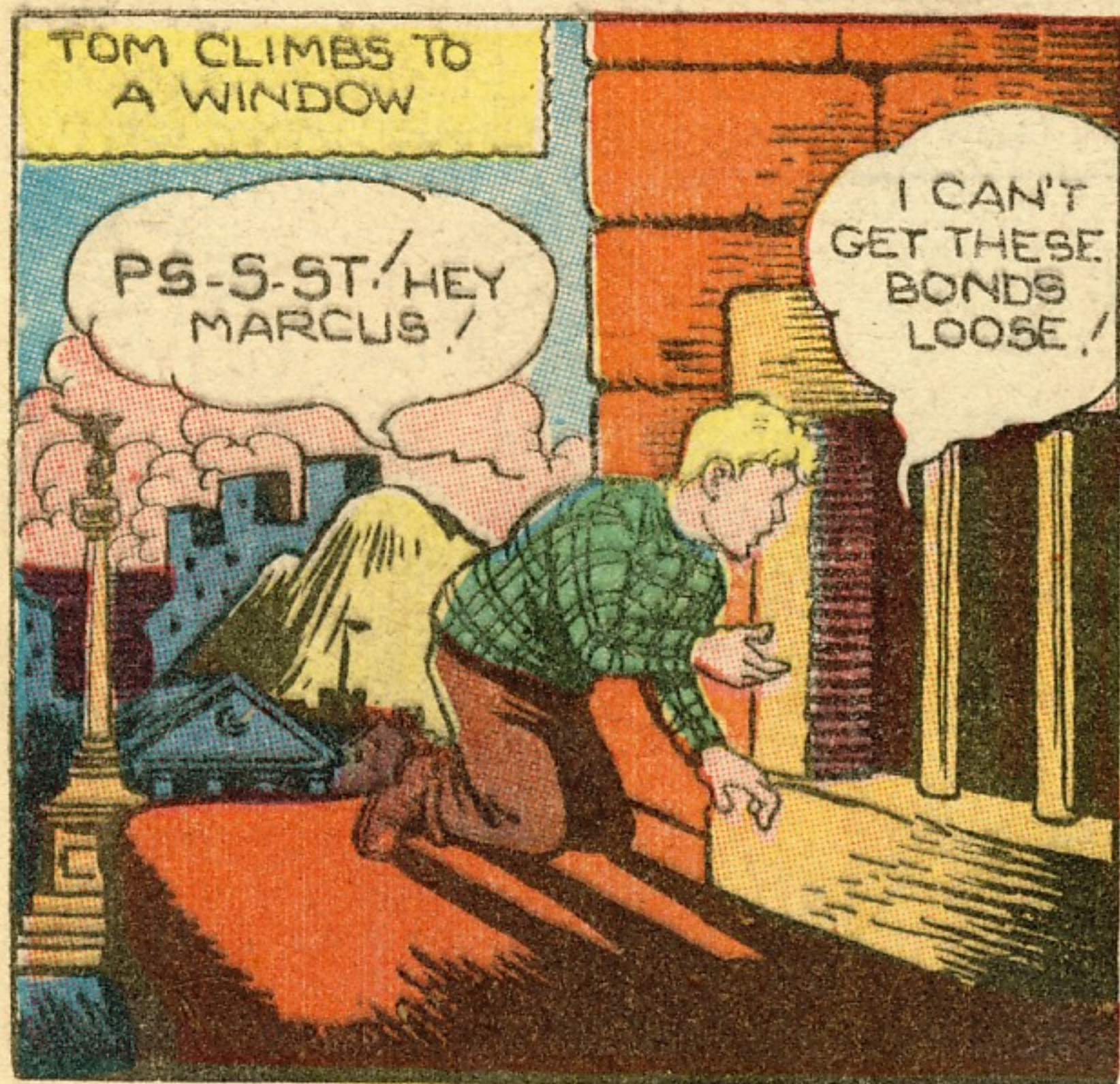


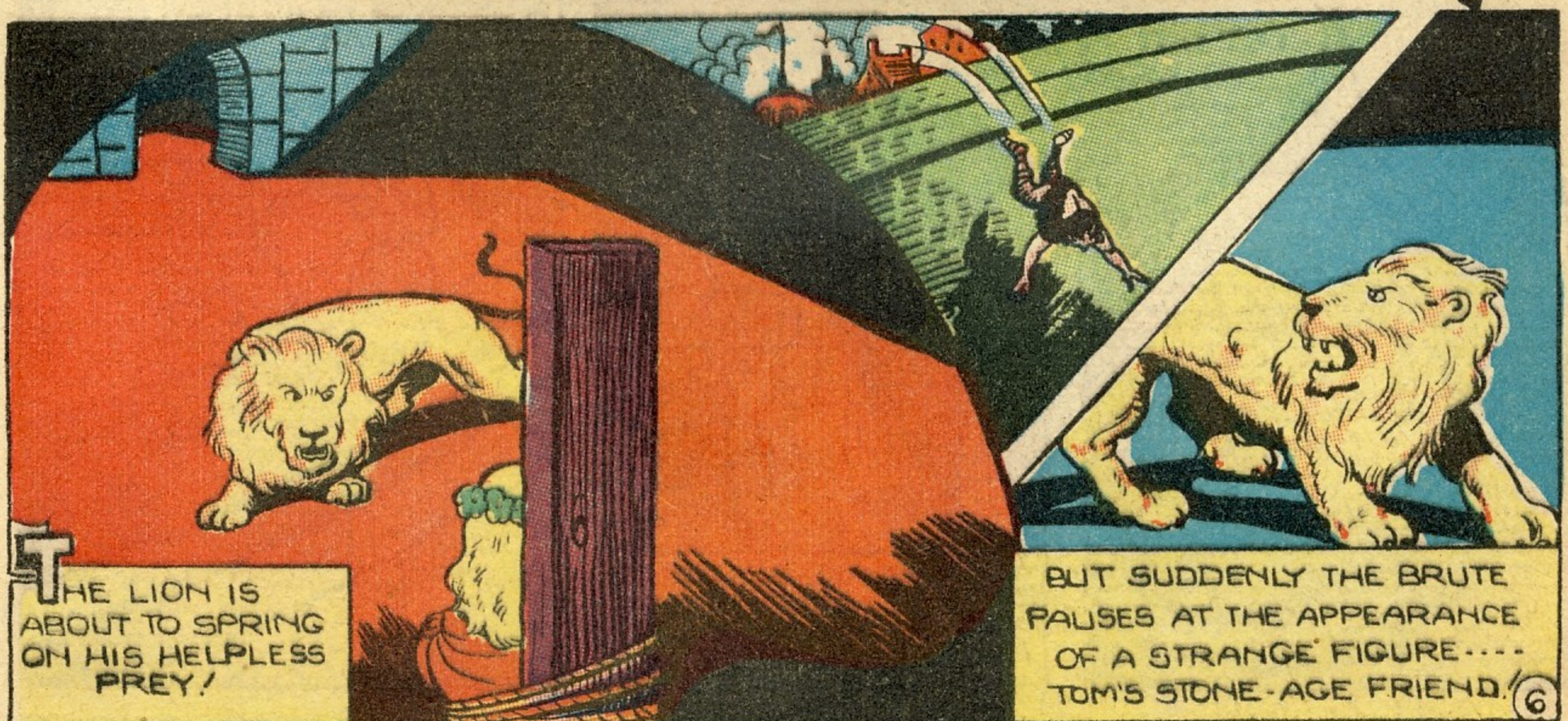
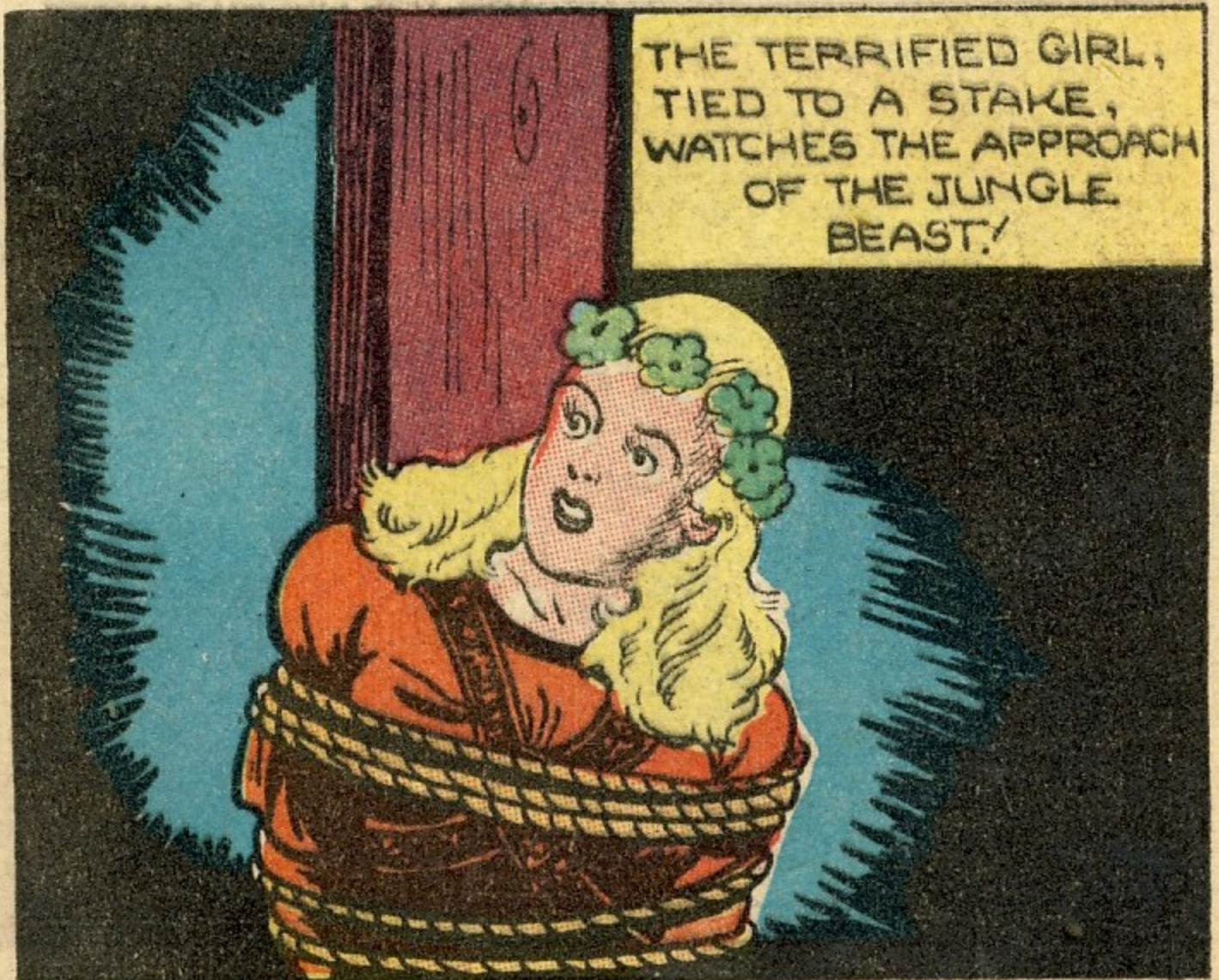
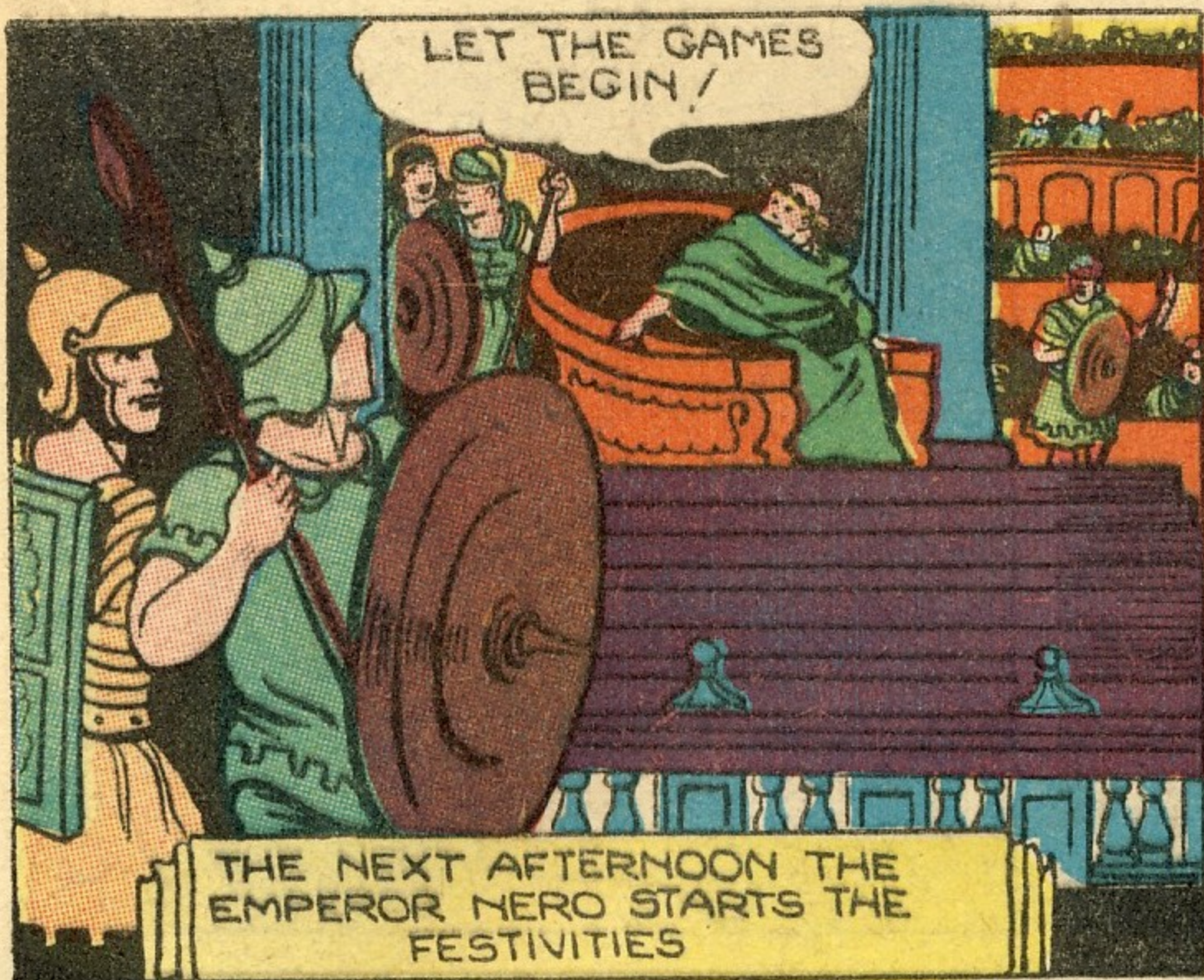
TOM FOLLOWS HIS NEW FRIEND

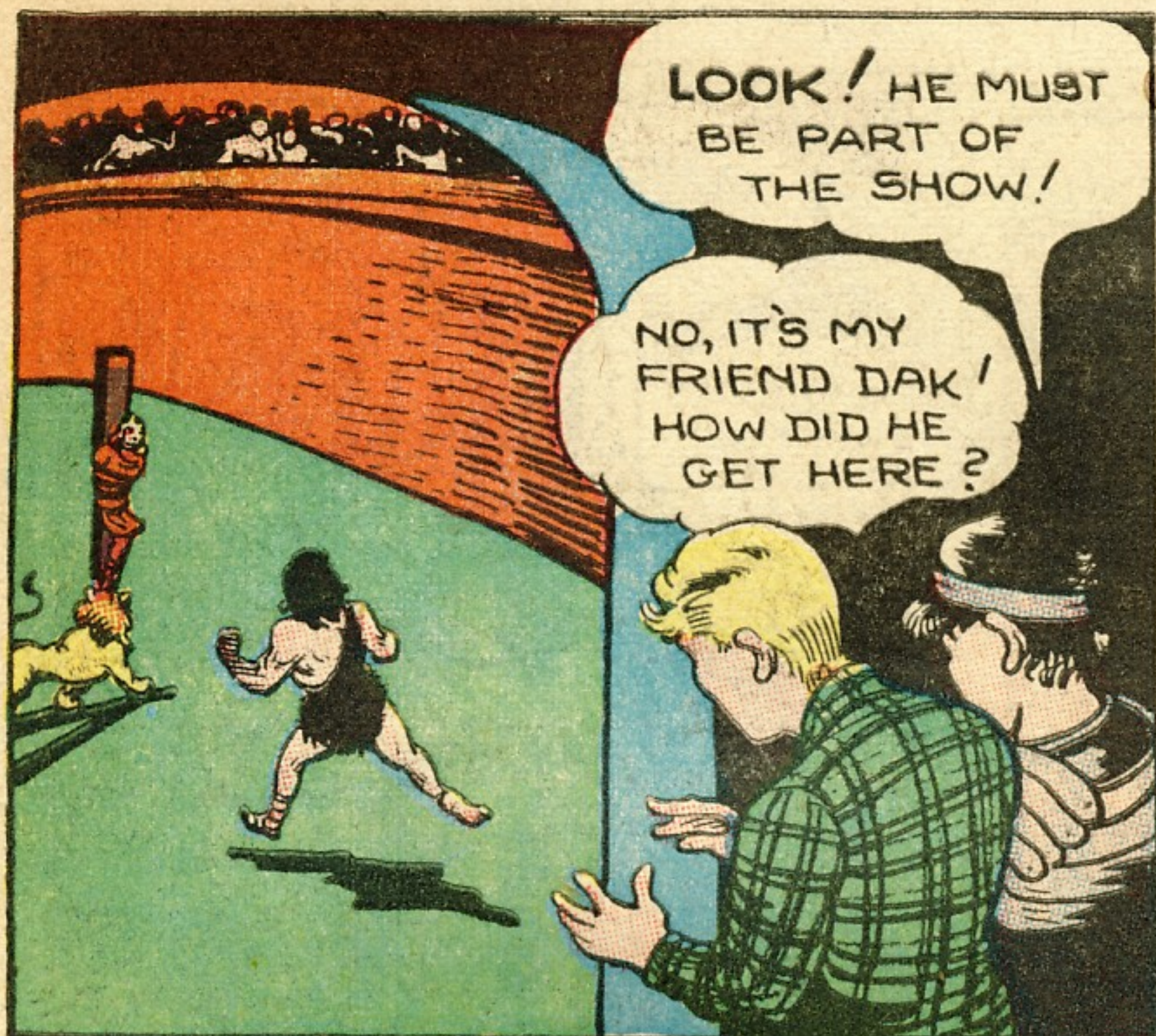


THINGS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING SO FAST THAT TOM'S HEAD IS SPINNING! AS HIS NEW FOUND FRIENDS ARE LED AWAY HE WONDERES WHAT TO DO!







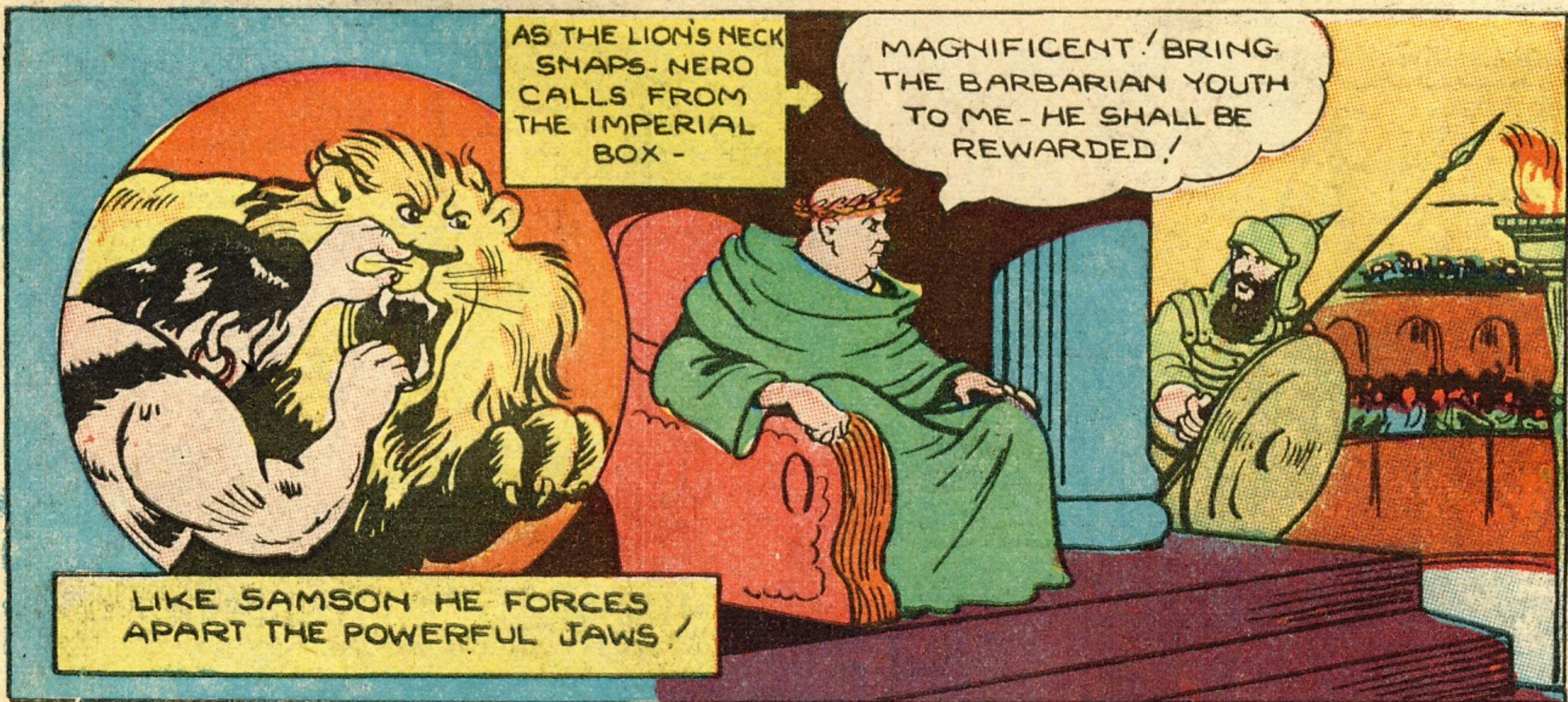


LOOK! HE MUST BE PART OF THE SHOW!

NO, IT'S MY FRIEND DAK! HOW DID HE GET HERE?



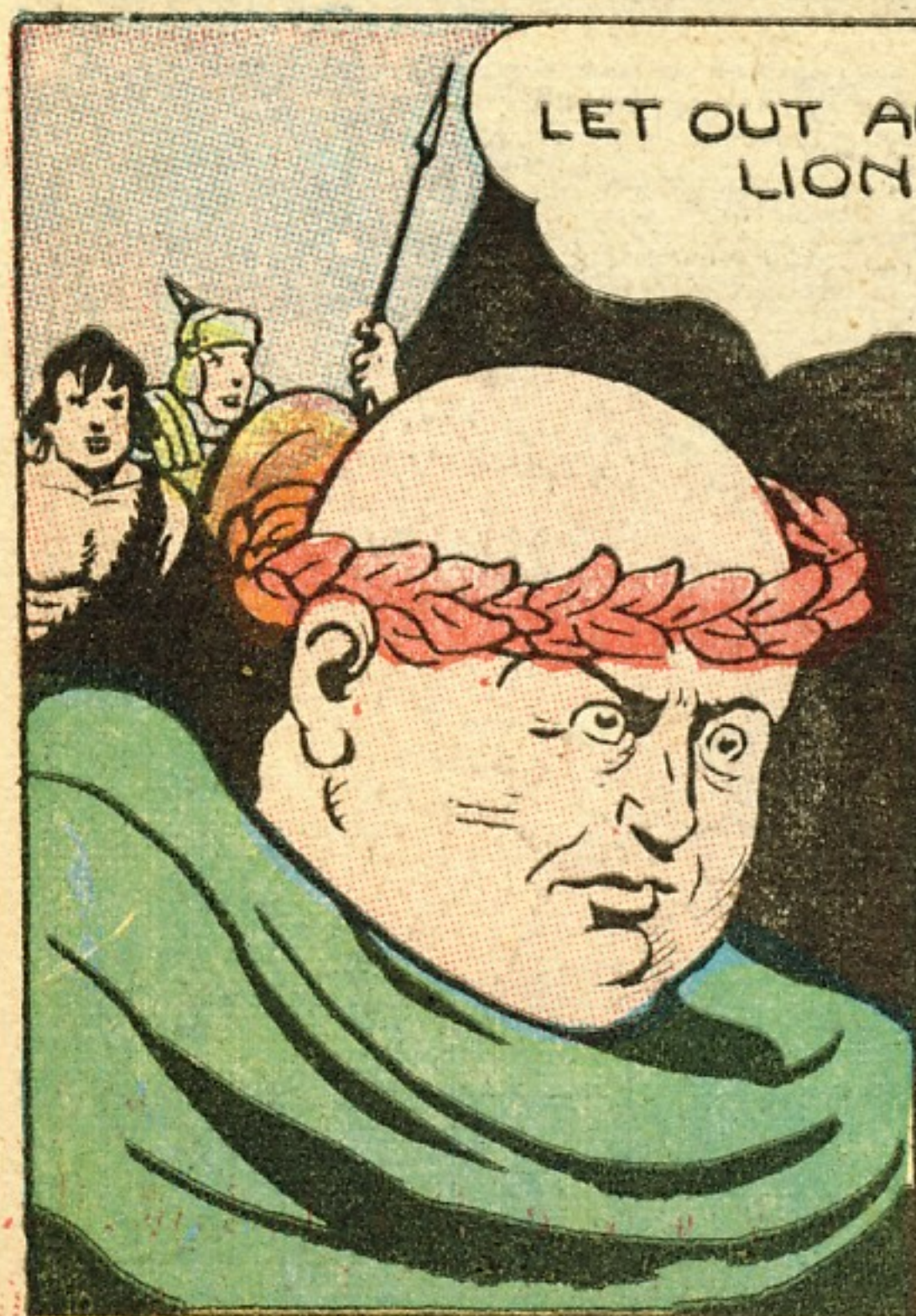
BUT DAK HAS A TRICK OR TWO WITH WILD ANIMALS!



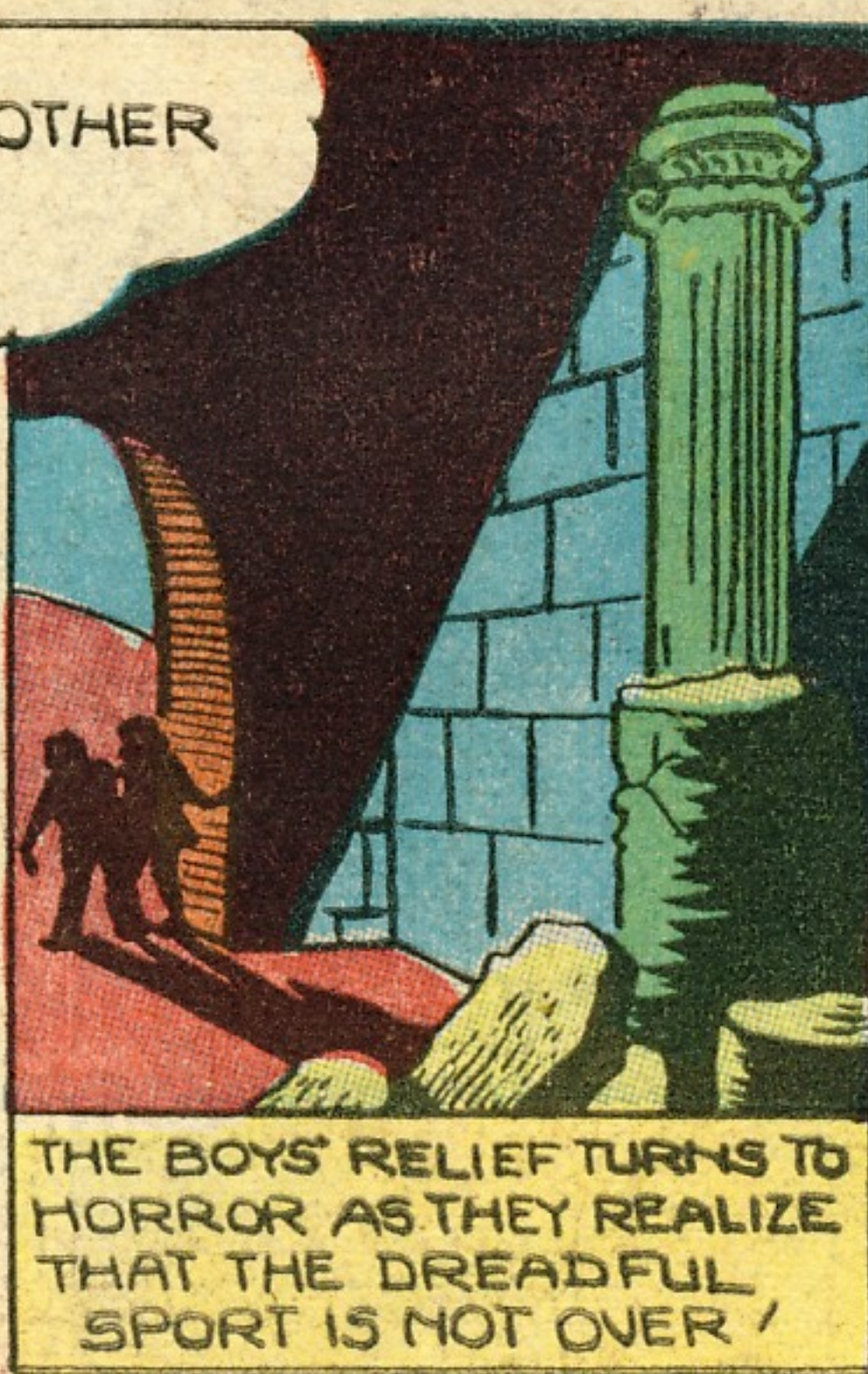
AS THE LION'S NECK SNAPS - NERO CALLS FROM THE IMPERIAL BOX -

MAGNIFICENT! BRING THE BARBARIAN YOUTH TO ME - HE SHALL BE REWARDED!

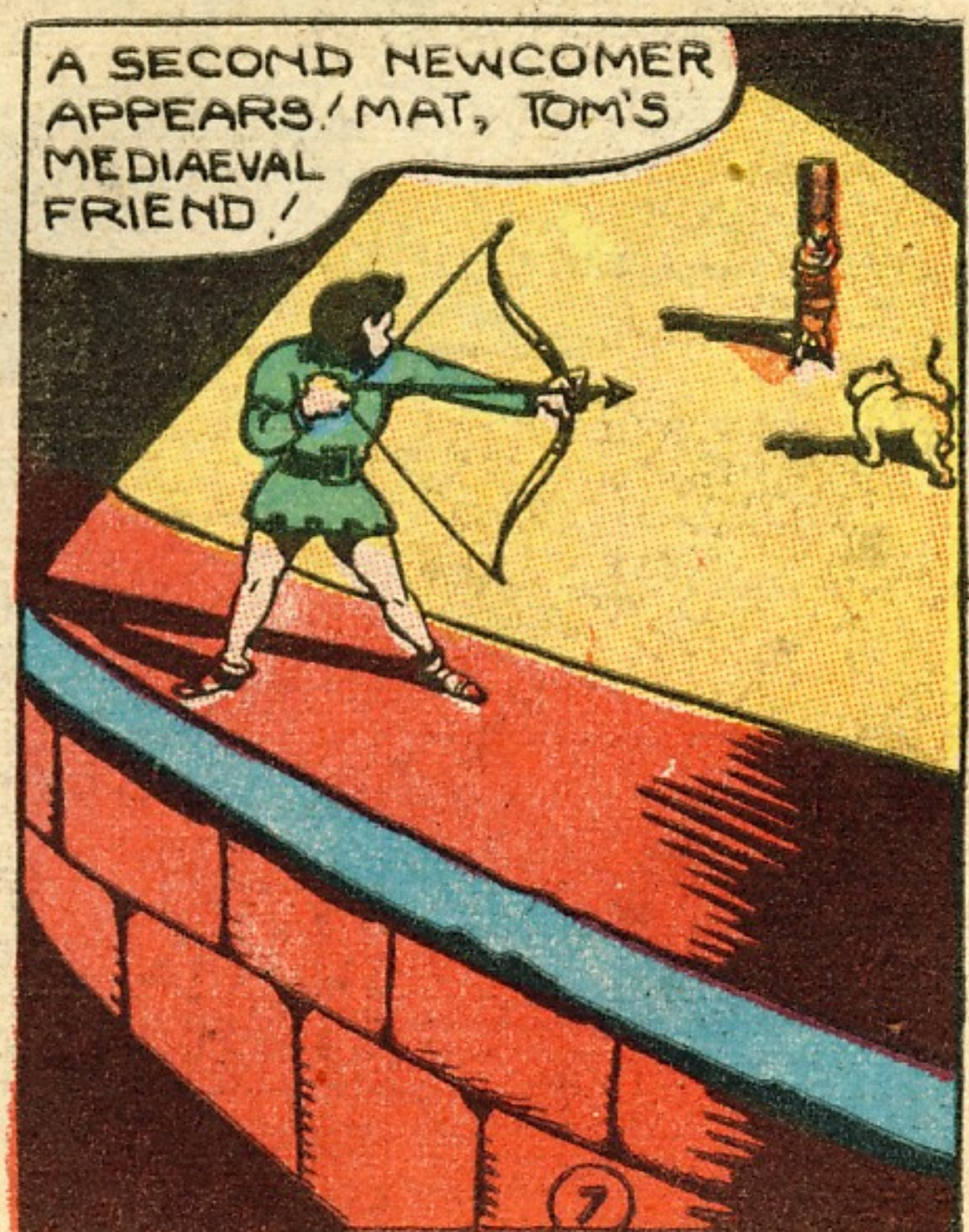
LIKE SAMSON HE FORCES APART THE POWERFUL JAWS!



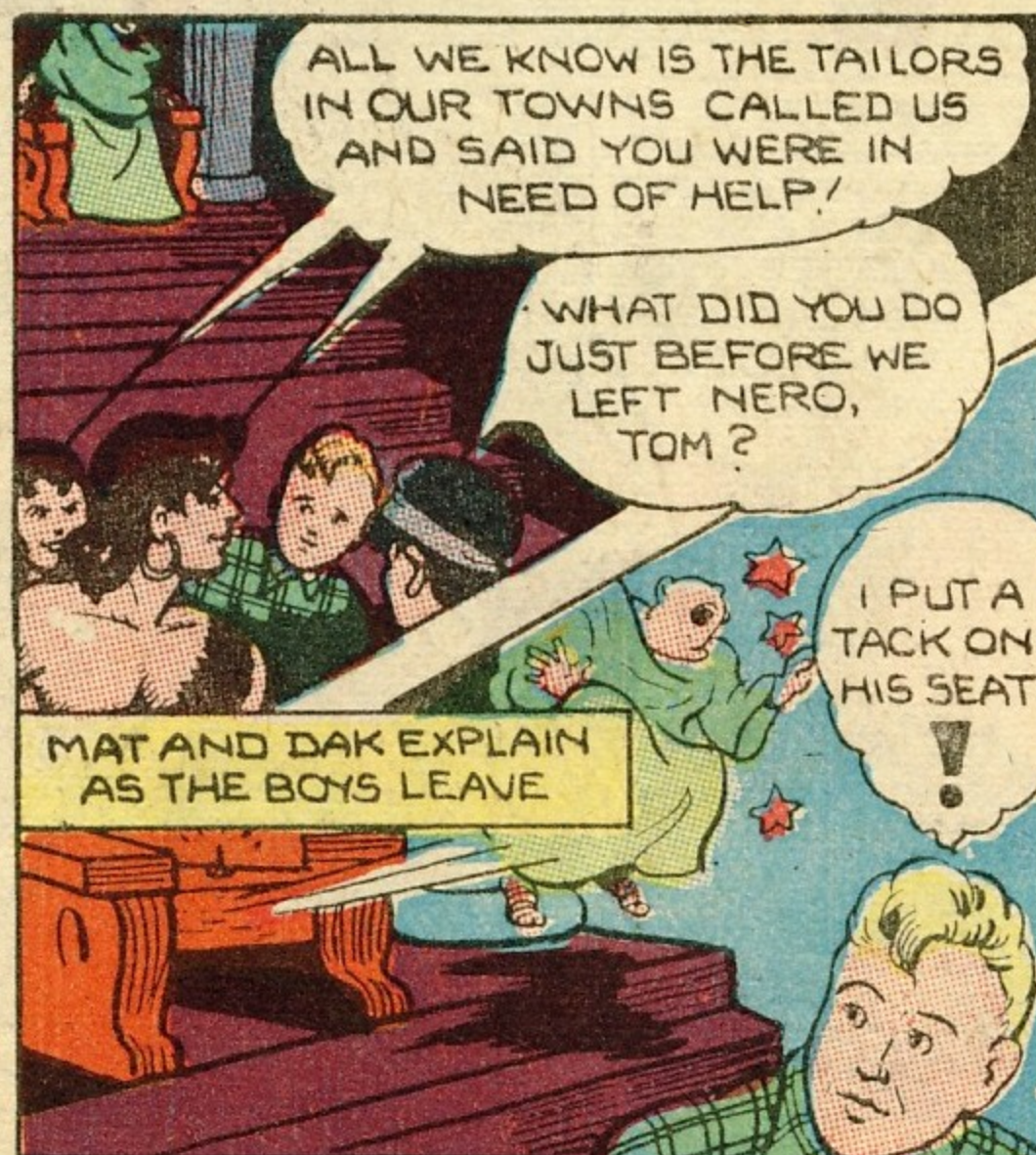
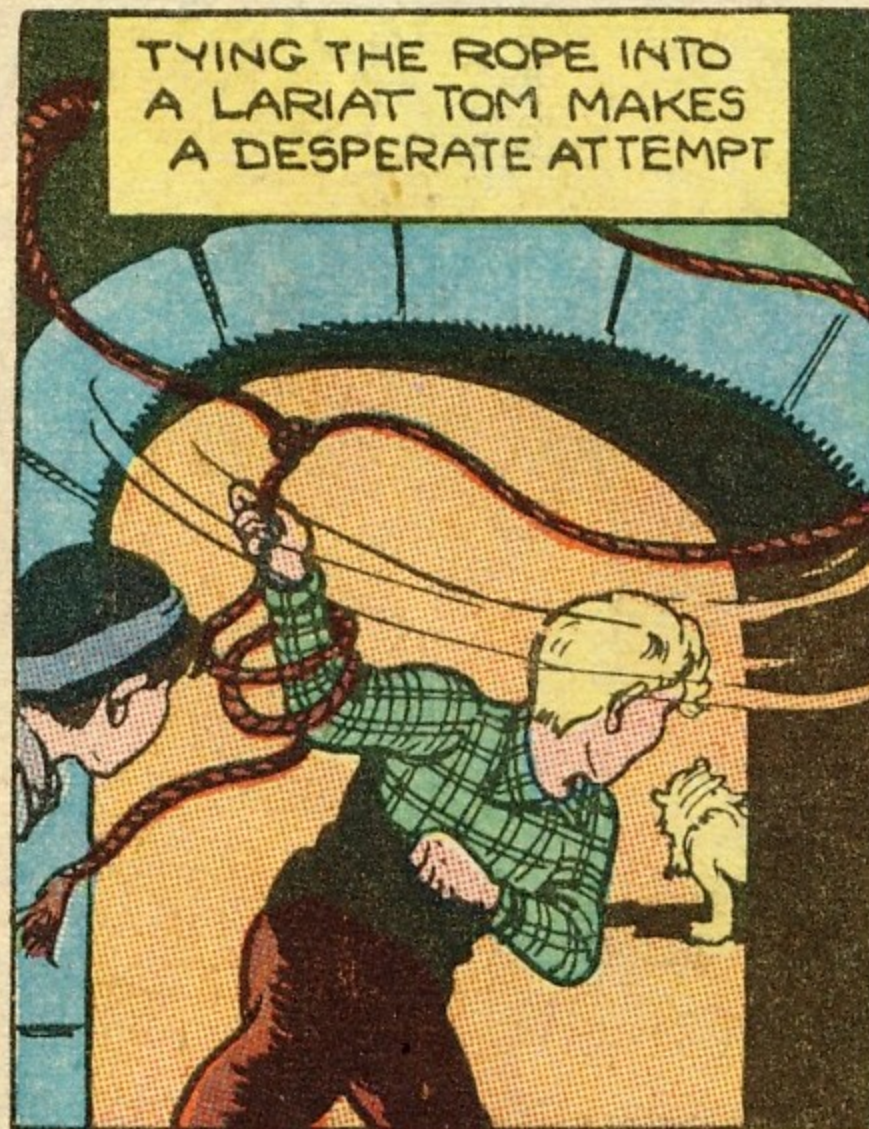
LET OUT ANOTHER LION!



THE BOYS' RELIEF TURNS TO HORROR AS THEY REALIZE THAT THE DREADFUL SPORT IS NOT OVER!



A SECOND NEWCOMER APPEARS! MAT, TOM'S MEDIAEVAL FRIEND!

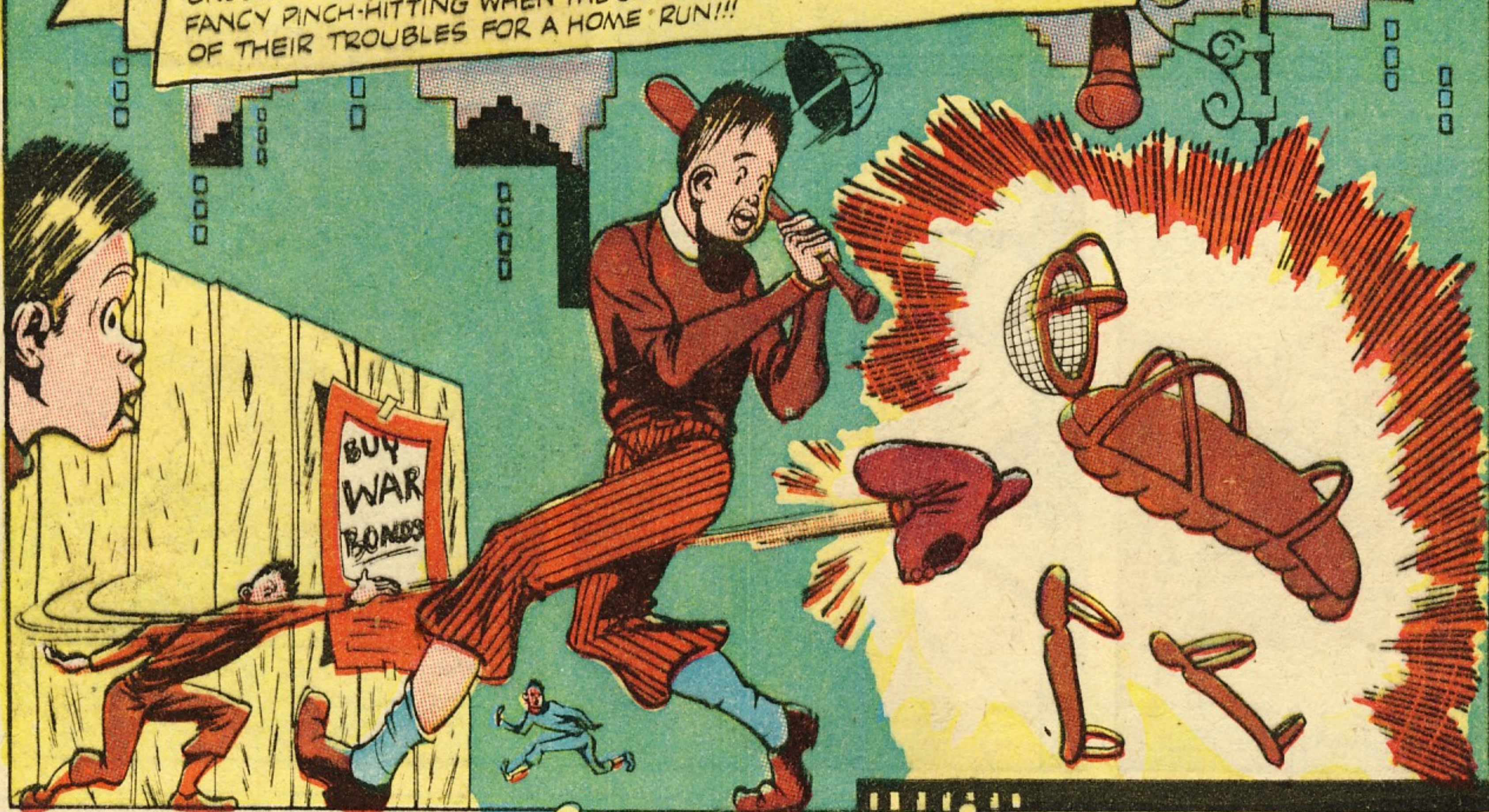


AND SO THE FOUR FRIENDS RETURN TO THEIR RESPECTIVE HOMES IN THEIR RESPECTIVE TIMES OF HISTORY

MORE ADVENTURES OF TOM MORGAN IN NEXT ISSUE OF HEADLINE COMICS 8

The Invisible Boy

DAN CURTIS, AN AVERAGE AMERICAN BOY OF 12, ONE DAY PASSED THROUGH A TREMENDOUS ELECTRICAL CHARGE DURING A RAGING THUNDERSTORM, AND SUDDENLY DISCOVERED THAT HE POSSESSES THE AMAZING POWER TO MAKE HIMSELF INVISIBLE WHENEVER HE LIKES!... AND NOW, WHEN HE AND HIS FRIENDS RUN INTO SERIOUS PROBLEMS IN GETTING THEIR SCHOOL BASEBALL SEASON UNDER WAY, DAN CURTIS'S NEW-FOUND POWER DOES A LITTLE PLAIN AND FANCY PINCH-HITTING WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH, AND KNOCKS ALL OF THEIR TROUBLES FOR A HOME RUN!!!



DAN RUNS INTO HIS FRIEND JIM...

BOY, WHAT BASEBALL WEATHER, HOW ABOUT GETTING THE FELLOWS TOGETHER FOR A GAME!

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA! LET'S GO AND GET PINKY-- HE'S GOT ALL THE GLOVES AND STUFF!

BUT AT PINKY'S HOUSE THEY GET BAD NEWS...

GOSH, I'M SORRY FELLERS, THERE ISN'T GONNA BE ANY BASEBALL GAME! MY MOTHER'S ANGRY BECAUSE I SPILLED SOME JAM ON THE PARLOR CARPET-- SHE WON'T LET ME TAKE THE BASEBALL STUFF OUT OF THE HOUSE!

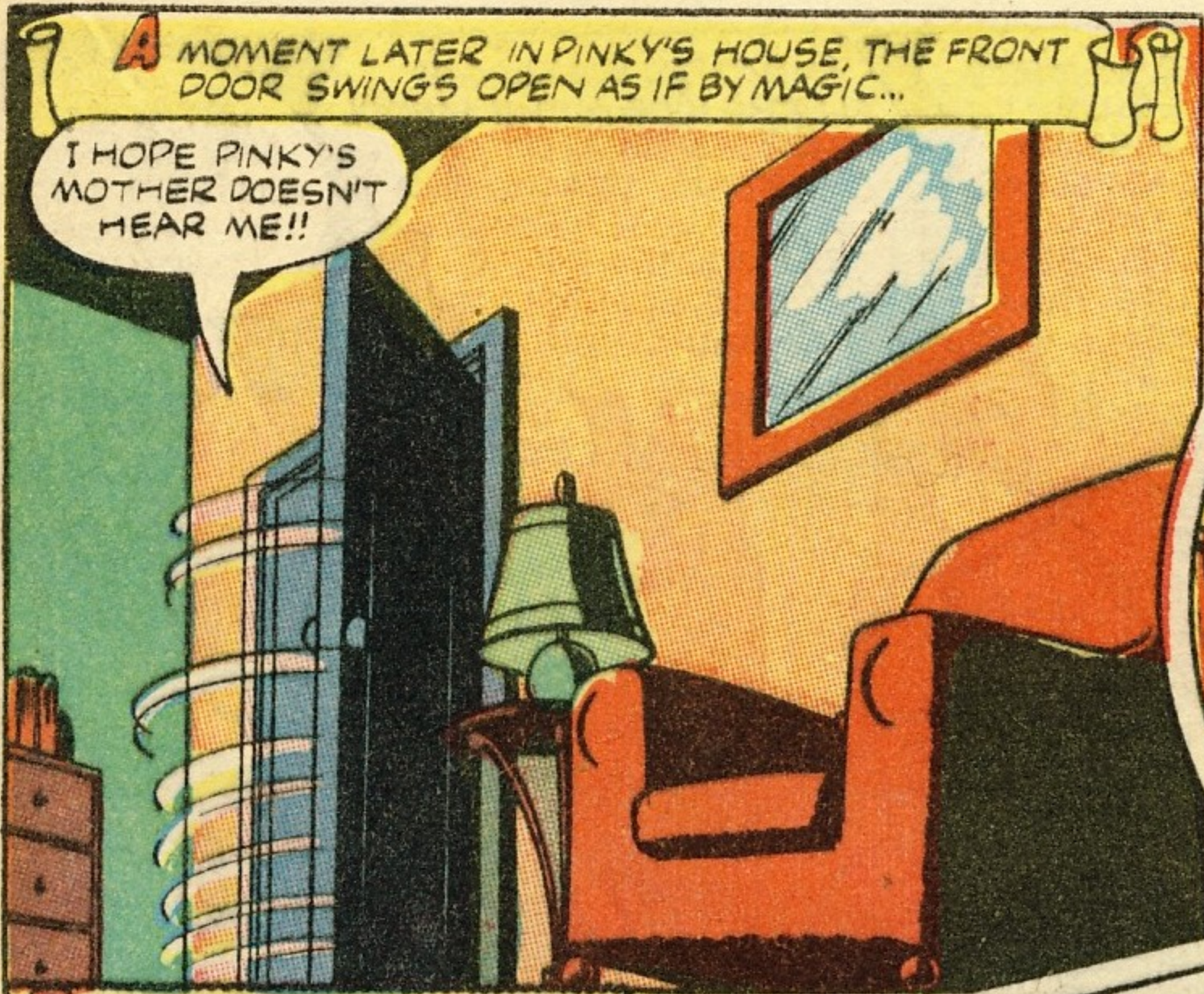
GEE! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO

I'LL GET THE STUFF OUT OF THE HOUSE! YOU FELLOWS WAIT AT THE SCHOOLHOUSE! I'LL BRING IT THERE!

MY MOTHER'S SORE. SHE'LL NEVER LET YOU TAKE IT

LET'S DO WHAT DAN SAYS, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

HIS FRIENDS DO NOT KNOW ABOUT DAN'S NEW POWER OF INVISIBILITY....



A MOMENT LATER IN PINKY'S HOUSE, THE FRONT DOOR SWINGS OPEN AS IF BY MAGIC...

I HOPE PINKY'S MOTHER DOESN'T HEAR ME!!



BOY! HERE'S ALL THE EQUIPMENT!!

PINKY'S MOTHER SEES THE BASEBALL EQUIPMENT SEEMINGLY FLOAT BY ITSELF DOWN THE STAIRS!



WHAT'S THE MATTER DEAR?

E-E-E-E!

LOOK, JOHN, IT'S GOING OUT BY ITSELF!!

WHAT THE--! HELP!! POLICE!!!



AT THE SCHOOLHOUSE, DAN CURTIS PLEASANTLY SURPRISES HIS FRIENDS!



HERE'S THE STUFF, FELLOWS!

HOW DID YOU DO IT?

I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

GEE!

BUT AS THE KIDS START THEIR GAME!!



LET'S GO!

HEY! WATCH OUT! HERE'S OFFICER MULROONEY AGAIN!!!

BATTER UP!



IF I EVER CATCH YOU KIDS PLAYIN' ON THIS STREET AGAIN I'LL RUN YOU IN!

AW, GEE WE HAVEN'T GOT ANYPLACE ELSE TO PLAY!!



HECK, WE'RE ALWAYS BEING CHASED OFF THE STREET!

SAY, FELLOWS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! MAYBE WE CAN USE THE EMPTY LOT RIGHT NEXT TO THE SCHOOL!

BUT IT'S ALL FULL OF ROCKS AND STUFF AND IT BELONGS TO MR. WINTERS!



IF MR. WINTER'S GIVES US PERMISSION WE CAN CLEAR OUT THE LOT OURSELVES AND USE IT AS A BASEBALL FIELD!!

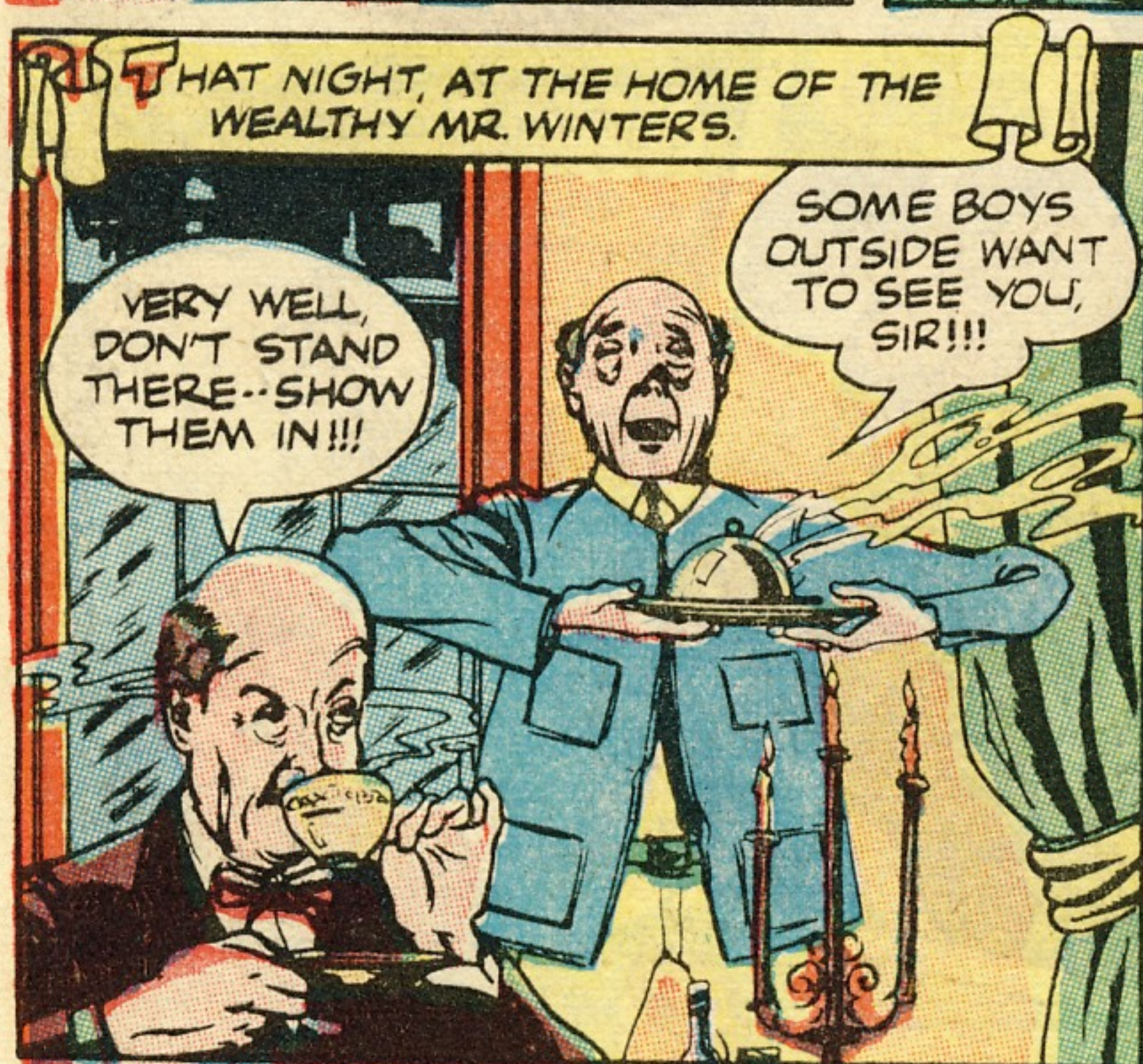


AND THEN WE'LL GET ALL THE KIDS IN THE SCHOOL TO ORGANIZE A LOT OF BASEBALL TEAMS, AND WE'LL HAVE A REAL TOURNAMENT FOR THE SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIP!

OH, BOY!



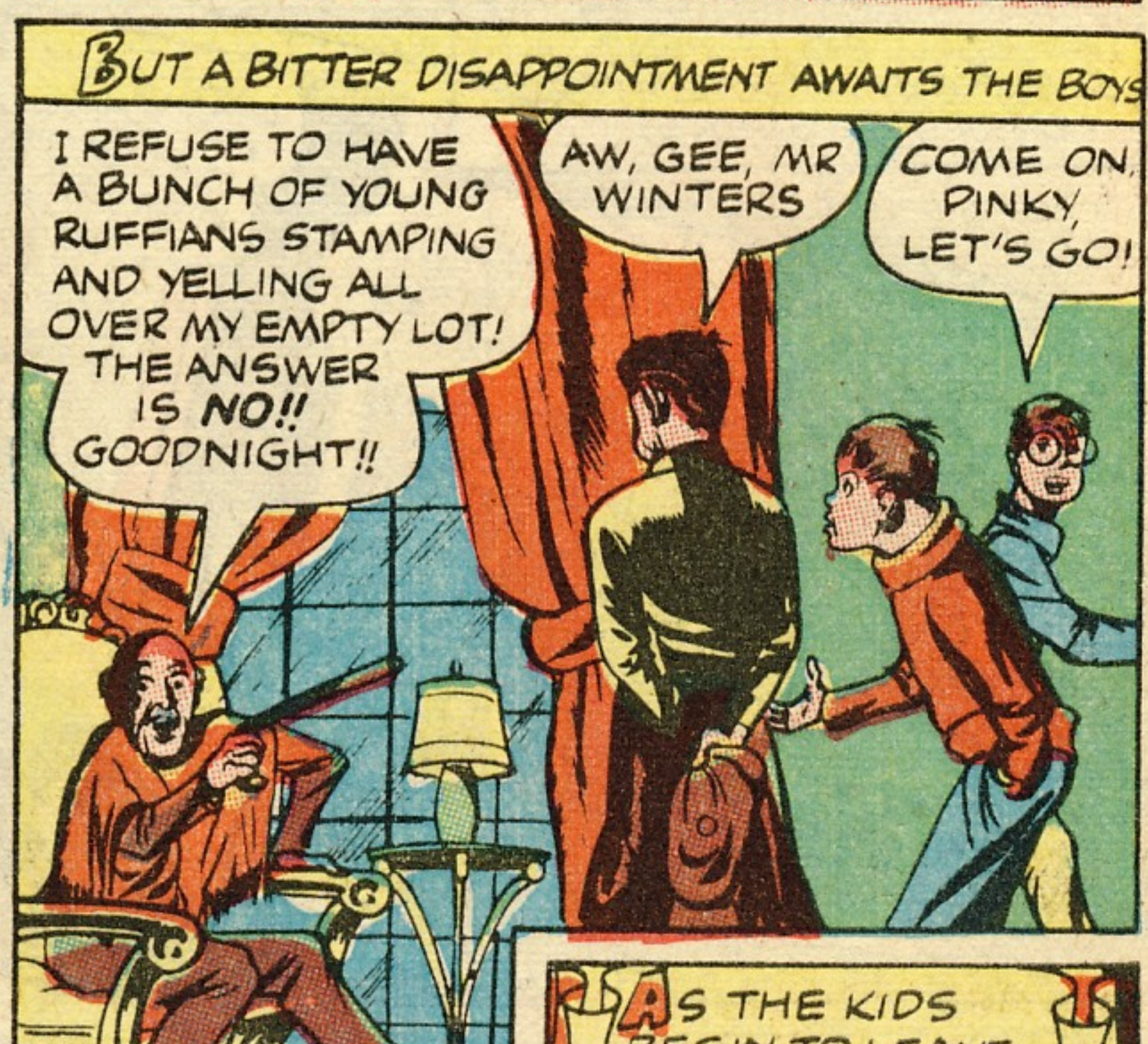
LET'S GO AND SEE MR. WINTER'S WHEN HE'S HOME TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE HOME OF THE WEALTHY MR. WINTERS.

VERY WELL, DON'T STAND THERE--SHOW THEM IN!!!

SOME BOYS OUTSIDE WANT TO SEE YOU, SIR!!!

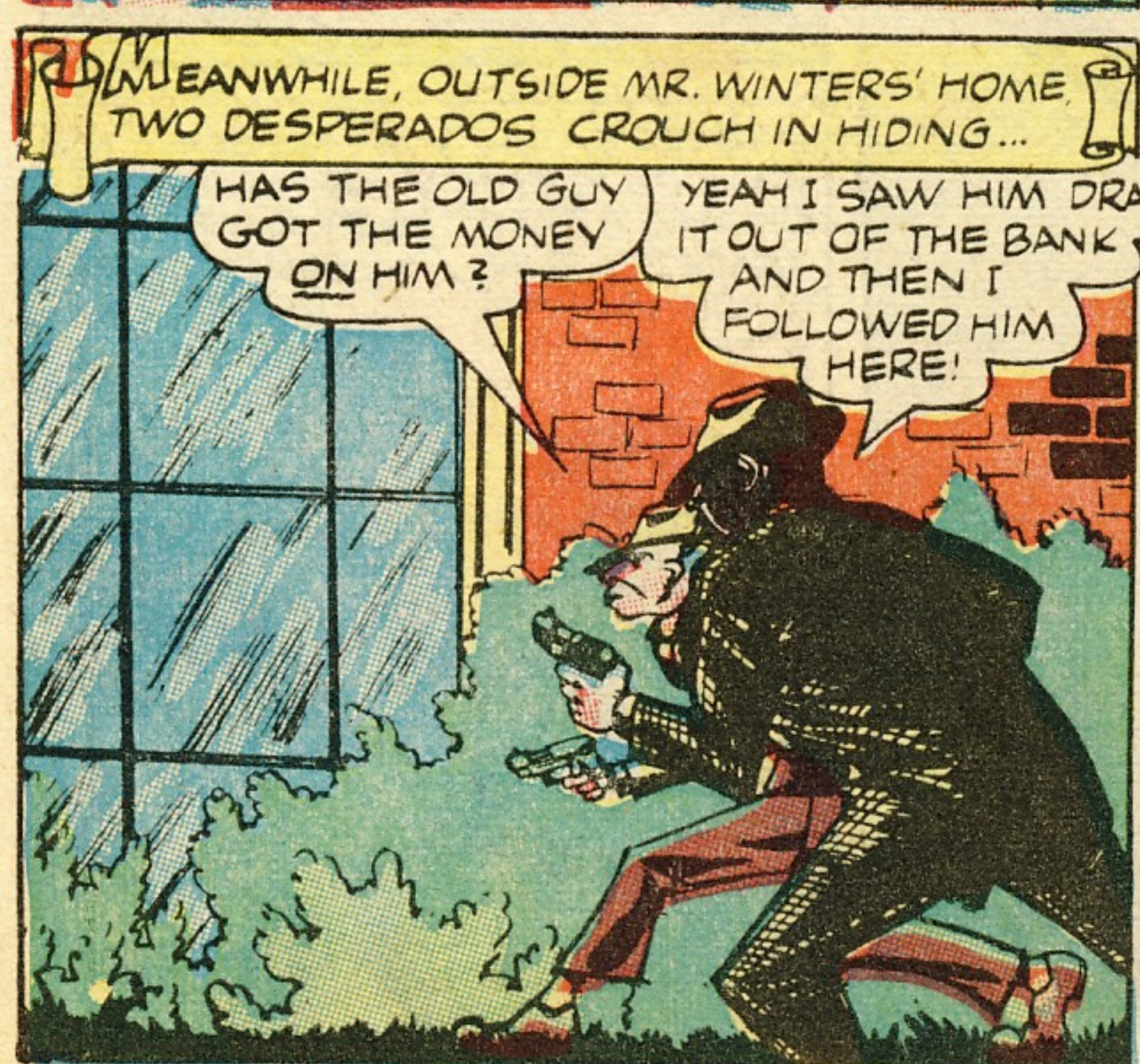


BUT A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT AWAITS THE BOYS

I REFUSE TO HAVE A BUNCH OF YOUNG RUFFIANS STAMPING AND YELLING ALL OVER MY EMPTY LOT! THE ANSWER IS NO!! GOODNIGHT!!

AW, GEE, MR WINTERS

COME ON, PINKY, LET'S GO!



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE MR. WINTERS' HOME, TWO DESPERADOS CROUCH IN HIDING...

HAS THE OLD GUY GOT THE MONEY ON HIM?

YEAH I SAW HIM DRAW IT OUT OF THE BANK AND THEN I FOLLOWED HIM HERE!

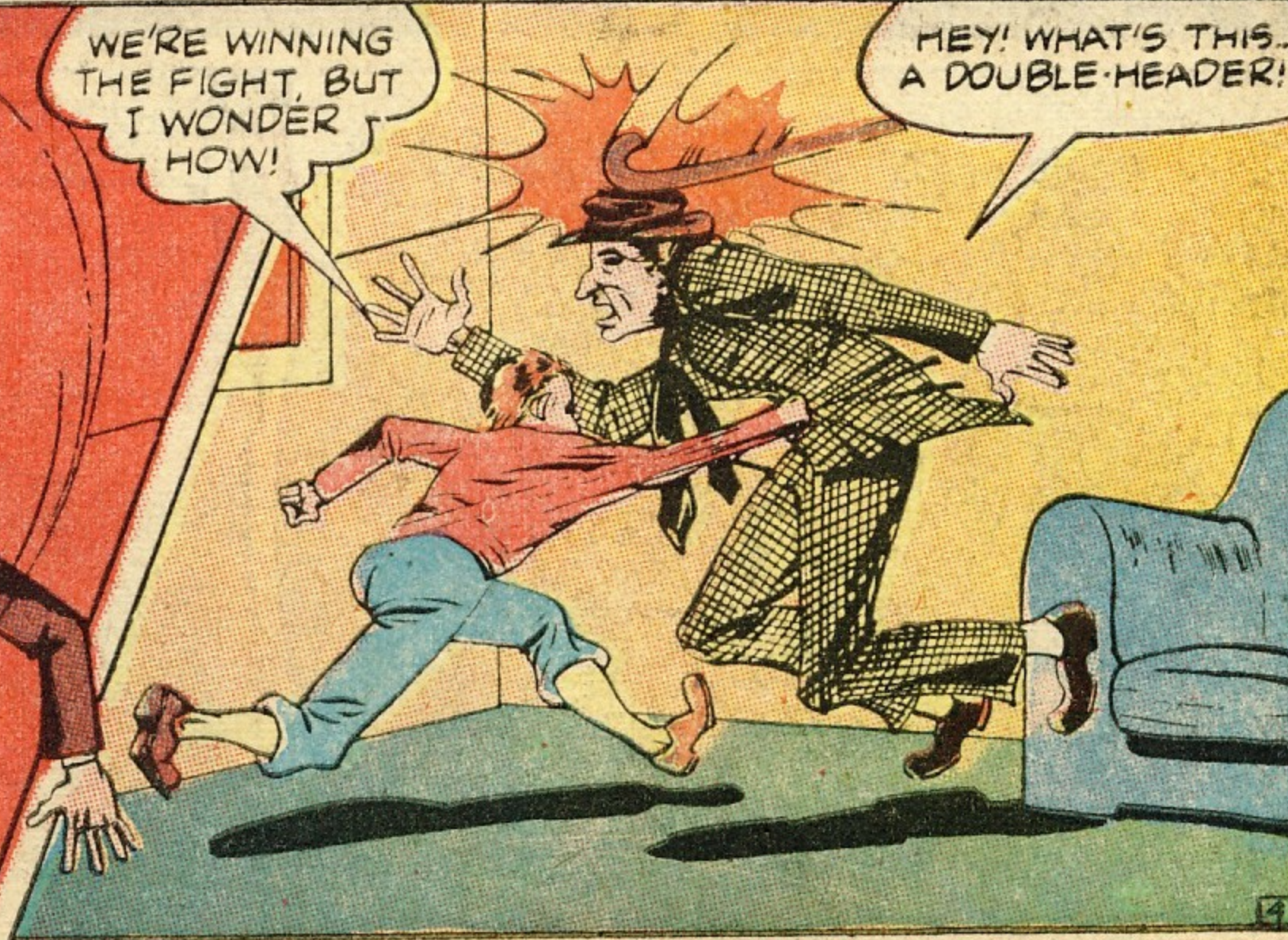
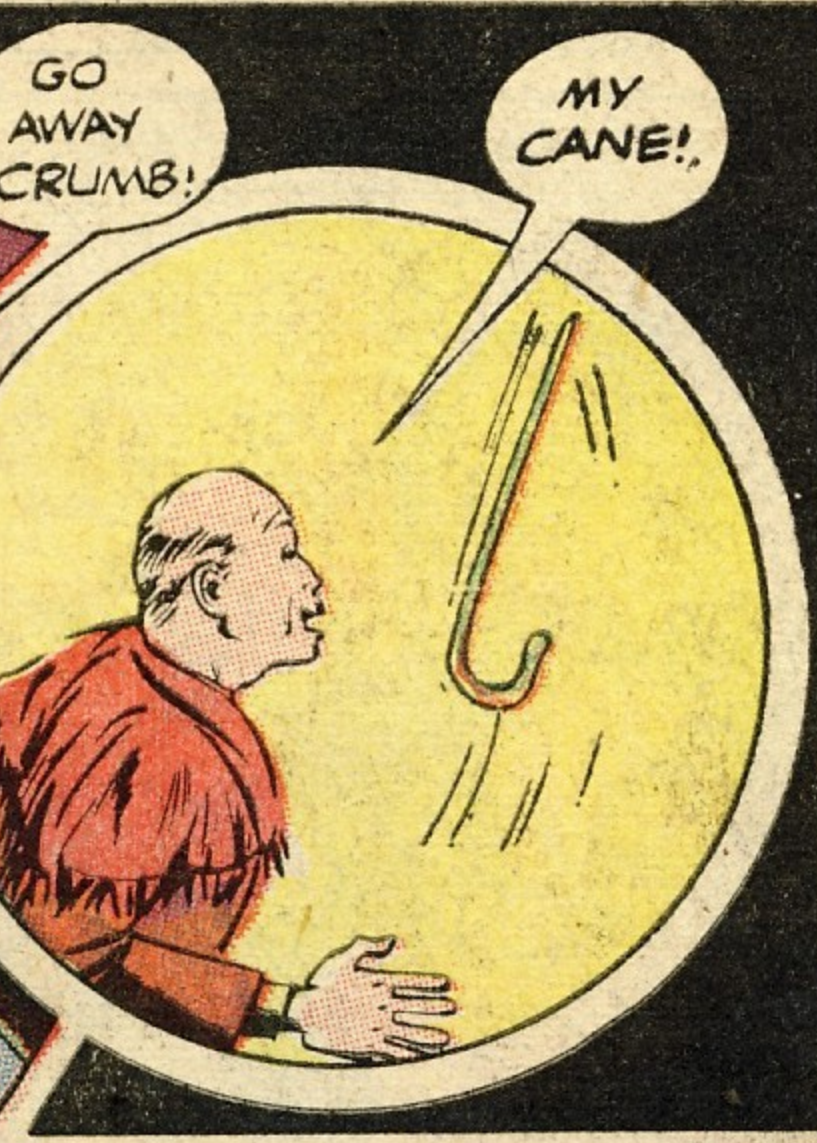


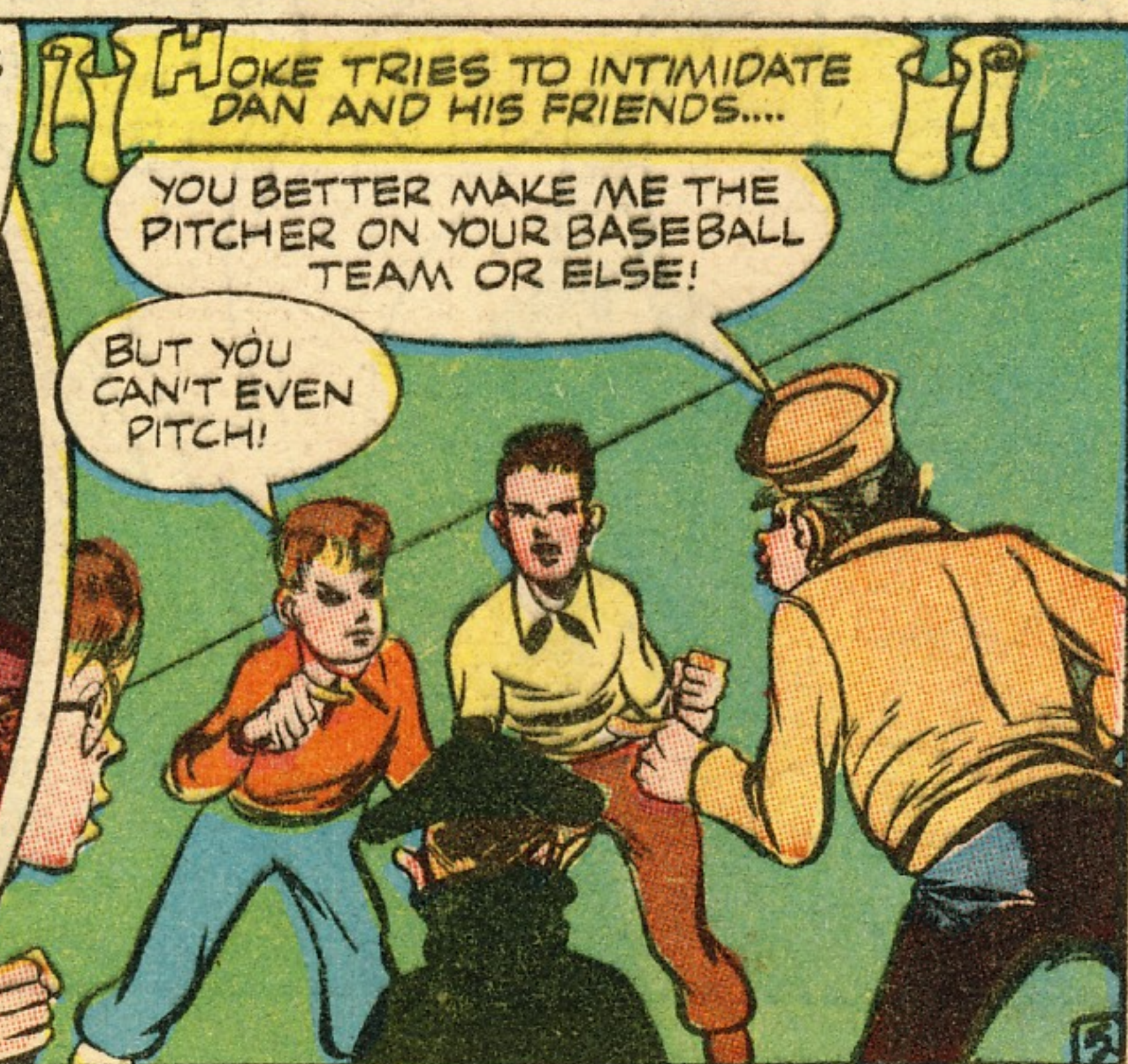
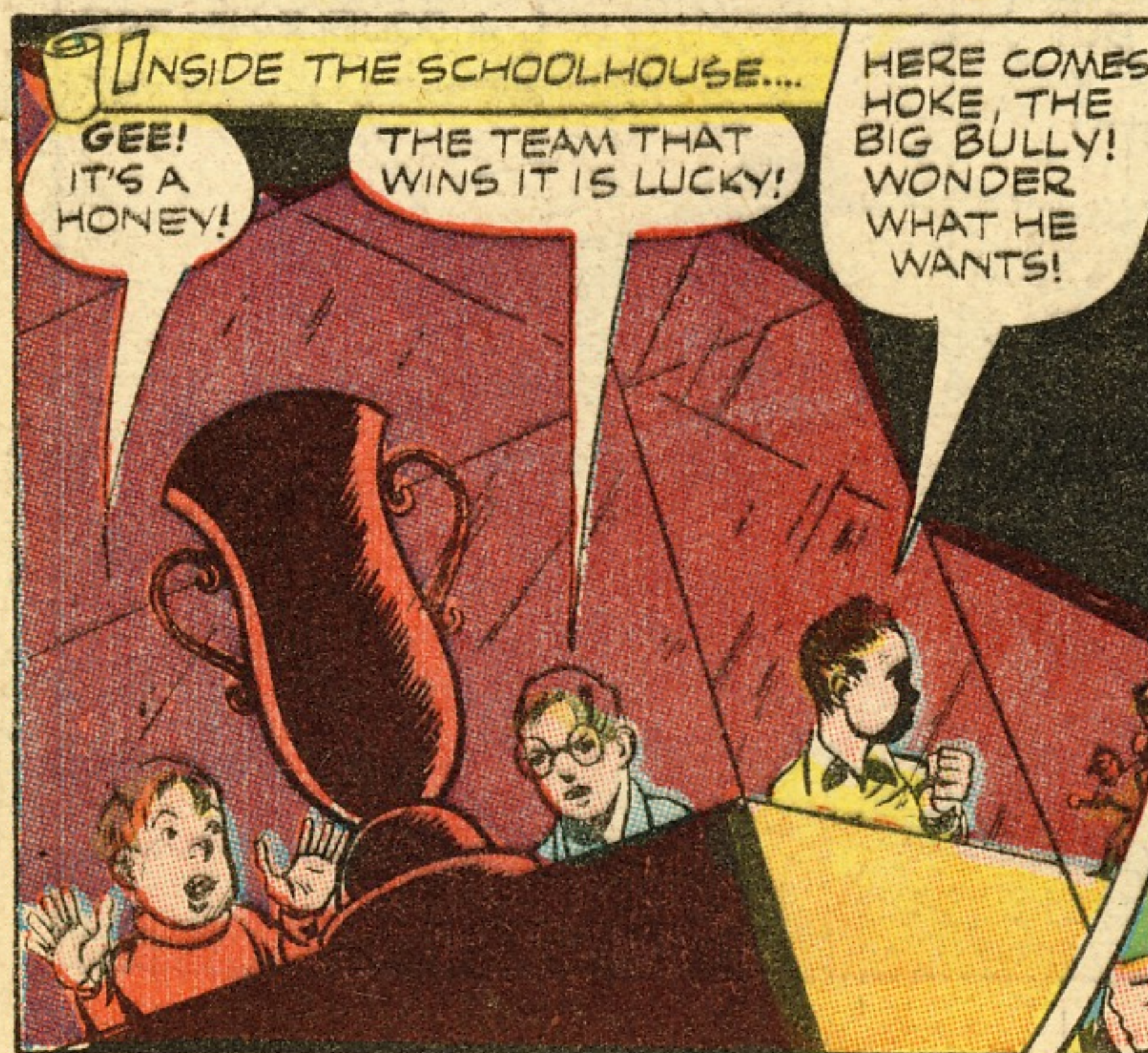
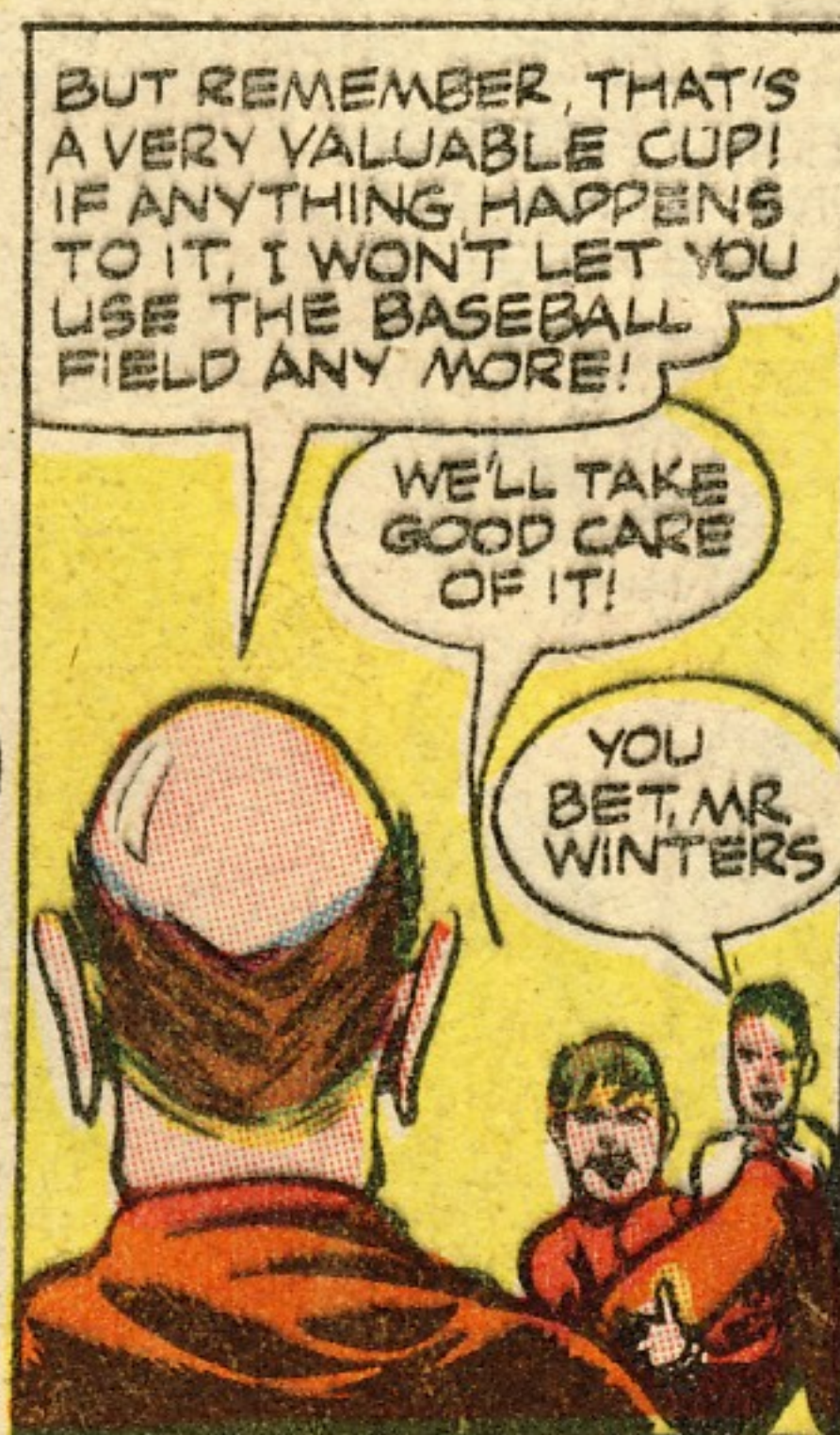
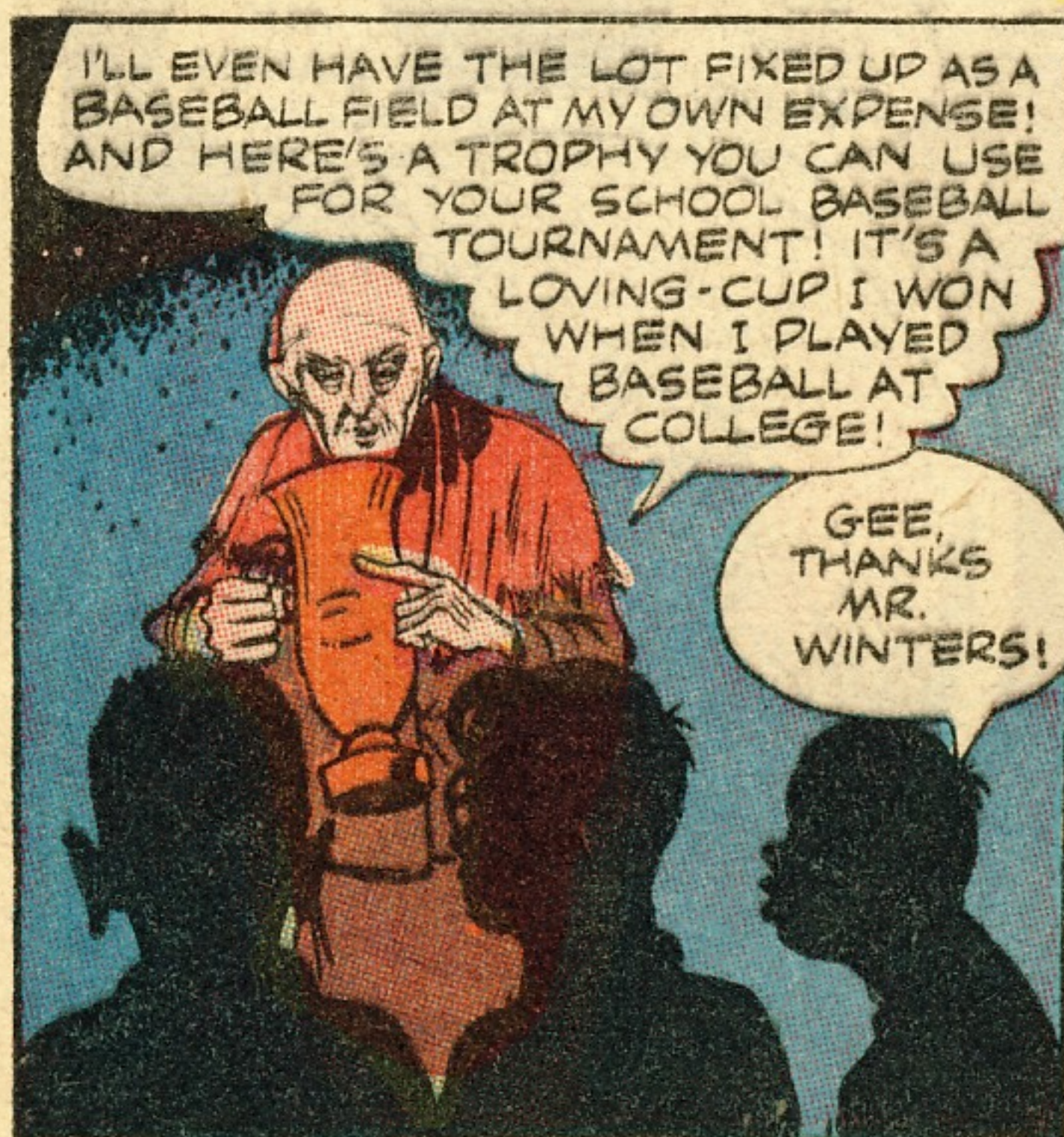
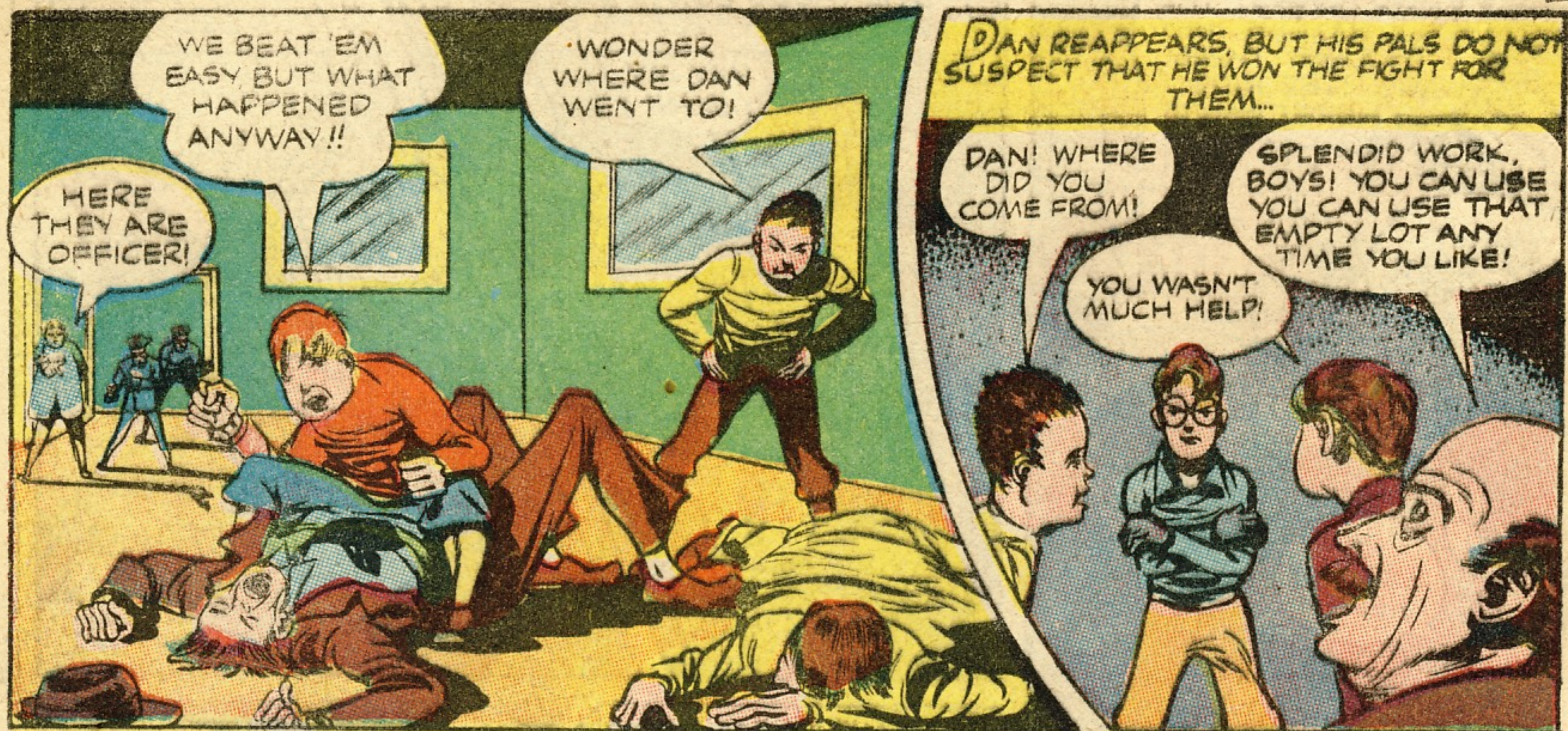
AS THE KIDS BEGIN TO LEAVE...

STICK 'EM UP, EVERYBODY, AN' DON'T MOVE!

YOU SAID IT, BUDDY! HAND OVER THAT DOUGH!

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!







O.K., YOU GUYS,
YOU'LL BE SORRY!
I'LL FIX
YOU GOOD!

YEAH!

THAT
NIGHT
AT
THE
SCHOOL-
HOUSE



WE'LL GET IN
THROUGH THIS
WINDOW! MAKE
IT SNAPPY,
SPUD!

ALL
RIGHT
HOKE!



WILL HOKE'S FOUL PLAN SUCCEED?

HERE'S
THE CUP,
BUT WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING
WITH
THAT
CAP?

IT'S PINKY'S CAP! I'M
LEAVING IT HERE TO
MAKE IT LOOK LIKE
PINKY AND HIS FRIENDS
STOLE THE CUP! THAT'LL
FIX THOSE FRESH KIDS
FOR NOT LETTING ME
BE PITCHER ON
THEIR TEAM!



THE NEXT MORNING...

DIDJA HEAR
THE NEWS
FELLERS!
THE
BASEBALL
CUP WAS
STOLEN!

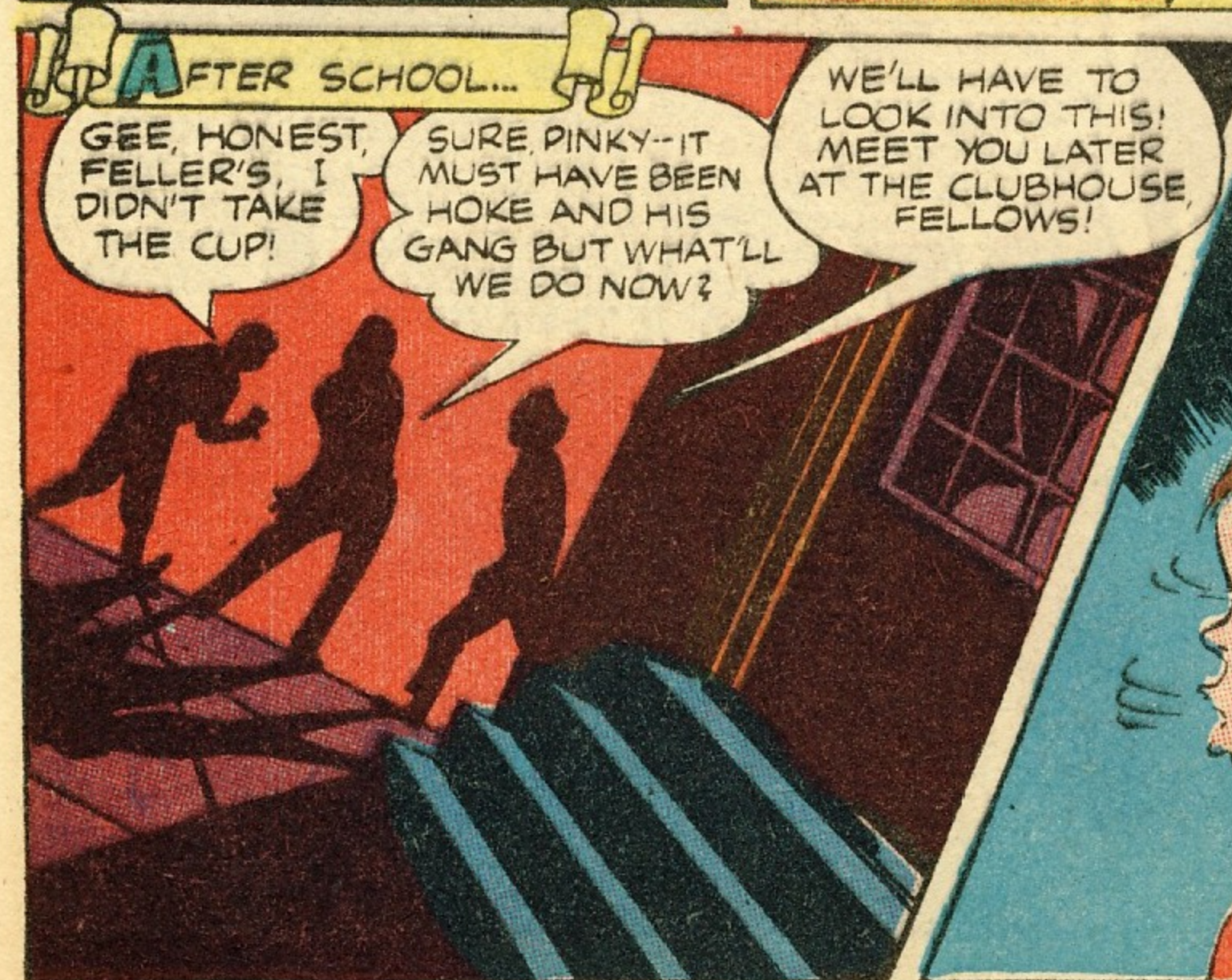
AND THEY
FOUND
PINKY'S CAP
ON THE
FLOOR!

GEE, MR.
WINTERS IS
GONNA BE
SORE!



THIS IS PINKY,
THE BOY I TOLD
YOU ABOUT ON
THE TELEPHONE.
MR. WINTERS! WE
FOUND HIS CAP
WHERE THE CUP
WAS STOLEN!

I AM VERY
DISAPPOINTED
IN YOU BOYS! IF
THAT CUP IS NOT
RETURNED BY
TOMORROW I
WITHDRAW MY
OFFER OF THE
BASEBALL-FIELD!



AFTER SCHOOL...

GEE, HONEST,
FELLERS, I
DIDN'T TAKE
THE CUP!

SURE, PINKY--IT
MUST HAVE BEEN
HOKE AND HIS
GANG BUT WHAT'LL
WE DO NOW?

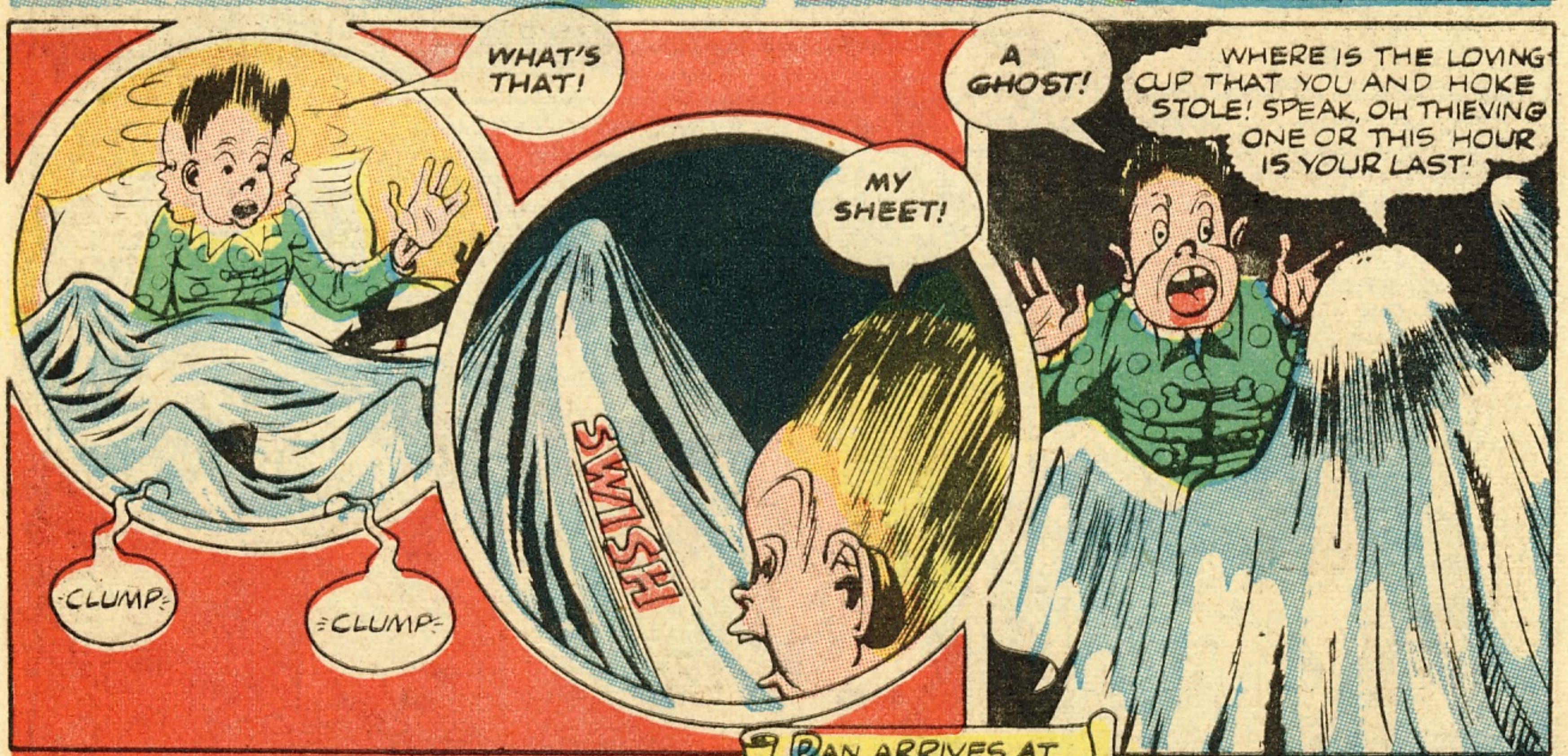
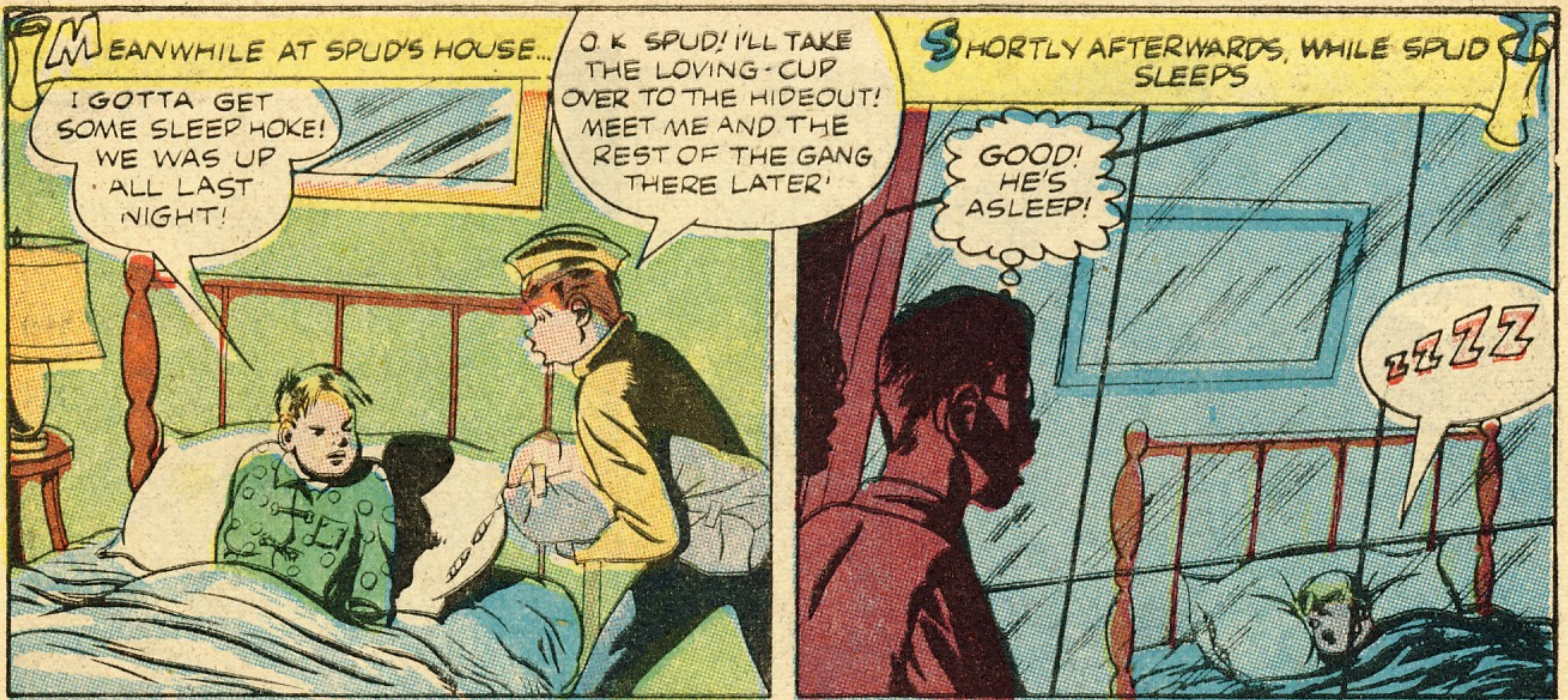
WE'LL HAVE TO
LOOK INTO THIS!
MEET YOU LATER
AT THE CLUBHOUSE,
FELLOWS!

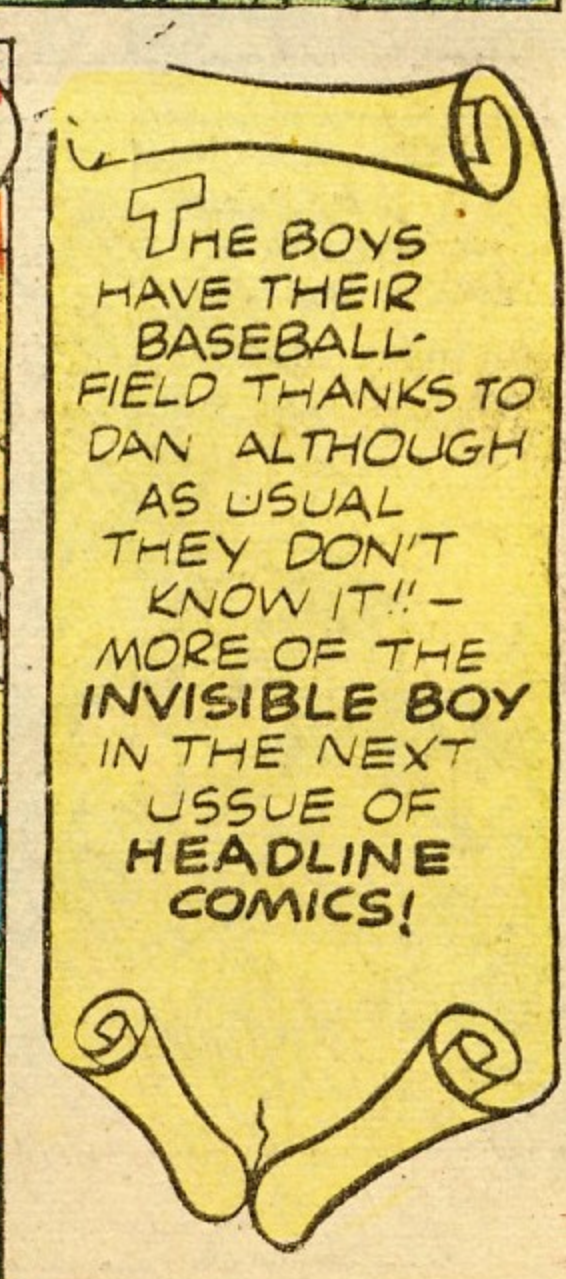
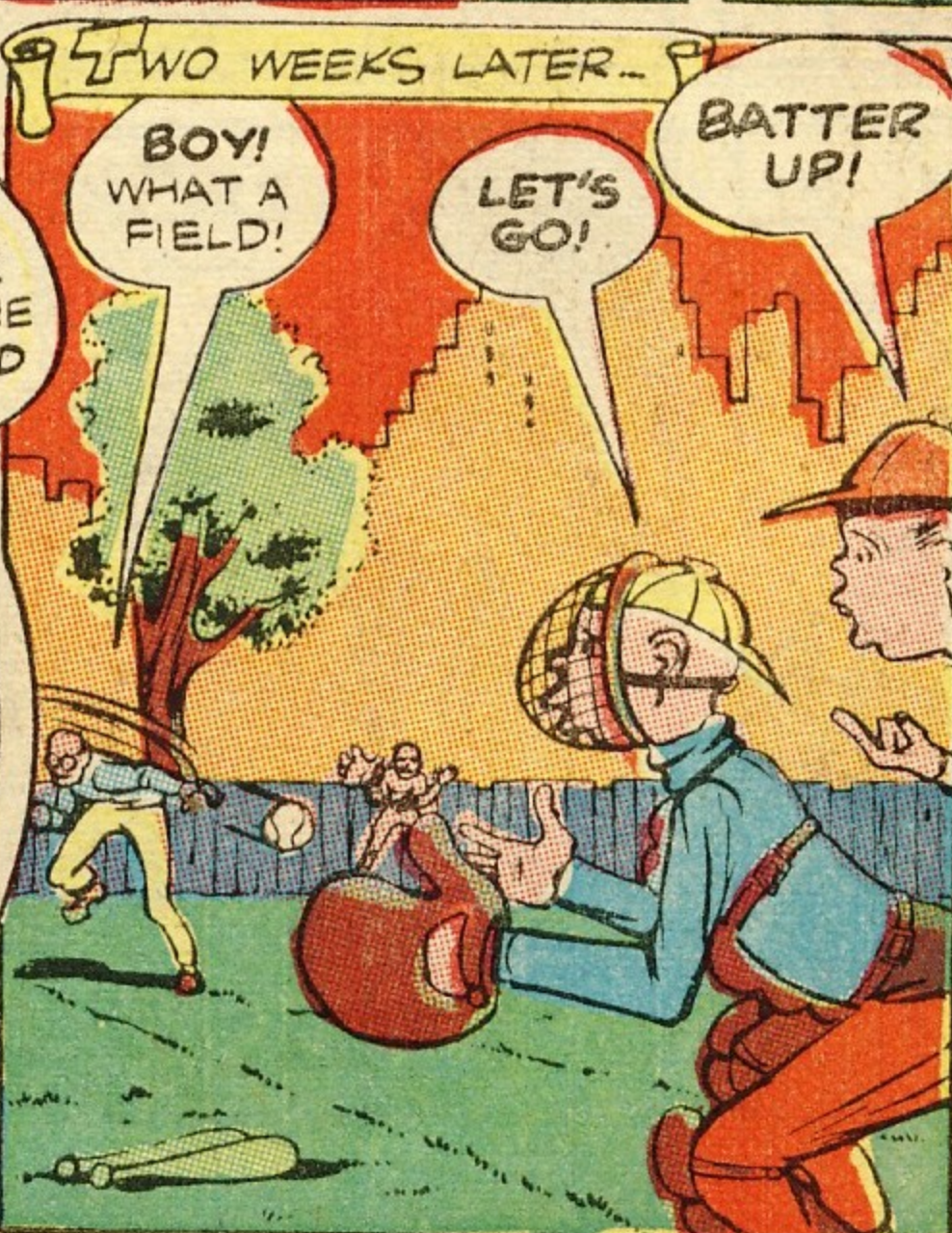
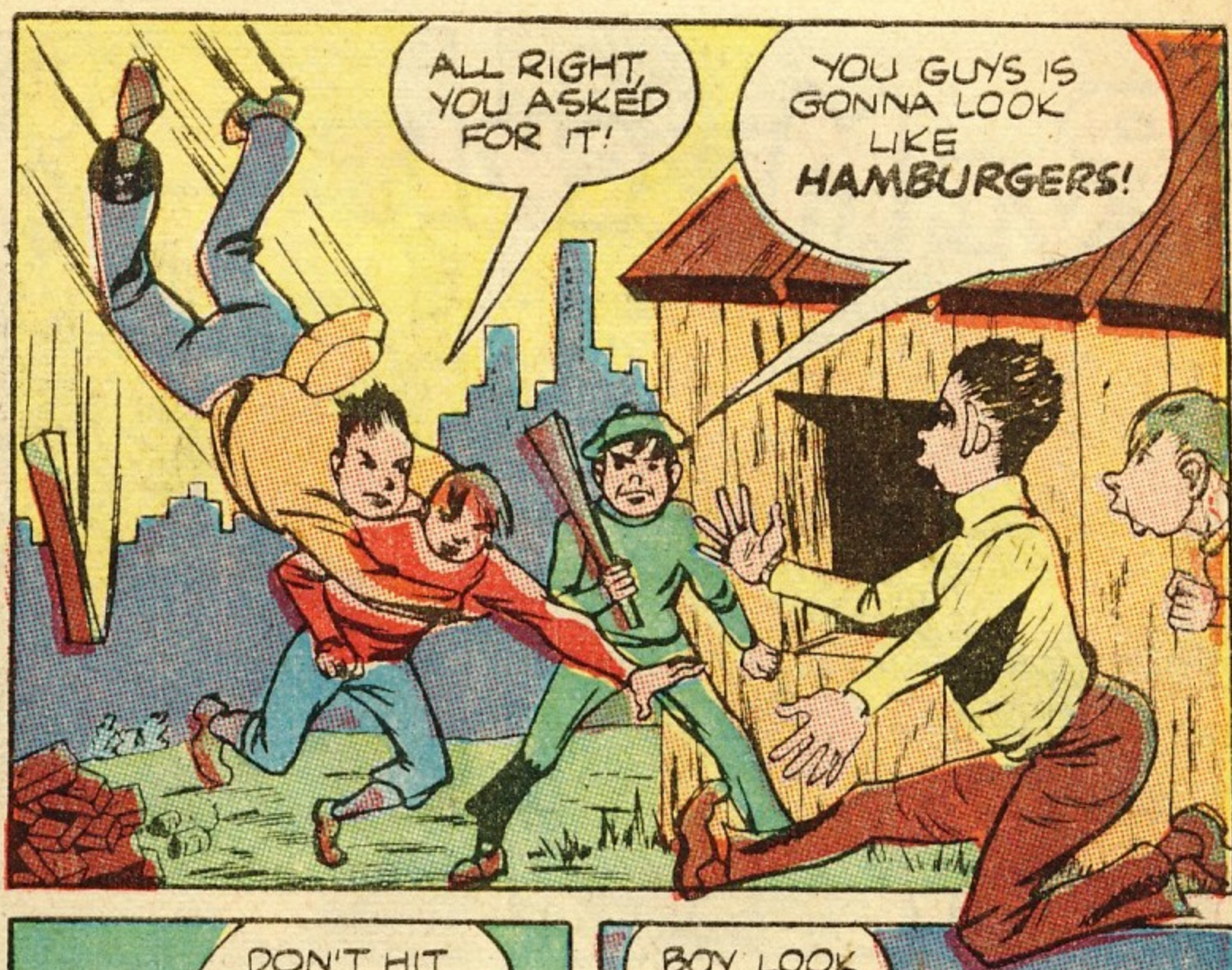


DAN SUDDENLY VANISHES AGAIN!

HEY! WHAT
BECAME
OF DAN!

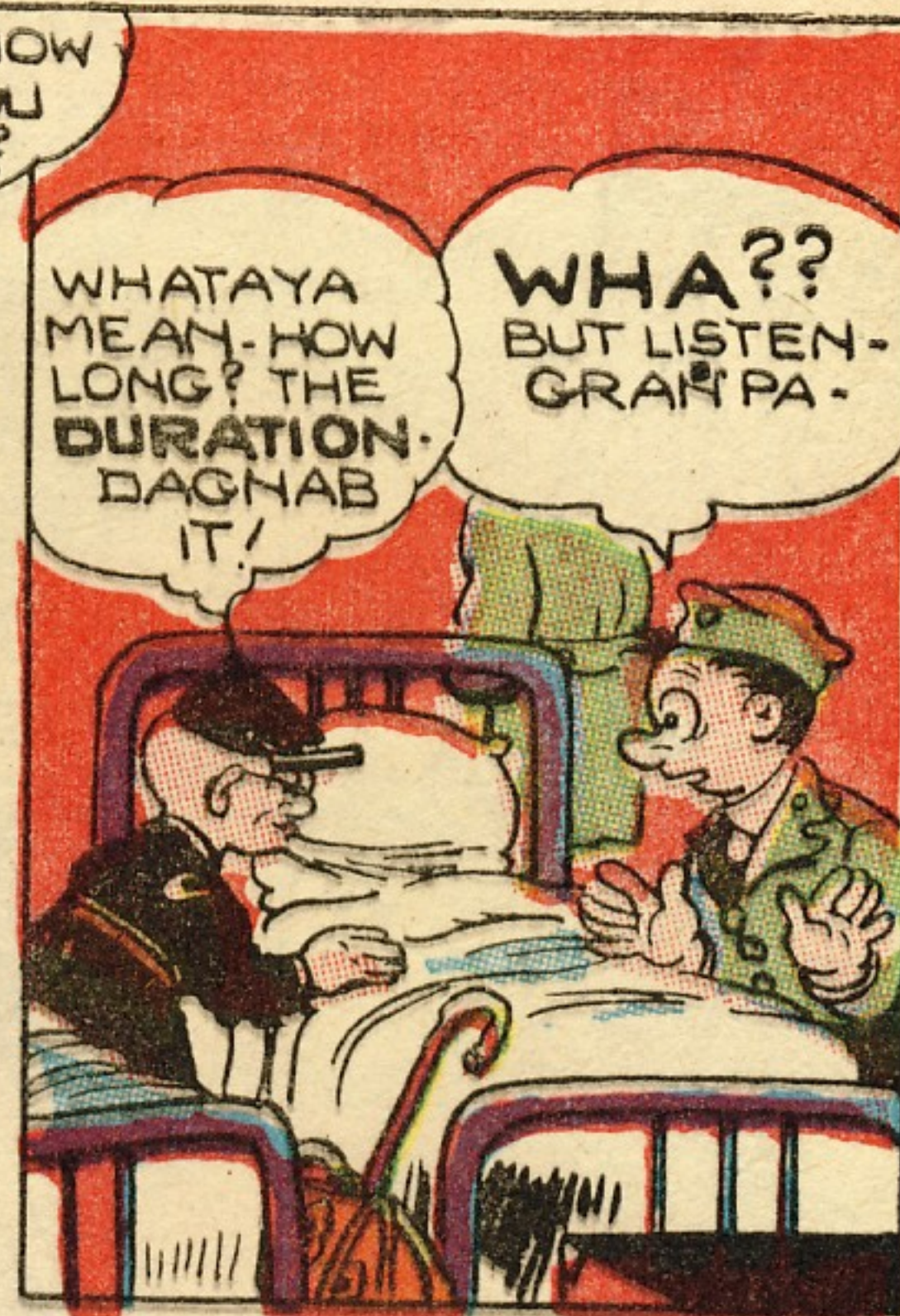
I DON'T SEE
HIM ANYWHERE!
HE WAS HERE
A SECOND
AGO!





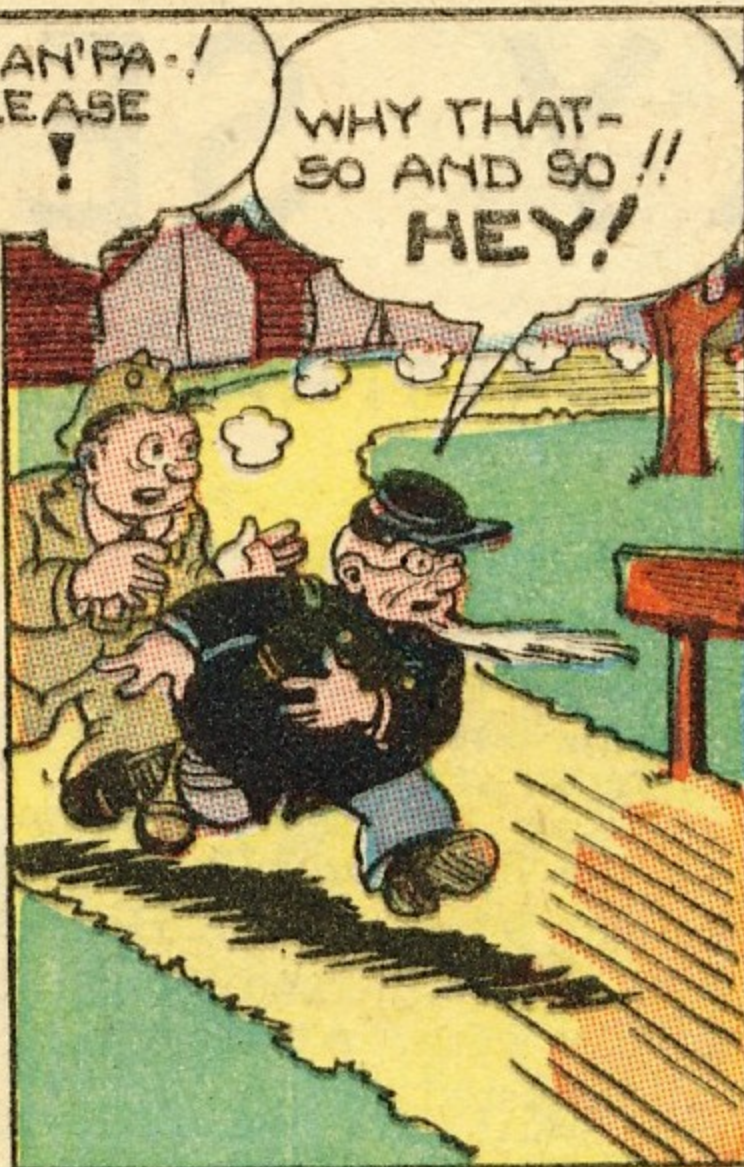
Pvt. Messkit

by BLAINE





HE'LL HAVE TO GO/IT'S AGAINST THE RULES/ YOU OUGHT TO KNOW IT!



GRAN'PA-! PLEASE!

WHY THAT- SO AND SO!! HEY!



TENSHUN! WHEN I SALUTES I EXPECT A RETURN/LOOK AT YA BOOK O' RULES!

HERE I GO AGAIN!



LEMME IN! IT'S ME AS USUAL!

MEANWHILE

YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, SIR--COME HAVE TEA WITH ME!

WISH WE COULD CHIN AWHILE, PAL- BUT I'VE GOT TO ATTEND ONE OF THOSE SILLY SOCIETY HOPS! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



COUNT ME IN, PAL- I WAS THE TURKEY TROT CHAMP IN MY DAY!

ORDERLY, TELL MY GRANDSON IN THE GUARD HOUSE TO MAKE HISSELF COMFORTABLE. I'LL BE DOWN THERE DIRECTLY- ONE TWO THREE- A

SHIFT!

VERY GOOD, SIR!



Dear Mom :-

Grandpa is here and it looks like it's permanent! He's got Charley Horse in both legs also our old Colonel. All I can do is wait here and see what happens. Don't worry. I'll write later.
Your Son -

BLINKY SERVES

By CREST WOOD

THE Homerville High School gym was gaily bedecked with flags and bunting. The big name band from the city swung it with foot-tickling inspiration, and the Homerville hep cats were cutting a mean rug.

The parents of the young people on the floor were seated in the balcony, watching their boys cavort on the floor. Pride was tinged with sadness. The next day, all the boys of Homerville were reporting for induction. They had all enlisted together.

On the dance floor, Blinky Smith was one live alligator. His tall, slim figure moved in perfect rhythm to the beat of the band. He was dancing with Betty Furniss, and if there was anything that resembled heaven to Blinky, it was doing just that. His strong, handsome face reflected his inner happiness, his blue eyes shining behind the thick glasses he wore.

On the dance floor, Blinky was supreme. He let Betty break, beat time as he swung her back, and hit the groove for a joint finale. The other couples applauded them as Blinky finished. No doubt about it; Blinky was a good dancer.

Blinky surrendered Betty to Buck Sommers. It was his dance.

"I'm gonna feel like an ice wagon after Blinky," Buck said as he led Betty away.

That was Buck all over. A swell guy. Everybody liked him. He had been a three letter man on the Homerville High roster. He was too big to knock people. He didn't have to; everybody knew he was good.

Momentarily, Blinky felt a twinge of regret. Sure Betty liked to dance with him. All the girls did. But when it came to choosing a fellow for—well marriage, say, then it was the type of fellow like Buck, big, strong and glamorous that got first pick. The fact that Blinky could do things with a motor, that no one dreamed of, didn't cut any ice. Even if he became an engineer, he would never hold the limelight like Buck did.

But Blinky's thoughts were cut short by Mary Vane, who slipped her arm through his.

"What are you dreaming about, Blinky?" she asked. "You're leaving tomorrow, and I want at least one dance with the best dancer in Homerville."

"Thanks, Mary," Blinky felt himself turning

red. "I'm going to miss you all here in Homerville."

As Blinky danced with Mary, he saw Betty making signs to him. Could it be—For a moment he thought she wanted him to come back and ask her again. But Blinky dismissed the thought quickly. It just could not be, that the prettiest girl in Homerville would give up Buck for him, even though he was a good dancer. Dancing wasn't everything.

Again, later in the evening, Blinky thought that Betty was looking in his direction, imploring him to come over. But Blinky knew where he stood. You just don't go cutting in on swell guys like Buck Sommers.

The dance ended with speeches by the High School principal and the mayor, who praised the boys as the defenders of Democracy, and of the very homes which they were leaving. Blinky was very proud. He was going to be a soldier. He would fight on equal terms with the best of them. Maybe he would have a chance to show them, that on the battlefield, glamour wasn't everything. That he could face death because he loved these people he was leaving behind; that he would fight for them, facing Jap bullets or Nazi shells with a smile on his lips—unafraid.

Blinky came home, but not to sleep. All night he lay awake, dreaming. Tomorrow, he would be a soldier.

Sleepy-eyed, but tense with expectation, the boys assembled at the induction center. Yesterday, they were boys, carefree, irresponsible and gay. Today, they were men. They lined up to take their physical examination.

Stripped of their clothes, they were a fine, athletic looking bunch of American boys. They played jokes on each other as they waited for Doctor Hines to examine them. After Doctor Hines, Doc Turret, the oculist stood before a chart, listening to the boys rattle off the letters.

Finally, it was Blinky's chance. Doctor Hines checked Blinky's heart, chest, his reactions. He glanced briefly at Blinky's slim muscular figure.

"Fine shape, Blinky," Doctor Hines remarked. He knew all the boys in Homerville. He had brought most of them into the world.

"Thank you, doctor," Blinky smiled happily. He moved on to take the eye test.

Doc Turret looked up.

"It's you, Blinky," he remarked in surprise. "What are you doing here?"

Blinky's brow contracted.

"What do you mean?" Blinky demanded. "I'm enlisting, same as the rest."

Doc Turret shook his head in negation.

"Sorry, Blinky, not you. I don't have to examine you. I made your glasses. Your eyes are below standard."

"You can't—you just can't——" Blinky spoke with a leaden weight suddenly bearing down on his breathing.

Doc Turret tried to be kind. But slowly, Blinky felt the truth sink into his consciousness. He was rejected. He couldn't be a soldier.

Blinky left quickly. The sympathy of the boys was hard to take. They were kind. Sure, they could afford to be. They were soldiers.

Somehow, he could not face anyone just then. Slinking through back streets, wanting to reach the privacy of his room, he almost tiptoed through the streets. Cutting a corner, he stopped short.

Betty was facing him.

"Hello," Betty greeted. "Some fellows just can't take a hint. I was hoping you would ask me to dance again."

"Thanks," Blinky muttered. Did she know? Was she just being kind to him? Suddenly, he could keep it in no longer. Quickly, he blurted:

"I—I was rejected, Betty. My eyes."

"Oh!" Betty put her hand on his arm. "I'm sorry."

Blinky turned away, too overcome to speak. He stopped as Betty's hand tightened on his arm.

"You're not going to lay down, are you?" she asked.

"What can I do?" Blinky pleaded. "I'm useless."

"You ought to be ashamed. You know more about mechanics than some of the big shots at the aircraft factory. Why don't you get a job there?"

"That's right, I could," Blinky said slowly. He bid Betty a quick good bye.

Blinky did get work in the aircraft factory. His intense interest in mechanics stood him in good stead. Soon he was dividing his time between the drafting room and the factory. He had a positive genius for translating the blueprints into practical work terms on the machines. He was directly responsible for the plant winning an E for efficiency. But Blinky was not happy.

Daily, at Gouter's drug store, or at the cafeteria, reports and letters were read from the boys in camp. Blinky listened enviously.

Walking home, Blinky saw Betty in the distance. He took another street. She will pity me, he thought. I don't want any pity.

Head down, lost in self pity, Blinky did not notice the dark sedan that drew up alongside the curb. His first warning of impending danger was when he was grasped roughly, and shoved into the car.

Blinky looked up. Two rough, gangsterlike men

sank back against the cushions, eyes fastened on Blinky on the floor. Another man drove.

"What do you want?" Blinky demanded.

"Plenty," the man on the left said ominously. "You're the kid who works in the drafting room, ain't you?"

"Yes," Blinky answered mystified.

"O. K. Then we want you to draw us the design for the latest plane you're working on," snapped the man. He drew out a pistol. Blinky got the idea.

Blinky lay back on the floor of the car thinking. He was thinking of the boys that left to fight the Nazis. Soon they would be in Africa, in the Solomons, risking their lives, fighting against the very type of men who wanted him to betray his country now. He smiled to himself. What was the difference where you died, as long as you died for your country?

They were passing over the old Mill bridge. Blinky acted.

Before they could guess at his intentions, Blinky rose and threw a punch at the driver. His lean, muscular fist felt the shock of the punch as it landed on the neck of the driver. The car swerved. It crashed through the rotten rail, and plunged down to the rocky bed of the stream. Blinky knew he would be killed, but he was going to take these Nazis with him.

Slowly, painfully, Blinky opened his eyes. From force of habit, he reached for his glasses. His arm refused to move. In a blur, he recognized Doctor Hines.

"Where am I?" he asked, bewildered.

"Safe," Doctor Hines laughed. "Lucky those men acted like cushions for you."

"Are they . . . ?" Blinky stopped.

"Dead," snapped Doctor Hines. "Don't talk anymore. We know all about them. A captain of Military Intelligence was right on their trail."

It was a dream, Blinky kept telling himself. His picture in the paper under the heading: Heroic Homerville Boy, getting well, and finally the big dinner, where the army captain presented him with a medal. But best of all, the captain's words:

"We are all in this war," he said. "Some of us wear uniforms, some buy stamps and War Bonds and others work in the factories. But every one of us, no matter where we are, will always be ready to give his life to defeat the Axis, like this brave boy here."

Suddenly, life assumed a different aspect to Blinky. Maybe Betty just didn't pity him. Maybe she—— He excused himself as soon as he could.

"Sorry," he told the well wishers, "but I forgot to do something very important."

Blinky walked out very erect. He was still smiling when he walked up the steps to Betty's house.

THE END

LITTLE JOHNNY DOOLITTLE



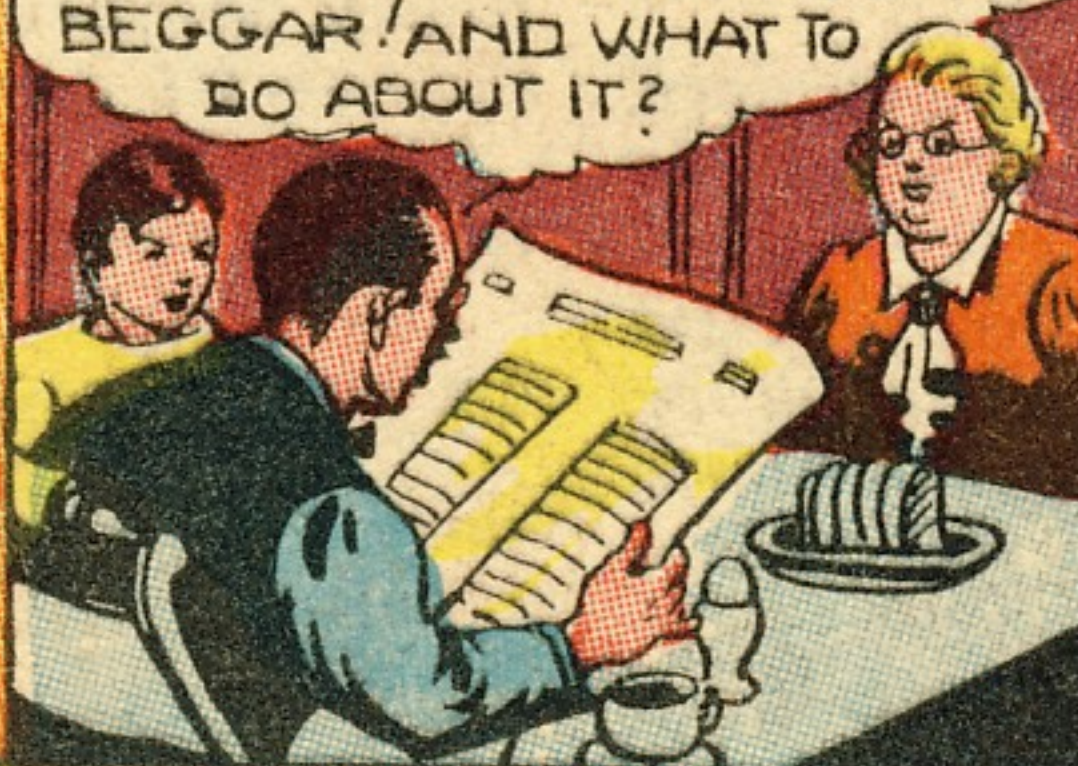
THE FEAR OF DEATH STRIKES COLD FINGERS TO THE HEART OF AN EMPIRE CITY... HORROR STALKS ABROAD... MEN DOUBLE-LOCK THEIR DOORS AT NIGHT. MOTHERS FEAR TO LET THEIR CHILDREN WALK THE STREETS ALONE!

JOHNNY DOOLITTLE MAY BE ONLY A KID BUT HIS COOL ANALYTICAL BRAIN IS NOT STAMPEDED WHEN EVERYONE ELSE IS IN THE GRIP OF NAMELESS TERROR OF

THE CRIME WAVE THAT MADE NO SENSE!

AT JOHNNY'S HOME HIS FATHER READS FROM A NEWSPAPER

"ANOTHER OF THOSE TERRIBLE CRIMES! THIS TIME SOMEONE SHOT THE JOCKEY THAT WAS RIDING A HORSE IN THE RACE YESTERDAY! THE DAY BEFORE IT WAS THE MURDER OF A BEGGAR! AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT?"



10 ON HIS WAY TO SCHOOL JOHNNY MEETS UP WITH HIS POWERFUL YOUNG FRIEND LUMPY

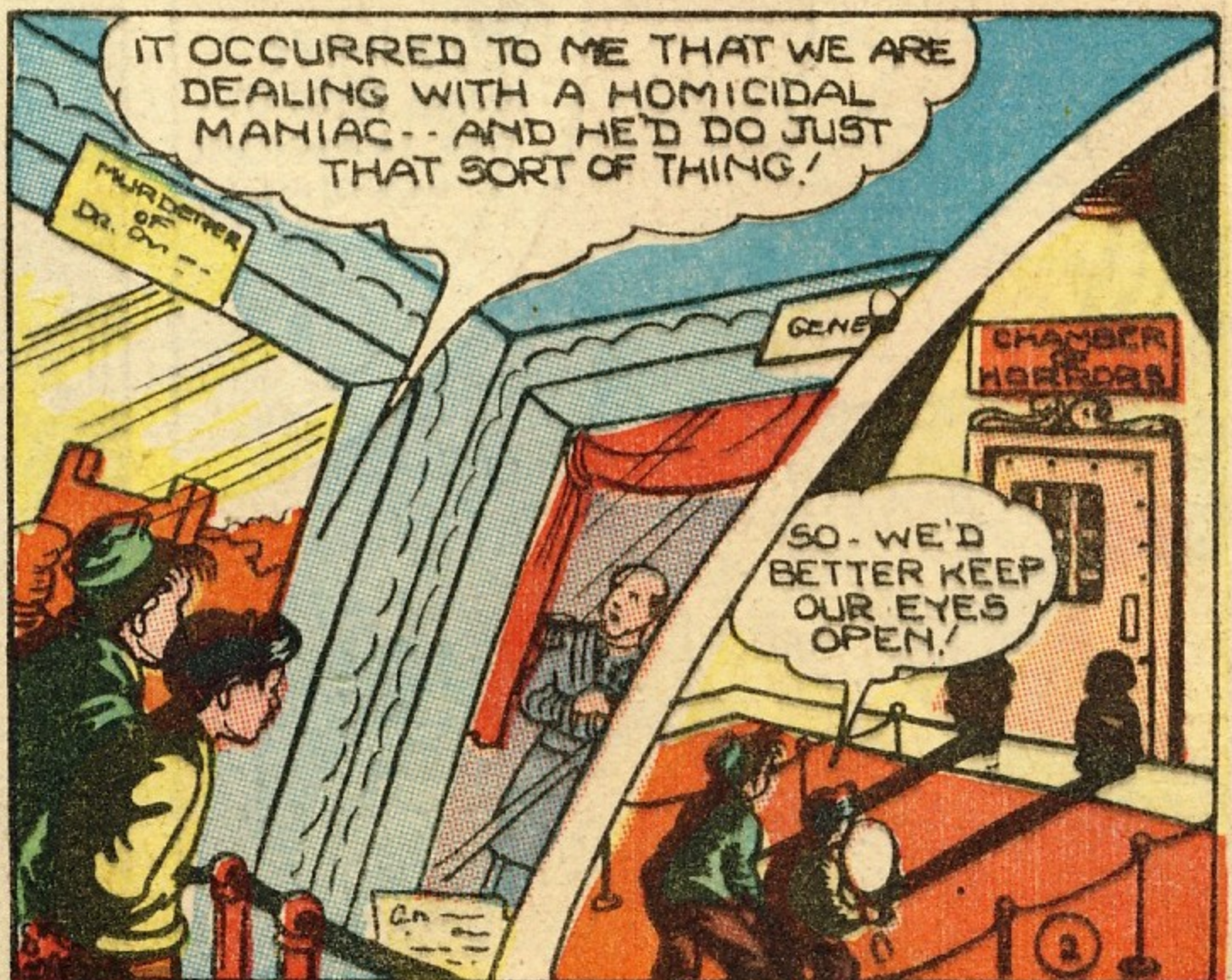
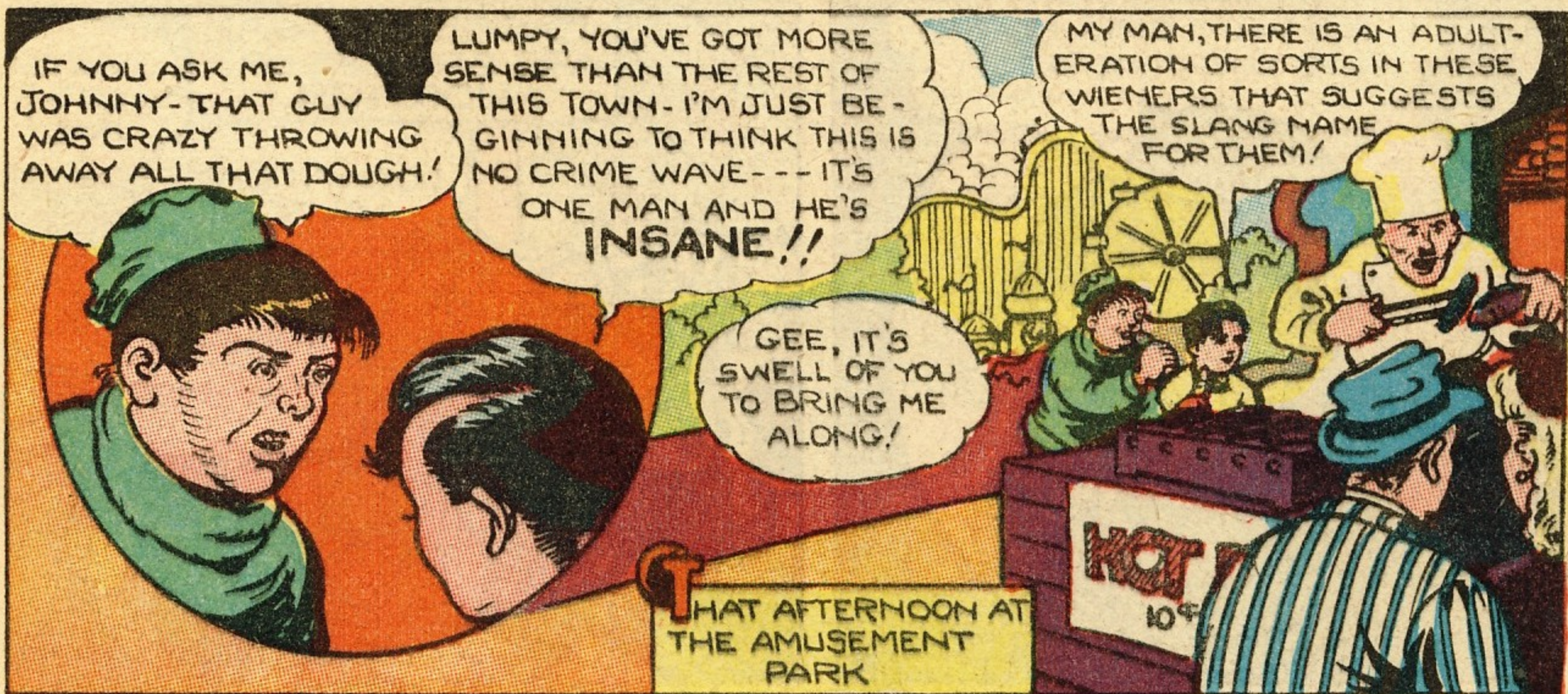
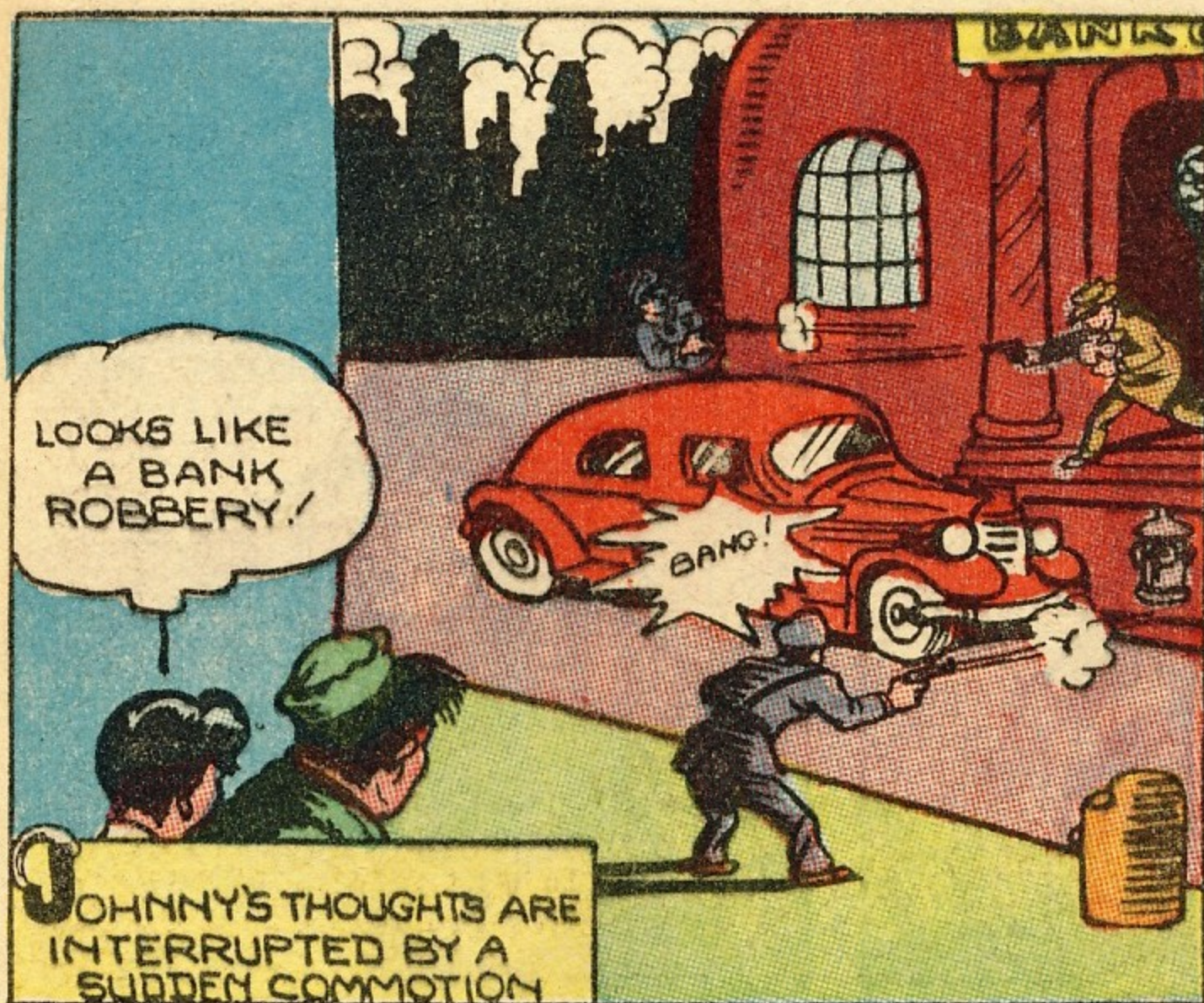
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS CRIME! WHICH HORSE WAS THAT JOCKEY RIDING?

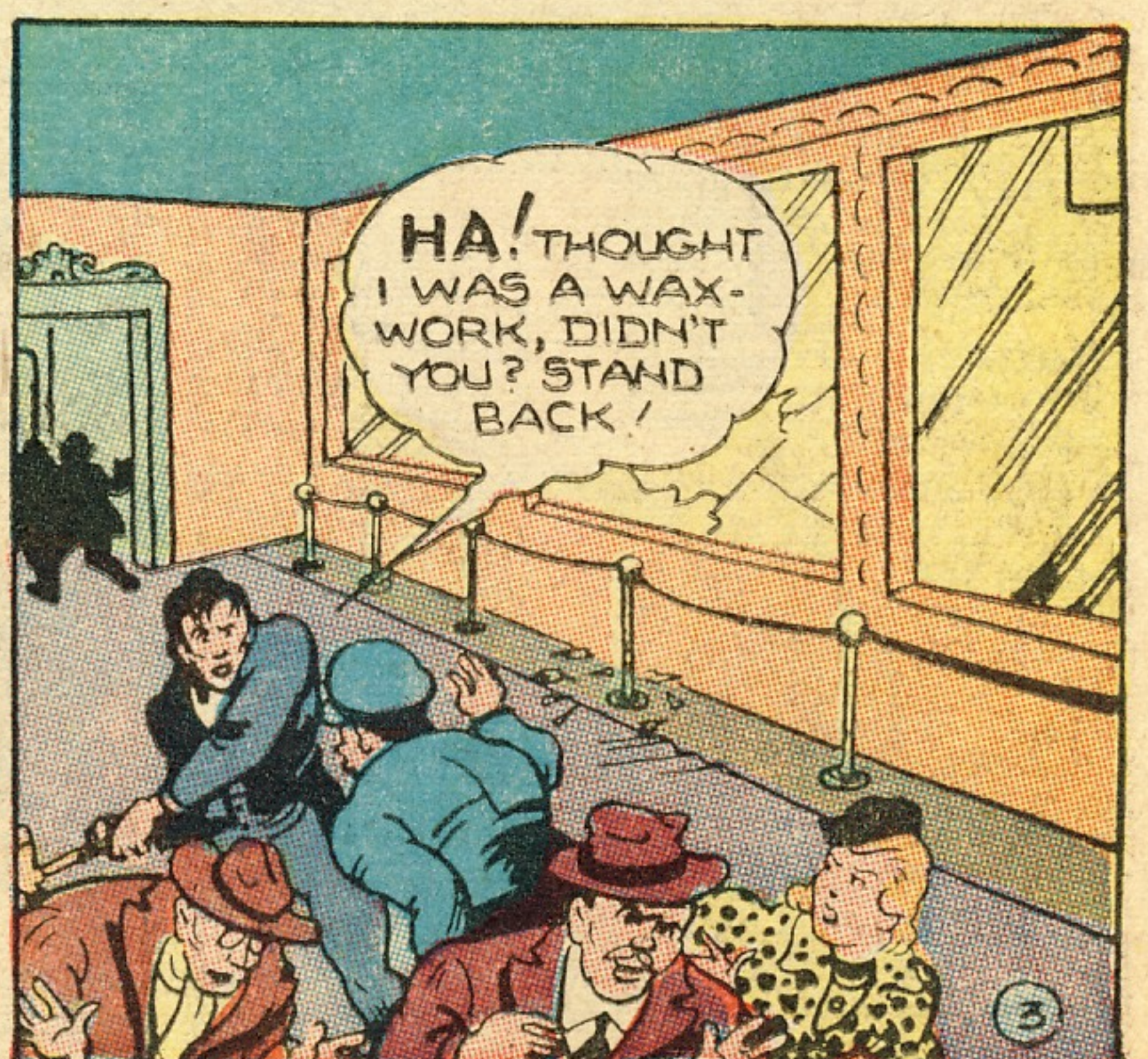
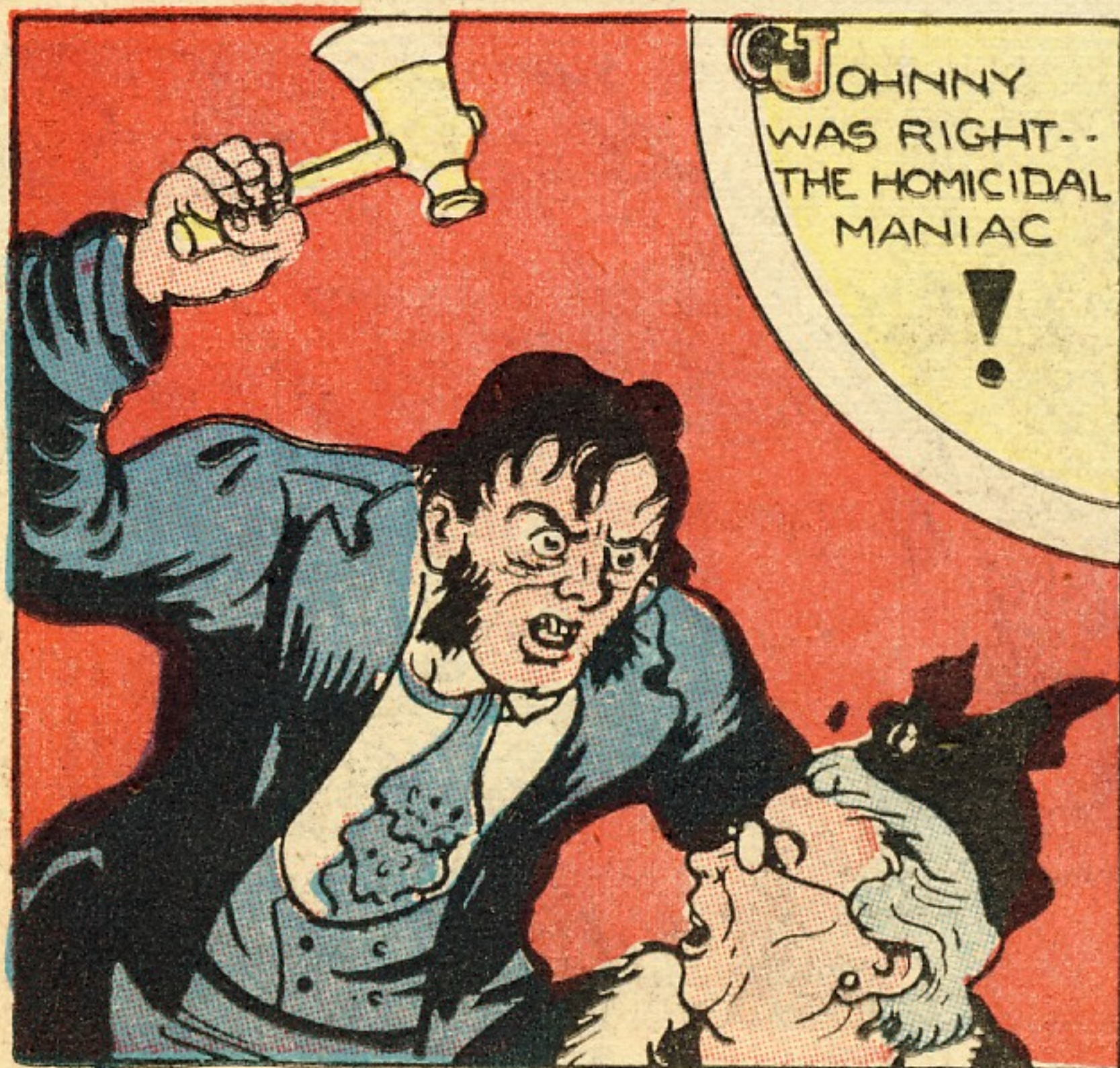
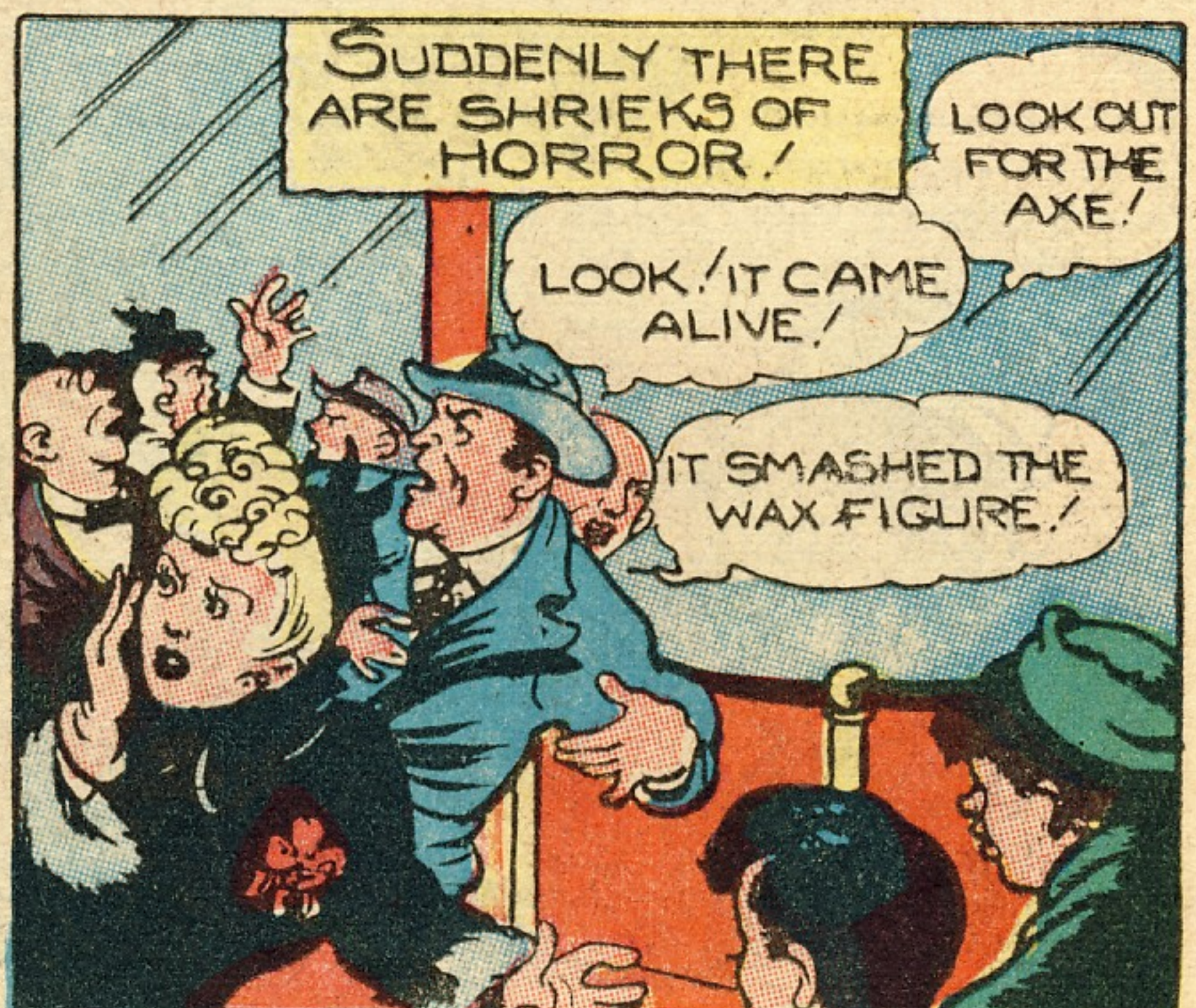
A GUY AT THE STORE SAID IT WAS THE THIRD ONE!



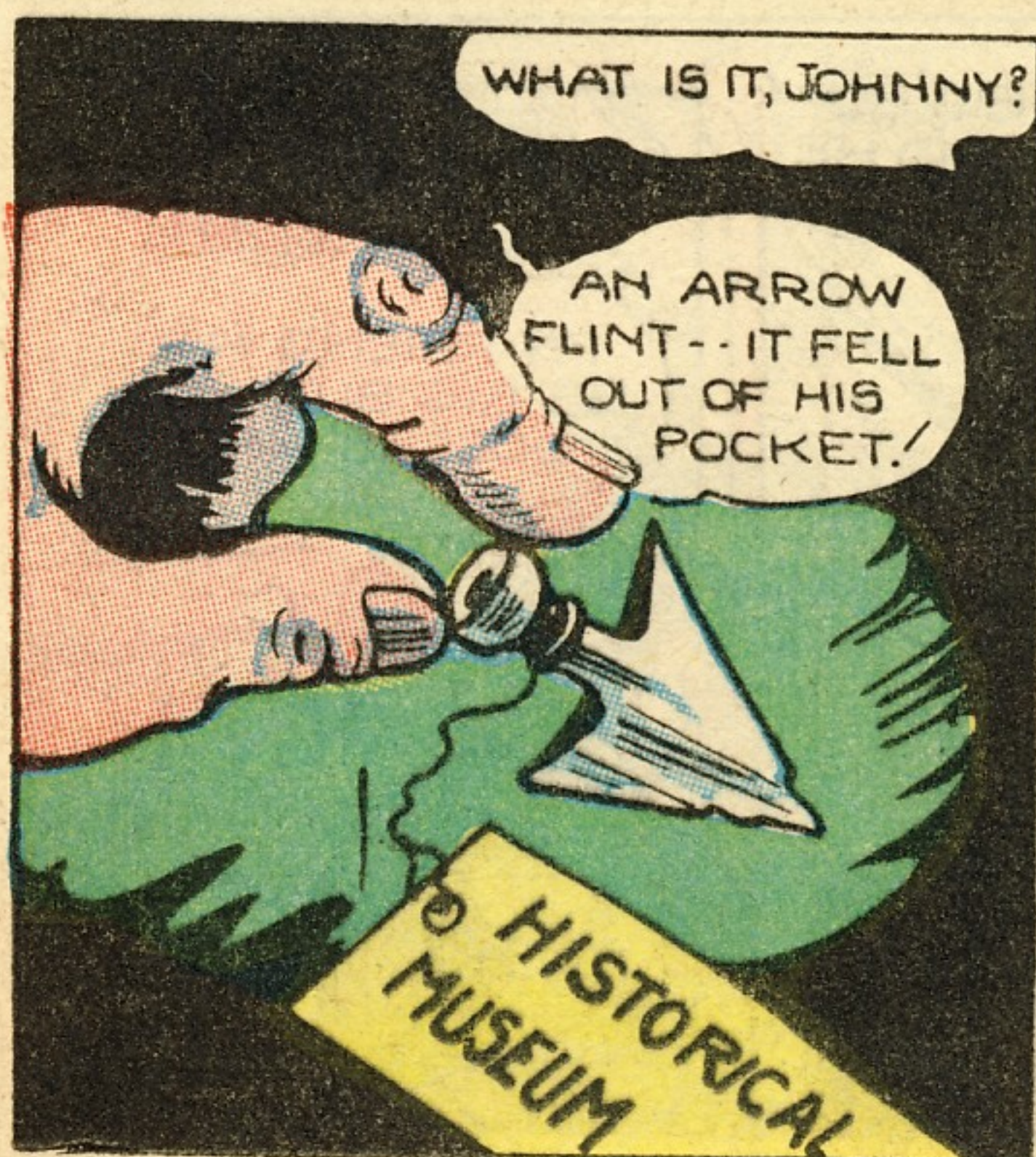
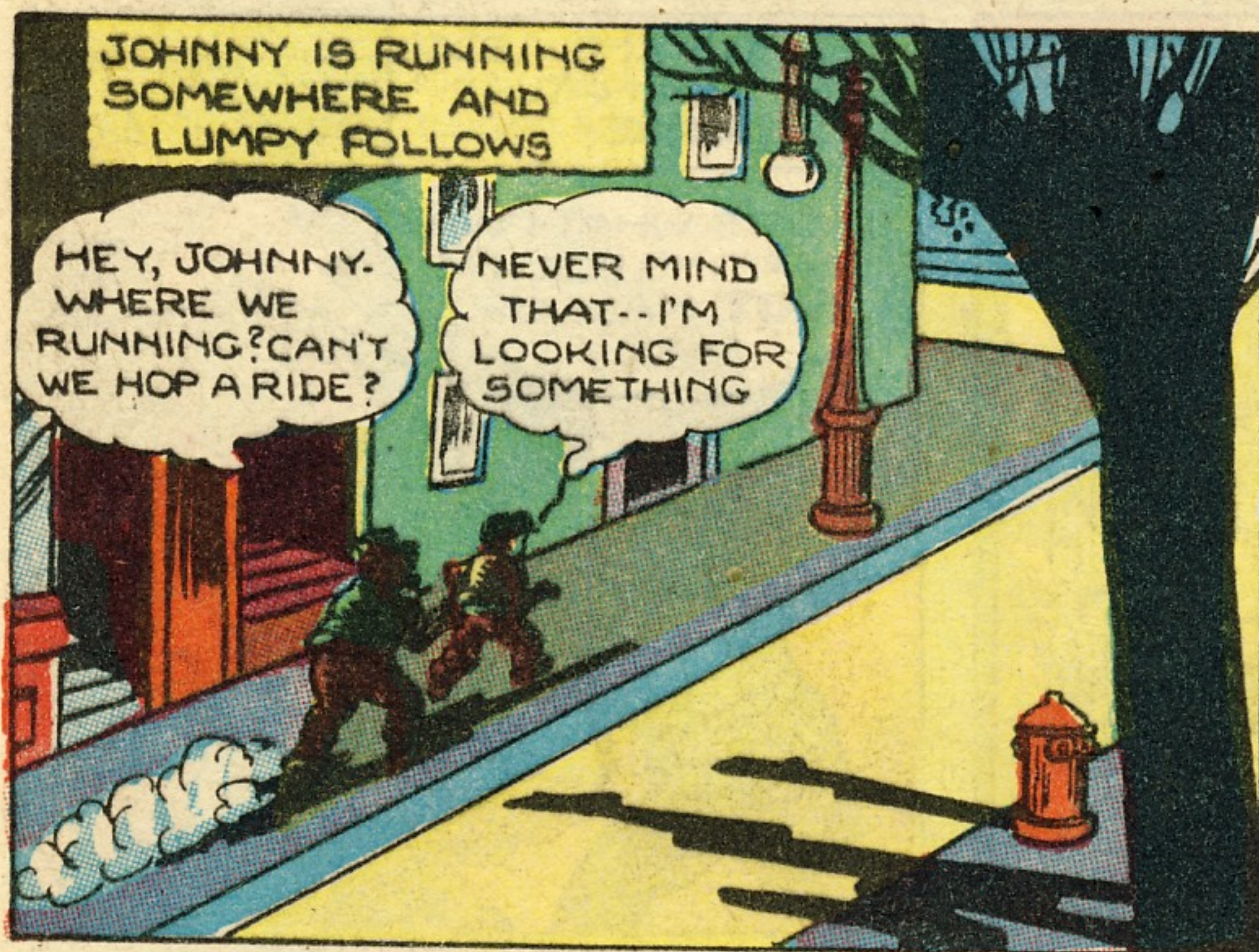
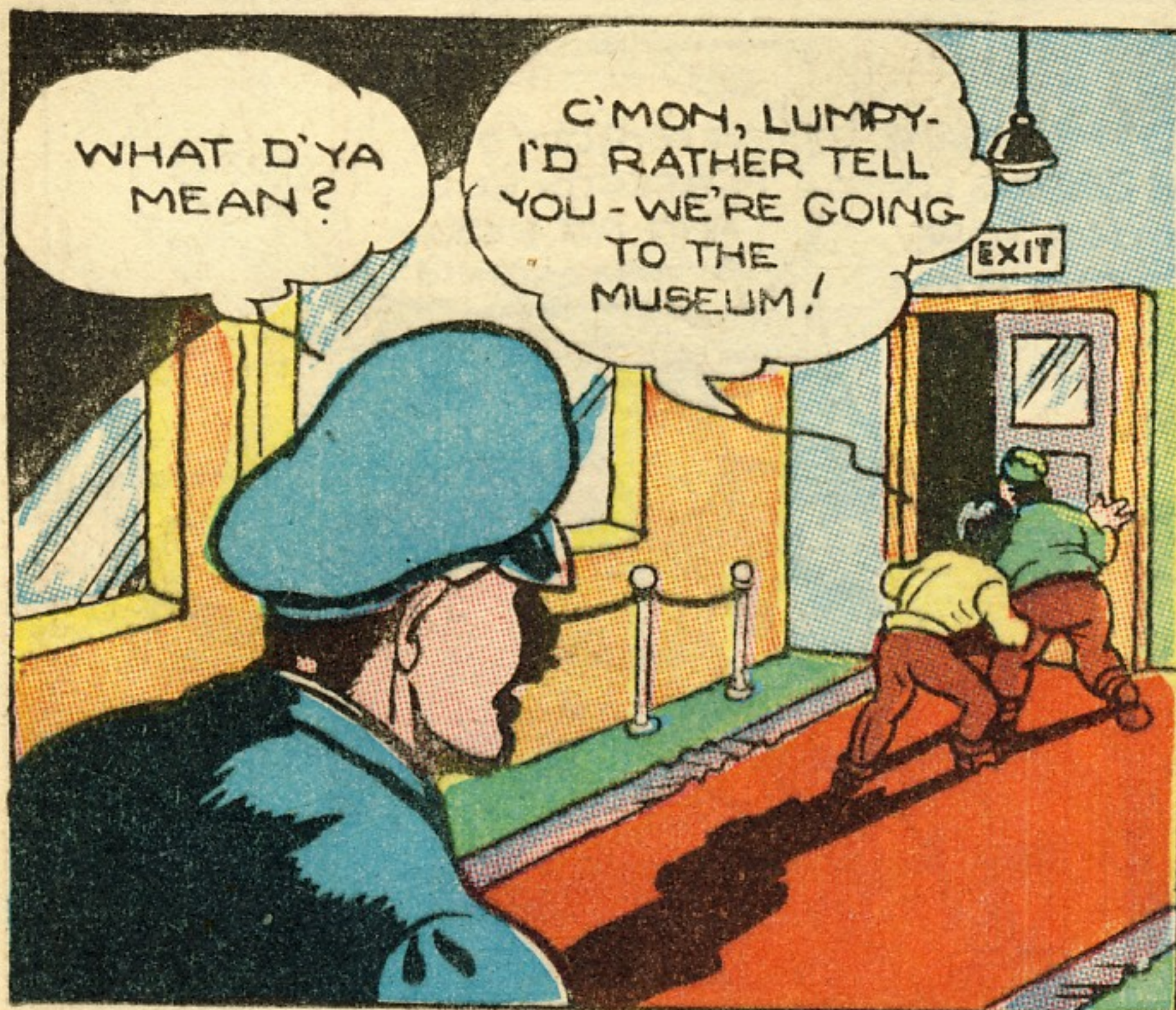
WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO DO THAT IF HE WASN'T WINNING? AND WHY KILL A BEGGAR?

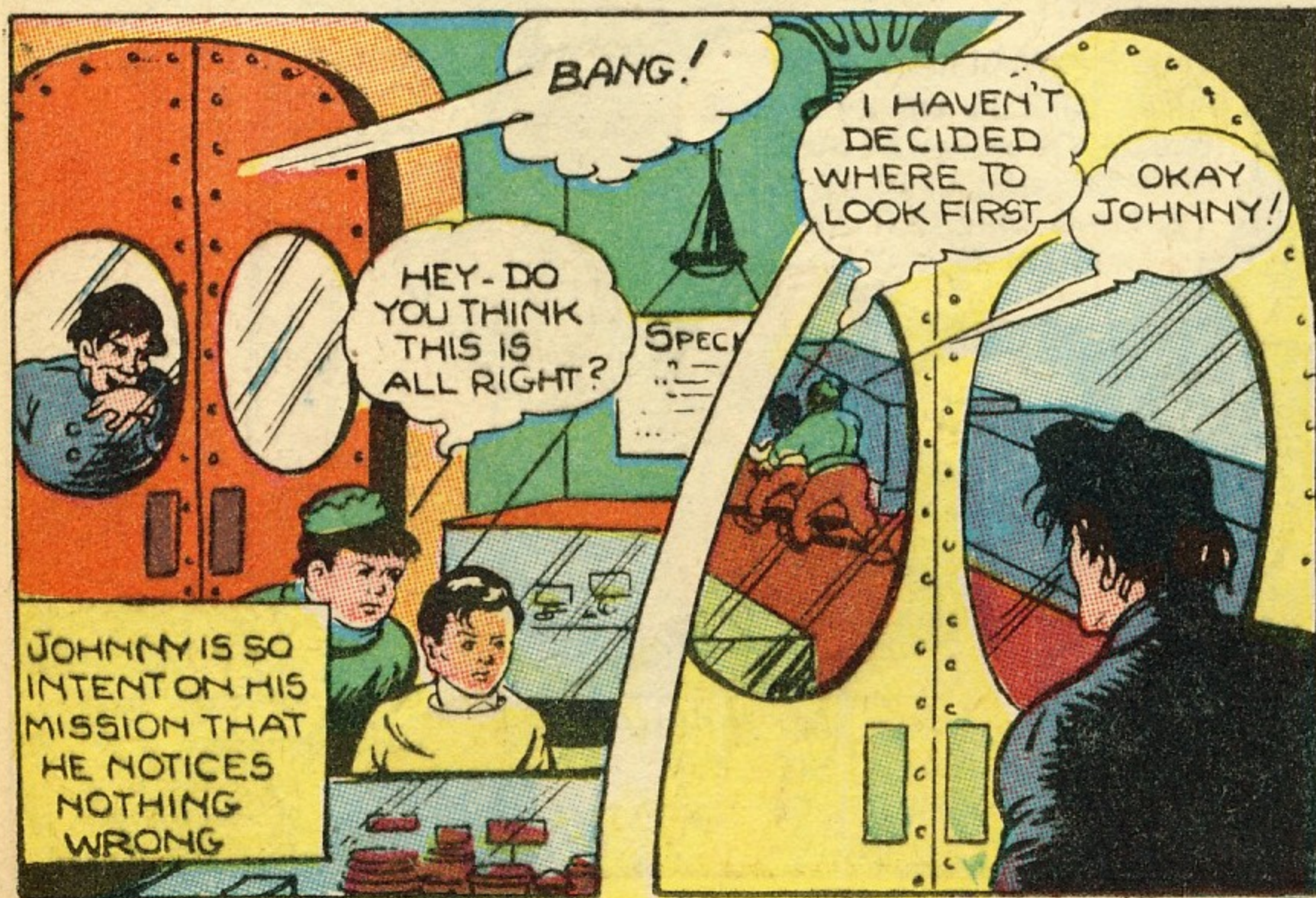
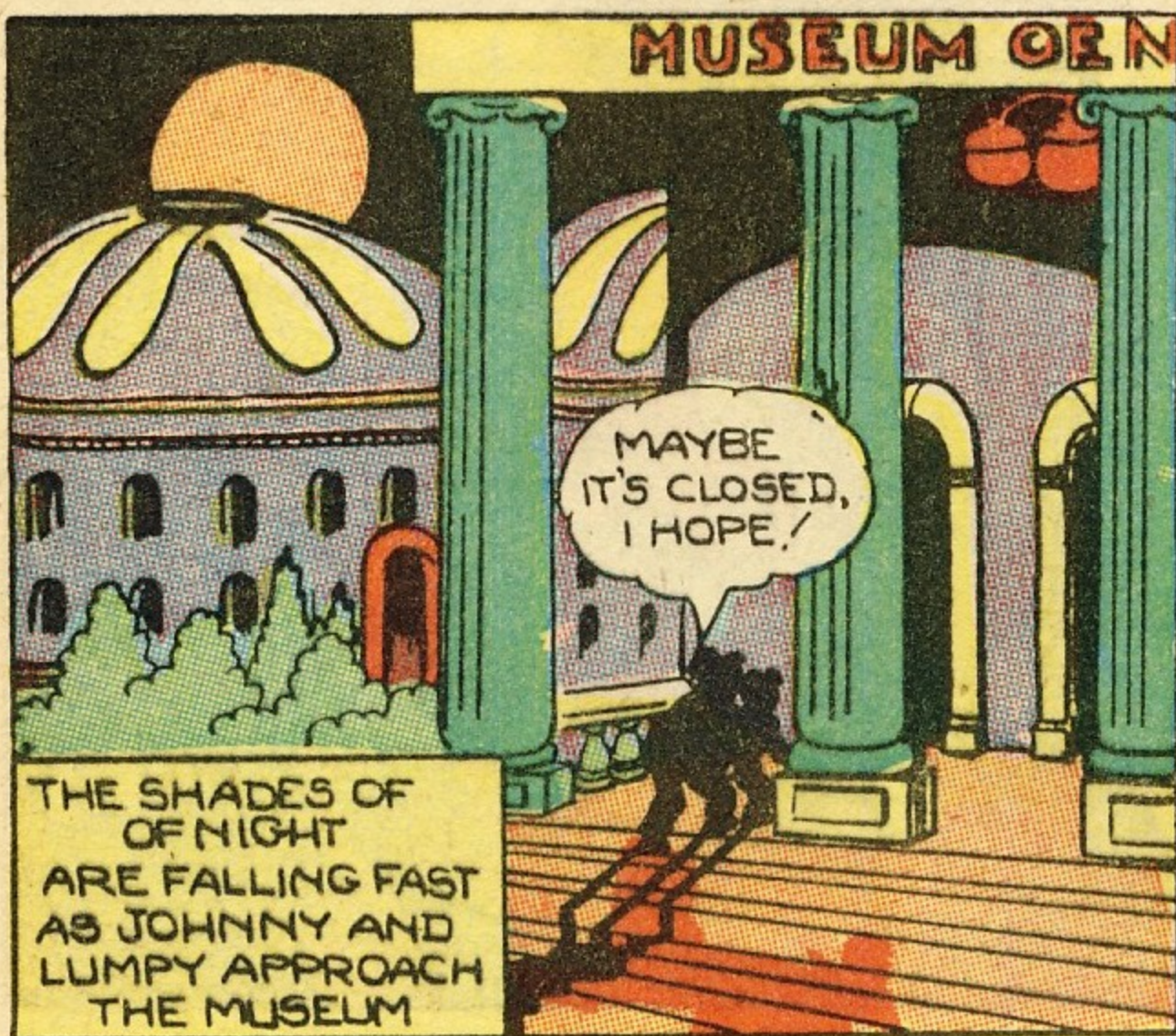
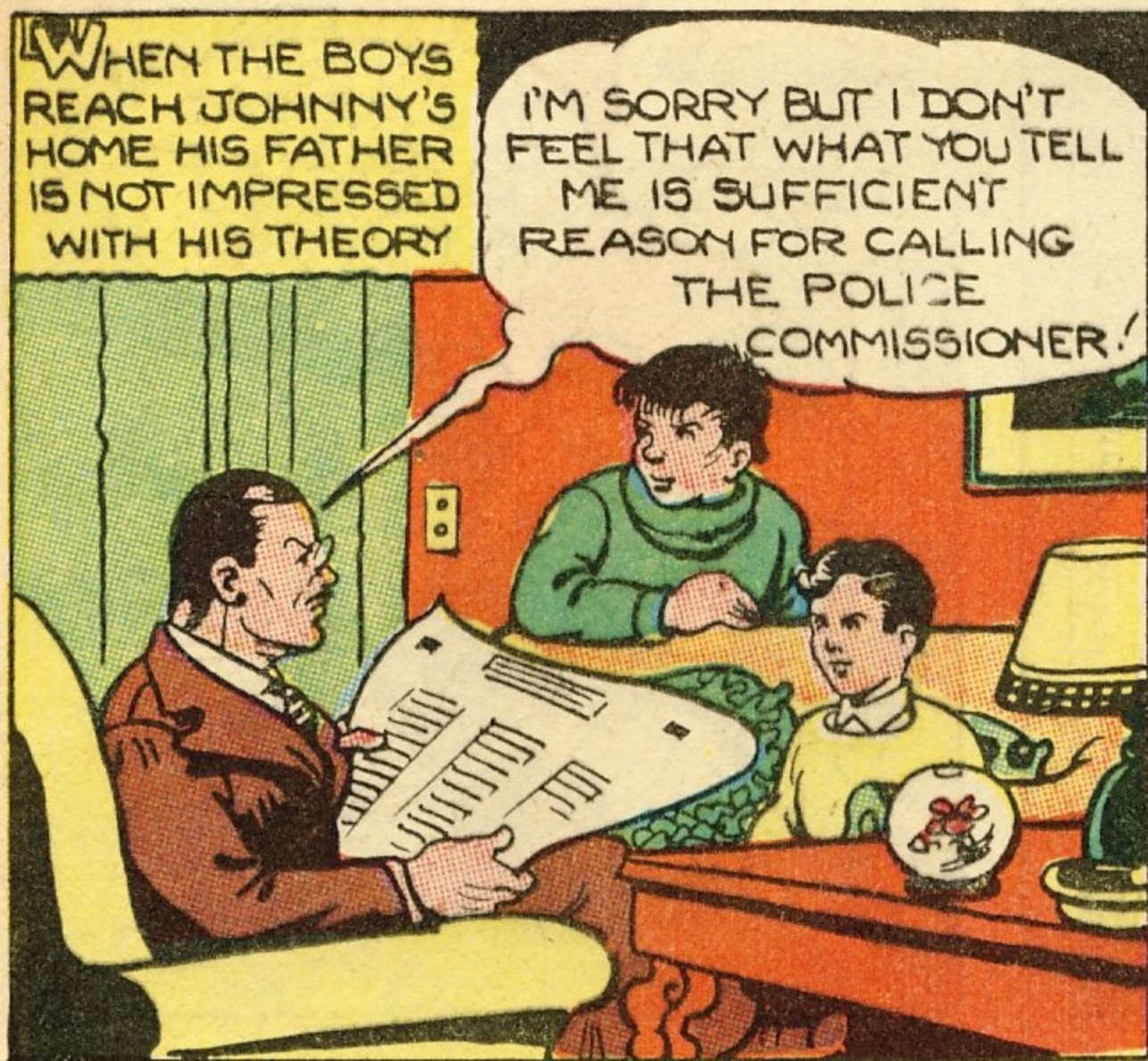


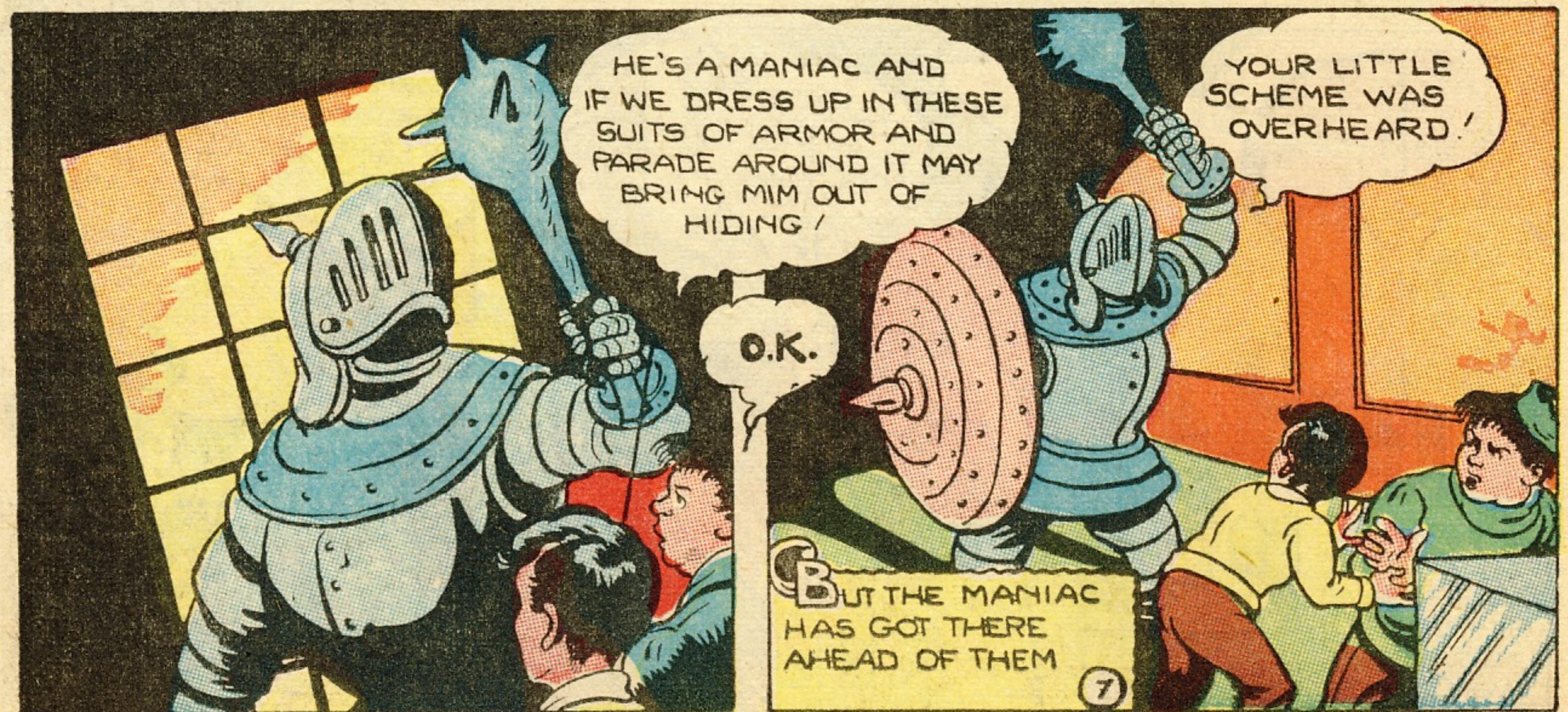
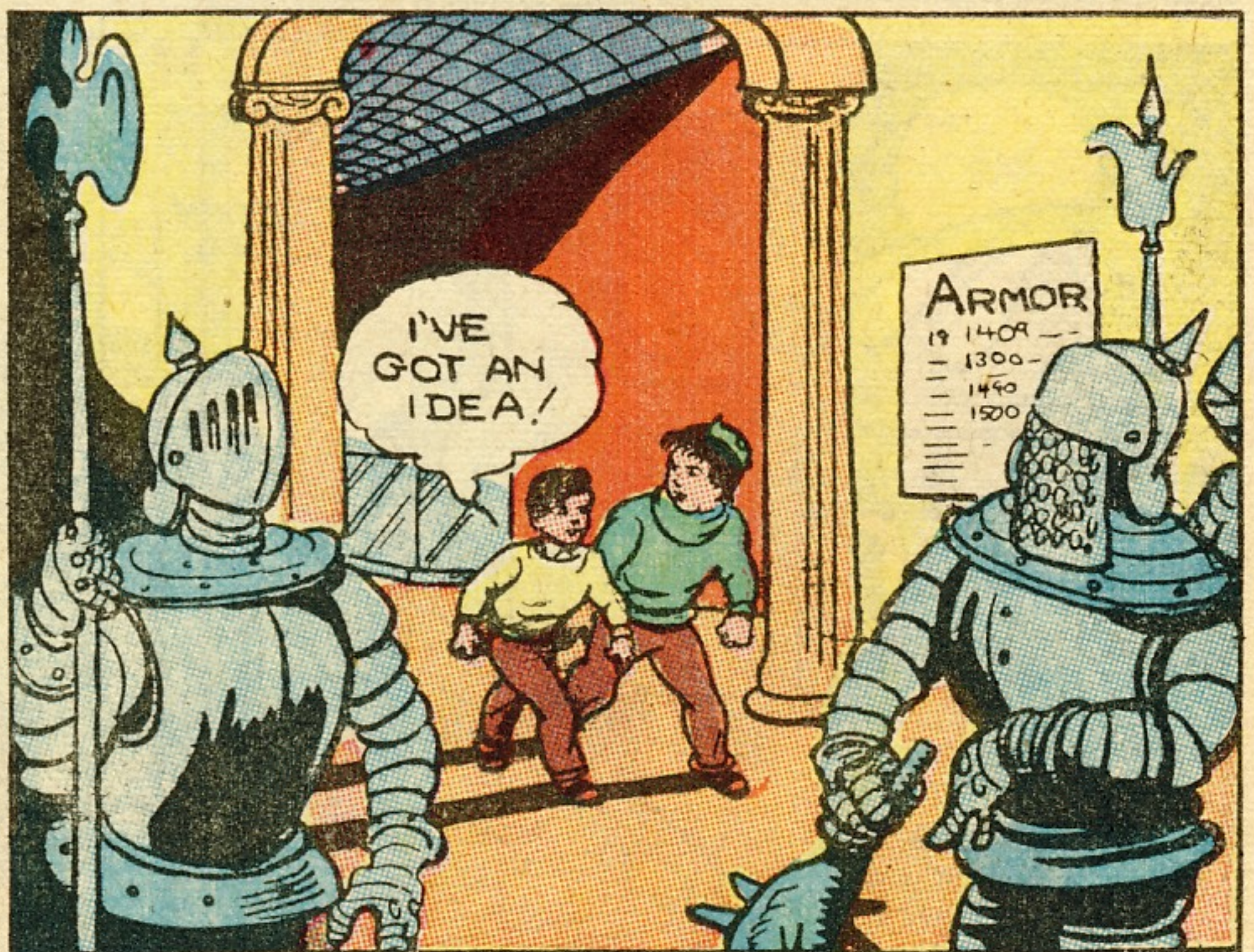
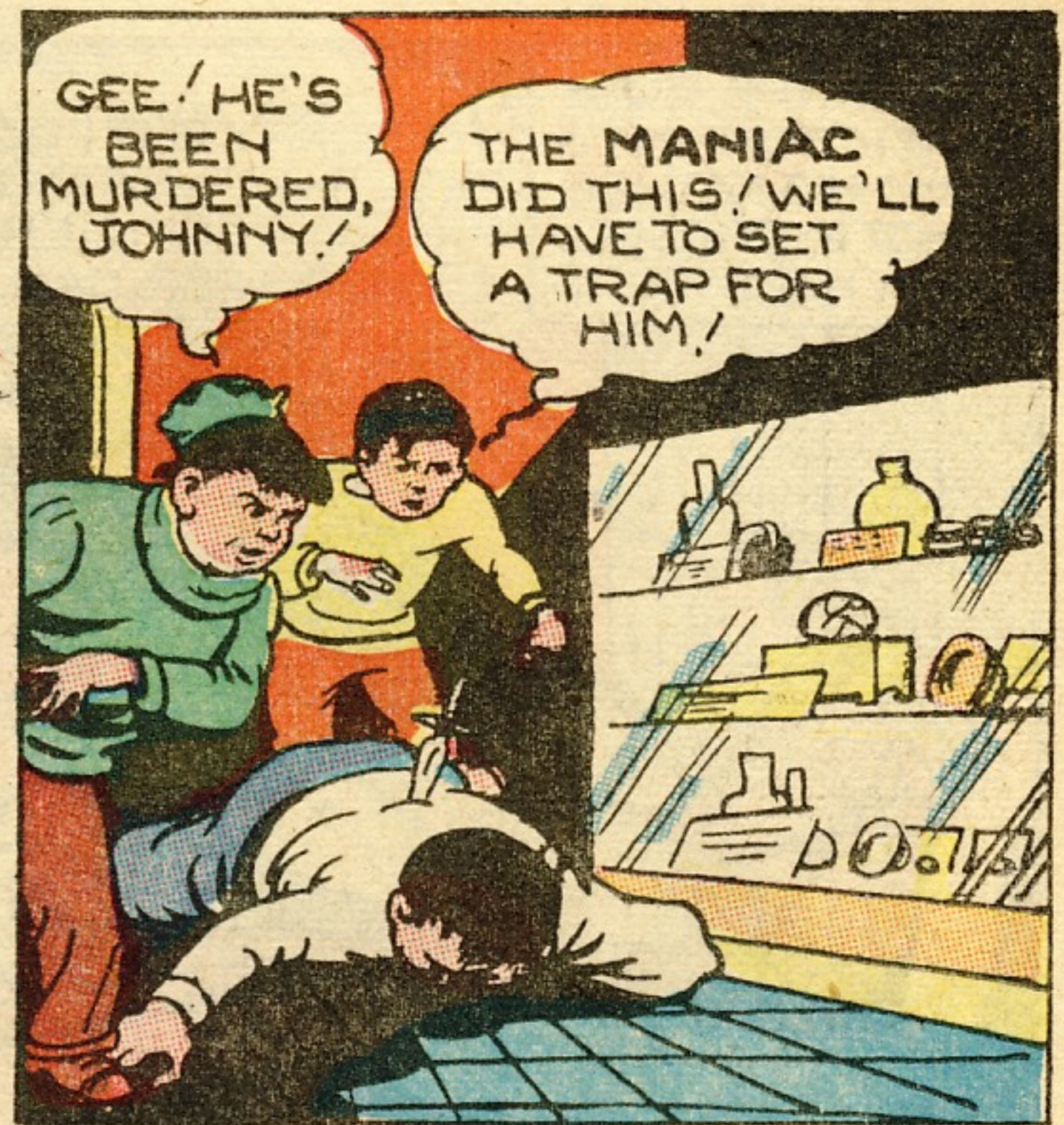
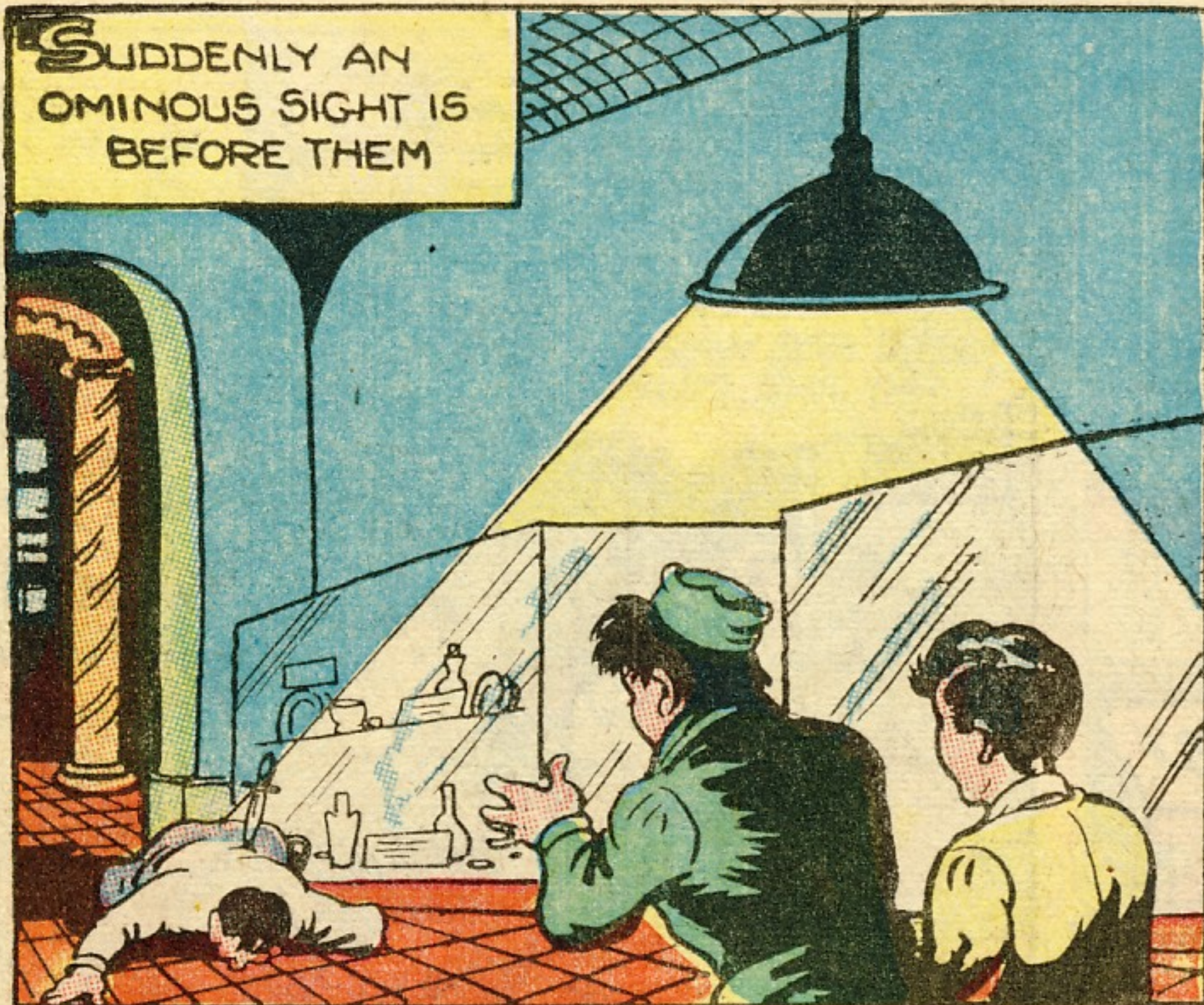


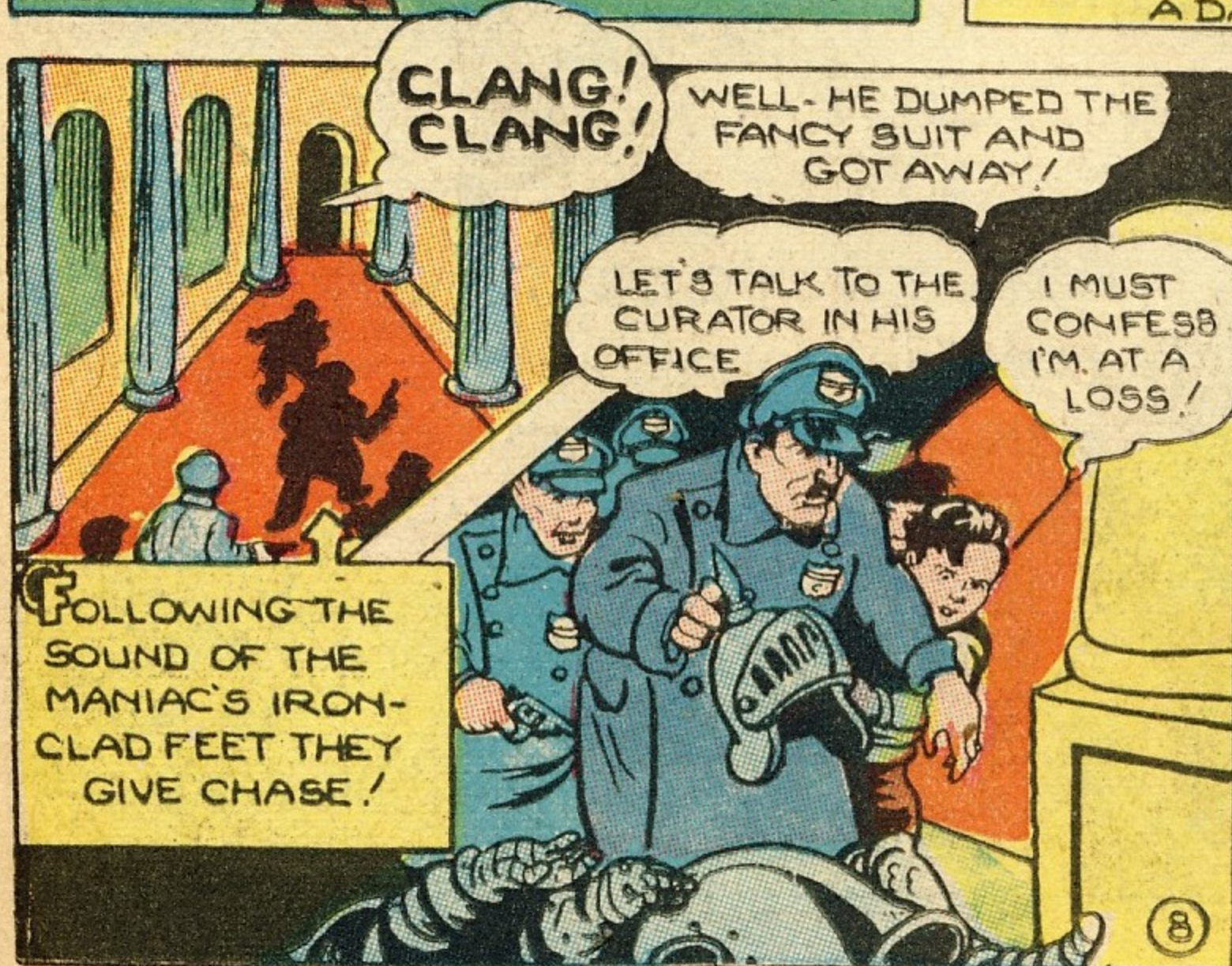
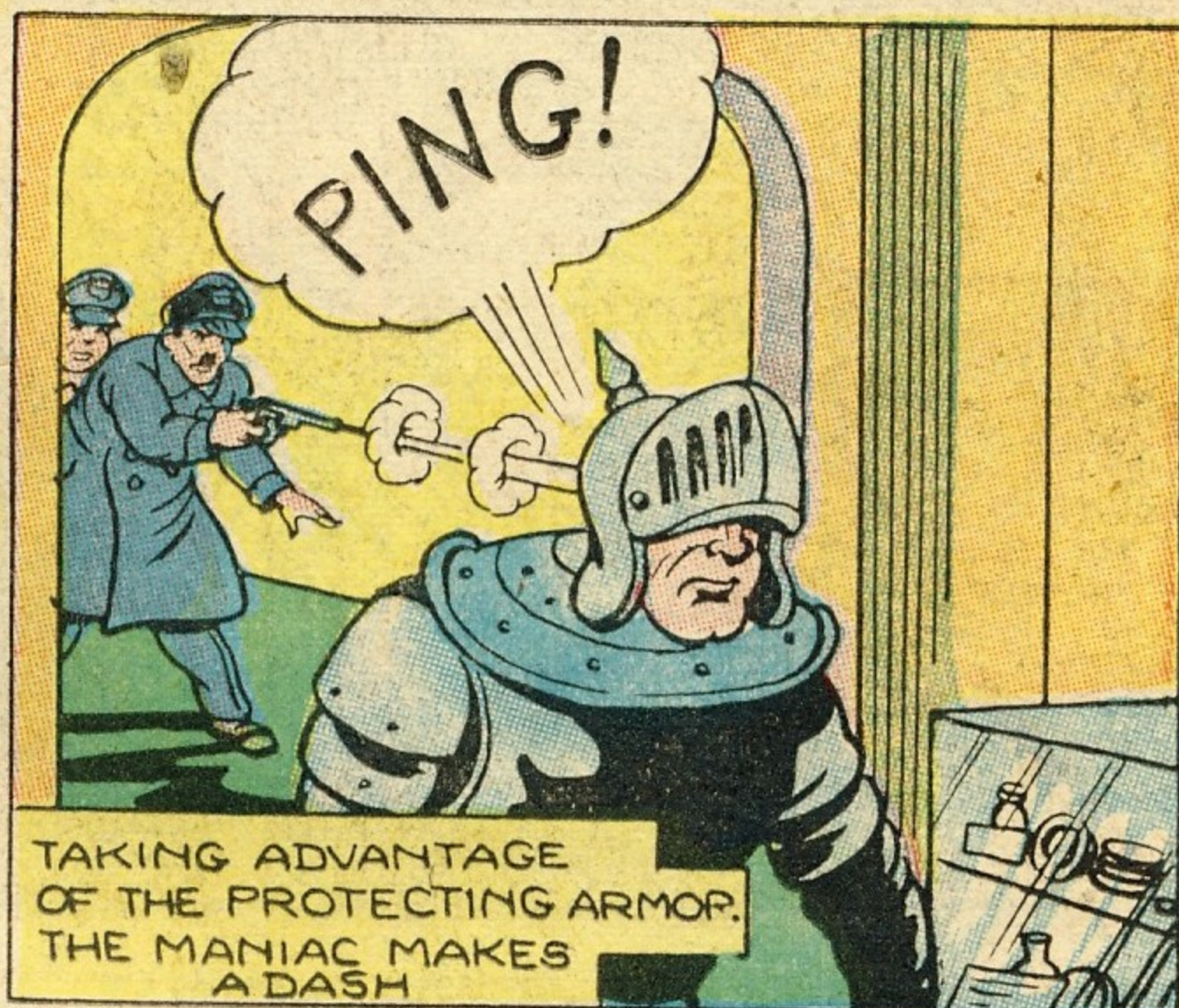
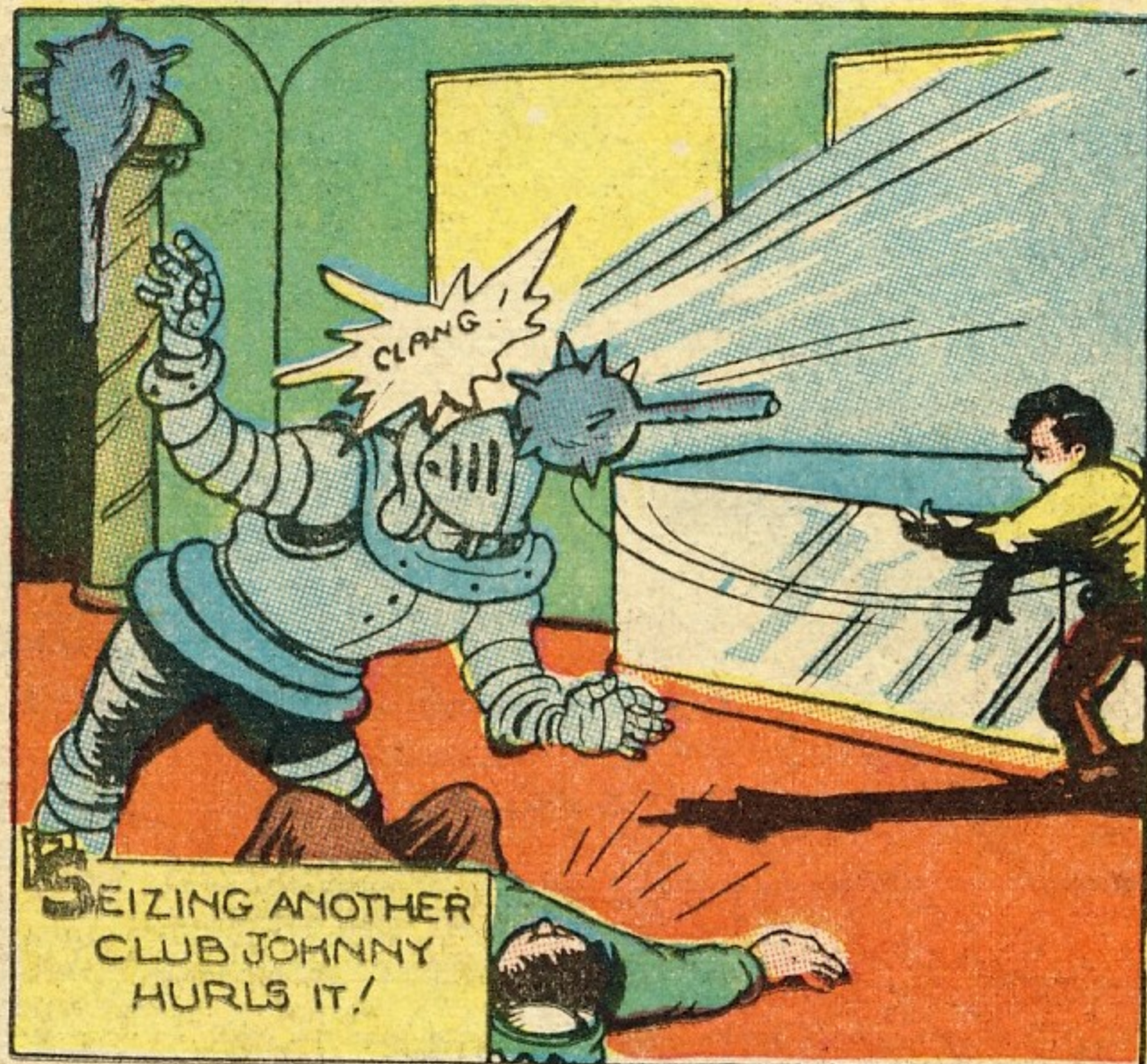
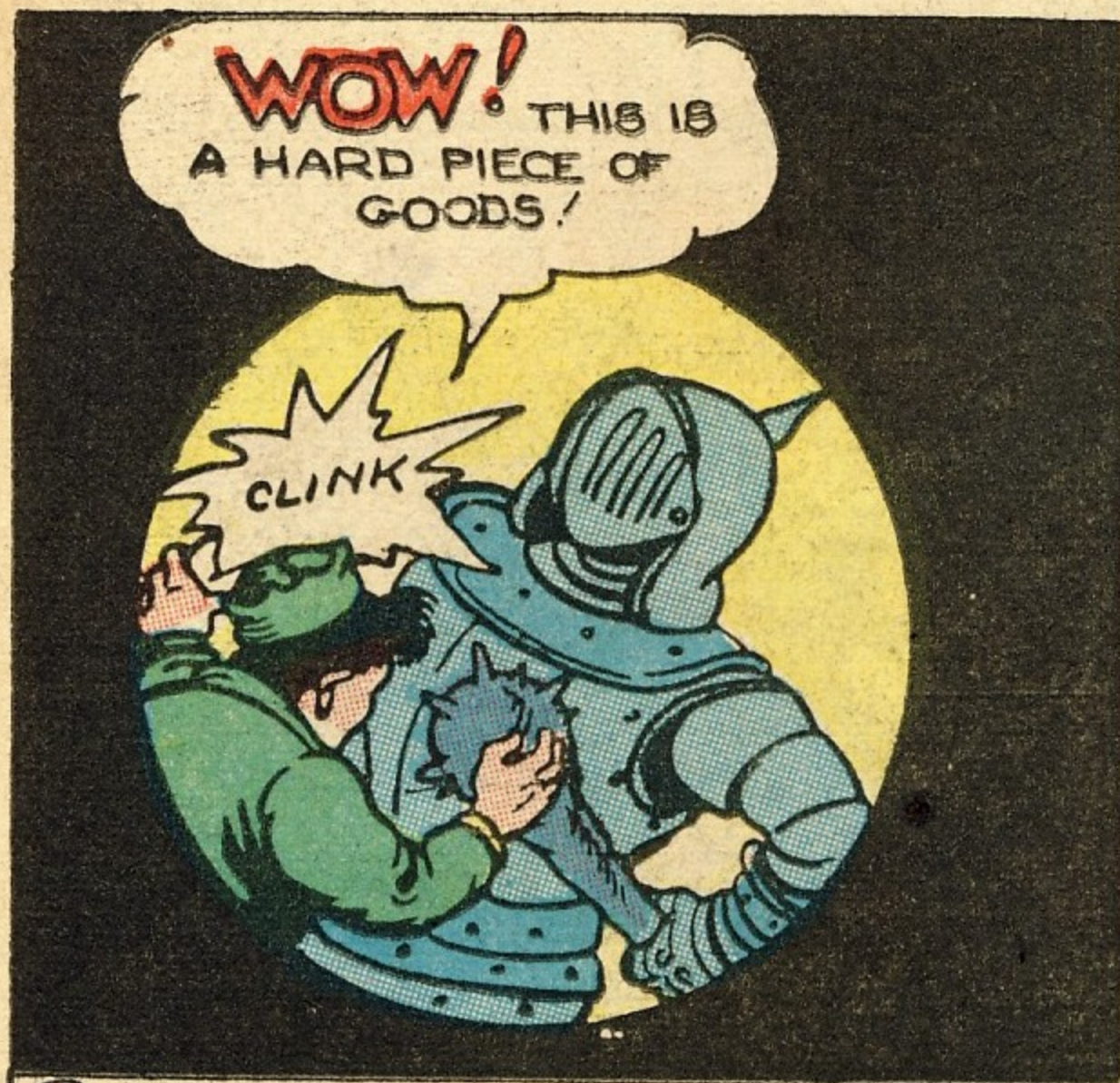


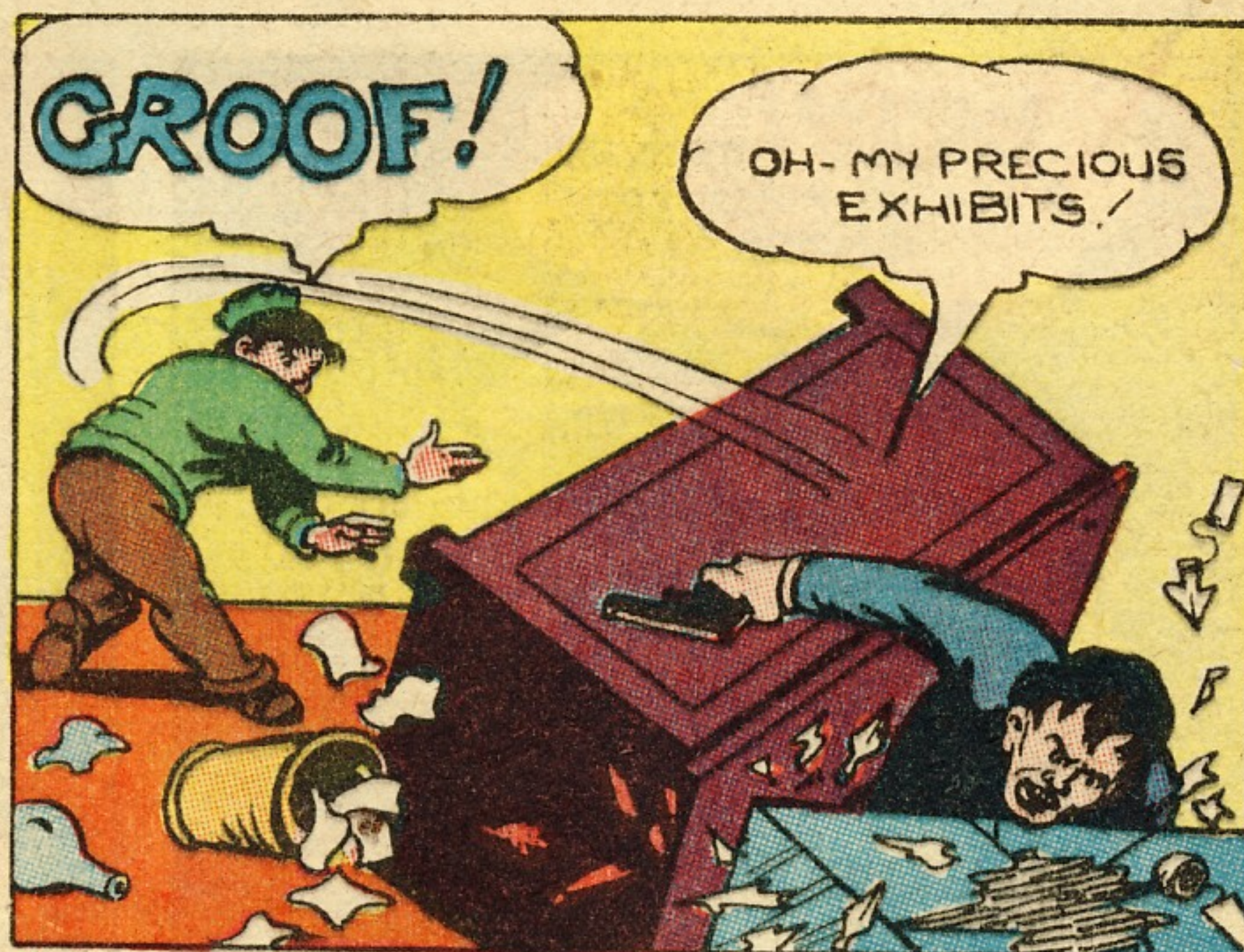












AND ONCE MORE THE TEAM OF JOHNNY AND LUMPY-BRAINS AND BRAIN INC. RENDER AN IMPORTANT SERVICE TO THEIR COMMUNITY

— 0 —

MORE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY DOOLITTLE IN NEXT ISSUE OF

HEADLINE COMICS



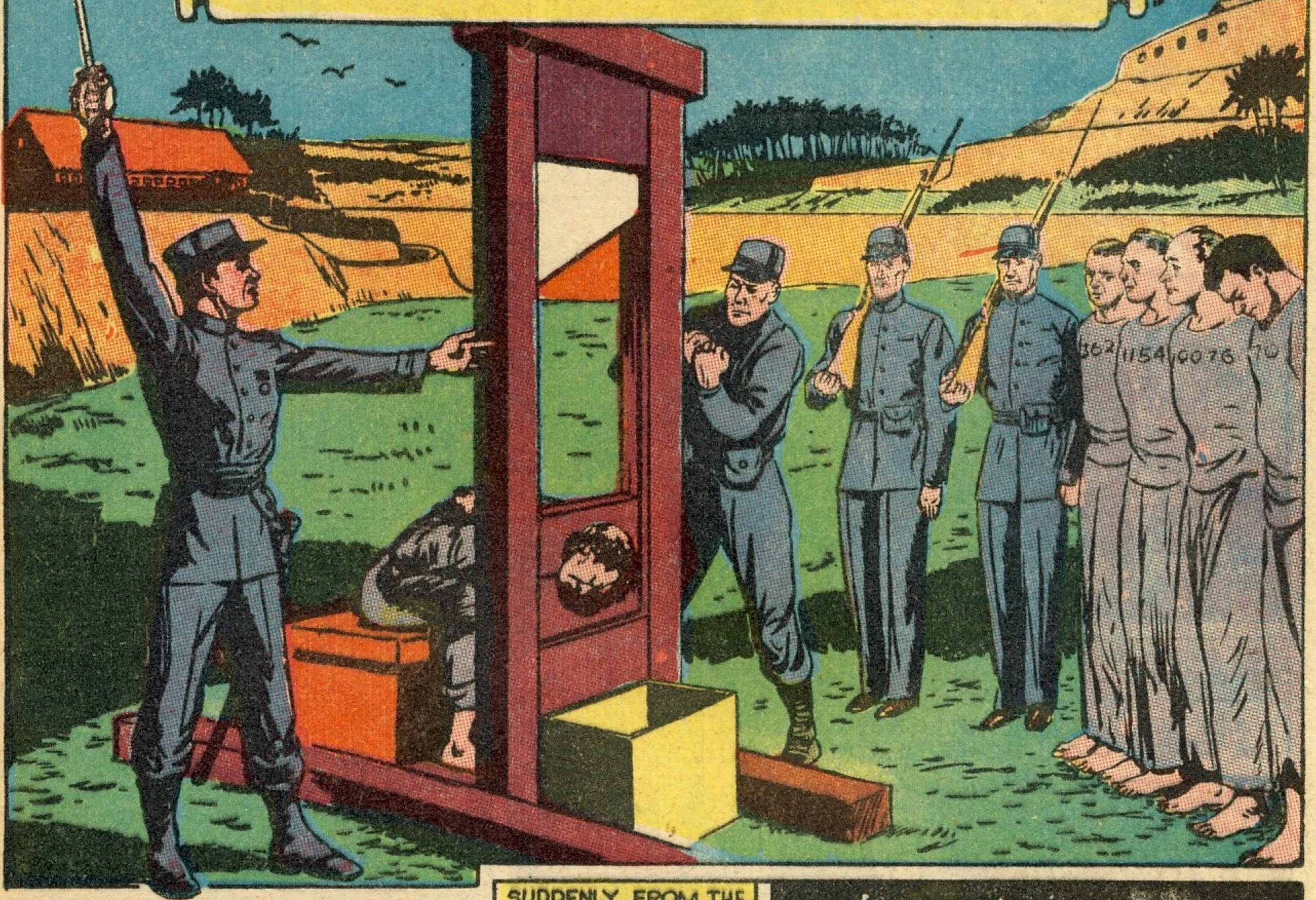
DON'T MISS THIS SLAM-BANG, ACTION-PACKED, TWO-FISTED PRIZE PACKAGE! FOLLOW YOUR FAVORITES!

- 1) YANK AND DOODLE
- 2) TED O'NEIL OF THE COMMANDOS
- 3) BUCK SANDERS AND HIS PALS
- 4) GREEN LAMA
- 5) FRANKENSTEIN
- 6) BLACK OWL
- 7) DOCTOR FROST

On Sale Now At All Newsstands!

PERRY ALLEN

DEVIL'S ISLAND!! TO THIS TROPICAL HELL ARE SENT EVERY YEAR FRANCE'S CRIMINALS OF EVERY KIND TO WORK THEMSELVES TO DEATH IN THE MAHOGONY SWAMPS ON THE MAINLAND OR TO ROT IN THE TERRIBLE SOLITARY CONFINEMENT CAGES ON THE ISLAND ITSELF! BUT SINCE THE DOMINATION OF FRANCE BY GERMANY A NEW TYPE OF PRISONER HAS BEGUN TO ARRIVE: MEN WHOSE ONLY CRIME WAS LOVE OF THEIR NATIVE LAND--- PERRY ALLEN AND HIS FRIEND TOM POWERS INTO A FAST MOVING DRAMA OF -----
REVOLT ON DEVIL'S ISLAND!



AT DAWN IN THE JUNGLES OF FRENCH GUIANA THE TWO ADVENTURERS FIX THEIR BREAKFAST FOR AN EARLY START--



SUDDENLY FROM THE DARKNESS NEARBY--

WHAT WAS THAT?





WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, PAL? YOU LOOK ALL IN!

THANK GOD I FOUND YOU! MY NAME IS DUMONT, AND I WAS A CAPTAIN IN THE FRENCH ARMY I HAVE JUST ESCAPED FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND WHERE I WAS SENT FOR HELPING THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT

WE RECEIVED WORD THAT THERE HAS BEEN A BIG JAIL BREAK THERE



YES, YOU ARE RIGHT, BUT THE BAD ONES, THE INCORRIGIBLES, HAVE TAKEN OVER THE WHOLE COLONY AND THEY'VE IMPRISONED ALL THE ONES LIKE ME; THE ONES THAT WERE SENT HERE FOR FIGHTING THE NAZIS



THE THREE PREPARE FOR A TREK THROUGH THE JUNGLE

MY FRIENDS THERE! I MUST RESCUE THEM SOMEHOW!

THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT ALL THIS!

I THINK WE'D BETTER DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!



I WILL SHOW YOU THE BEST TRAIL IT'S NOT VERY FAR

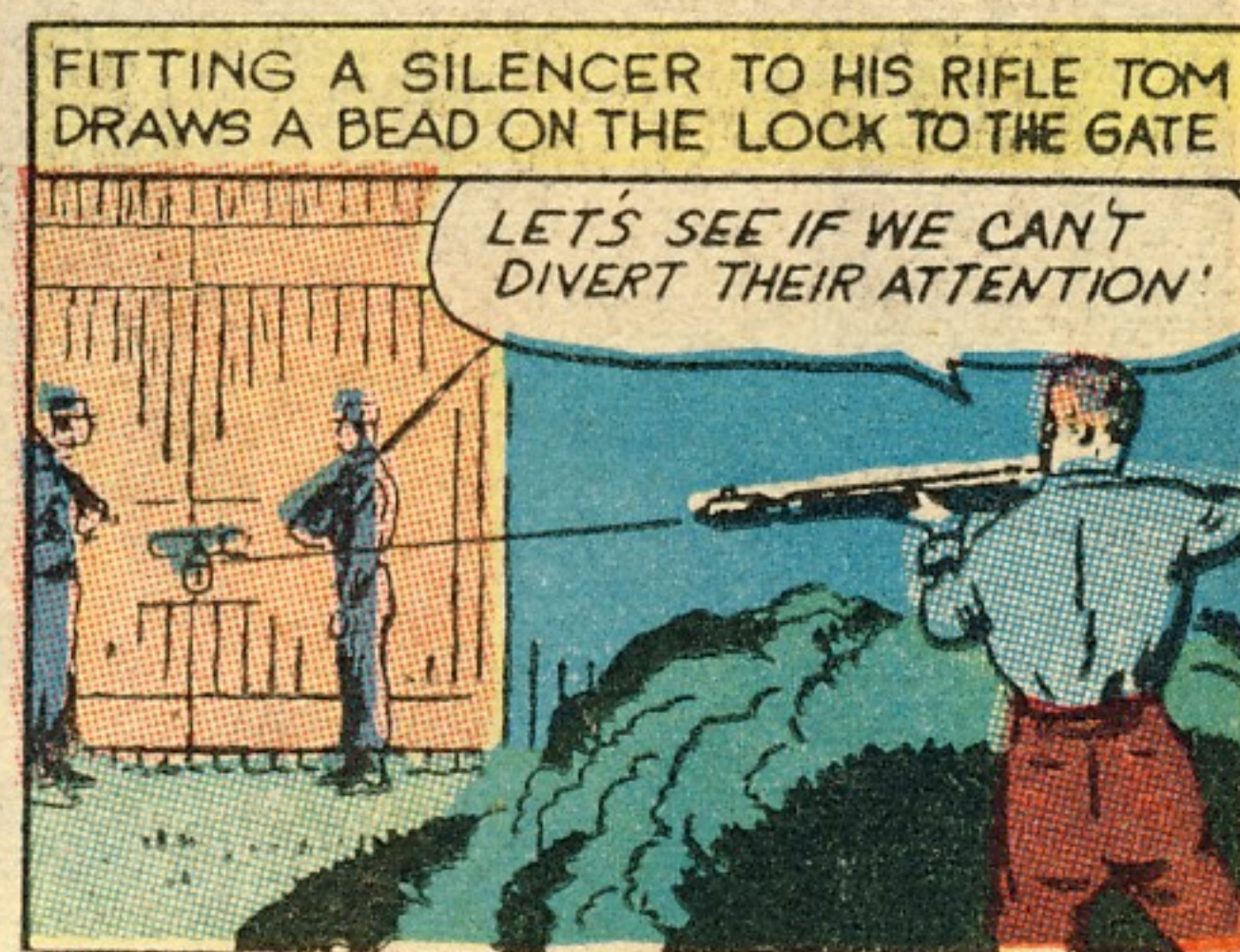
WE'D BETTER GO SLOW WHEN WE GET NEAR THE TOWN!



THE STOCKADE THAT SURROUNDS THE TOWN OF CAYENNE --- THE PENAL COLONY!!

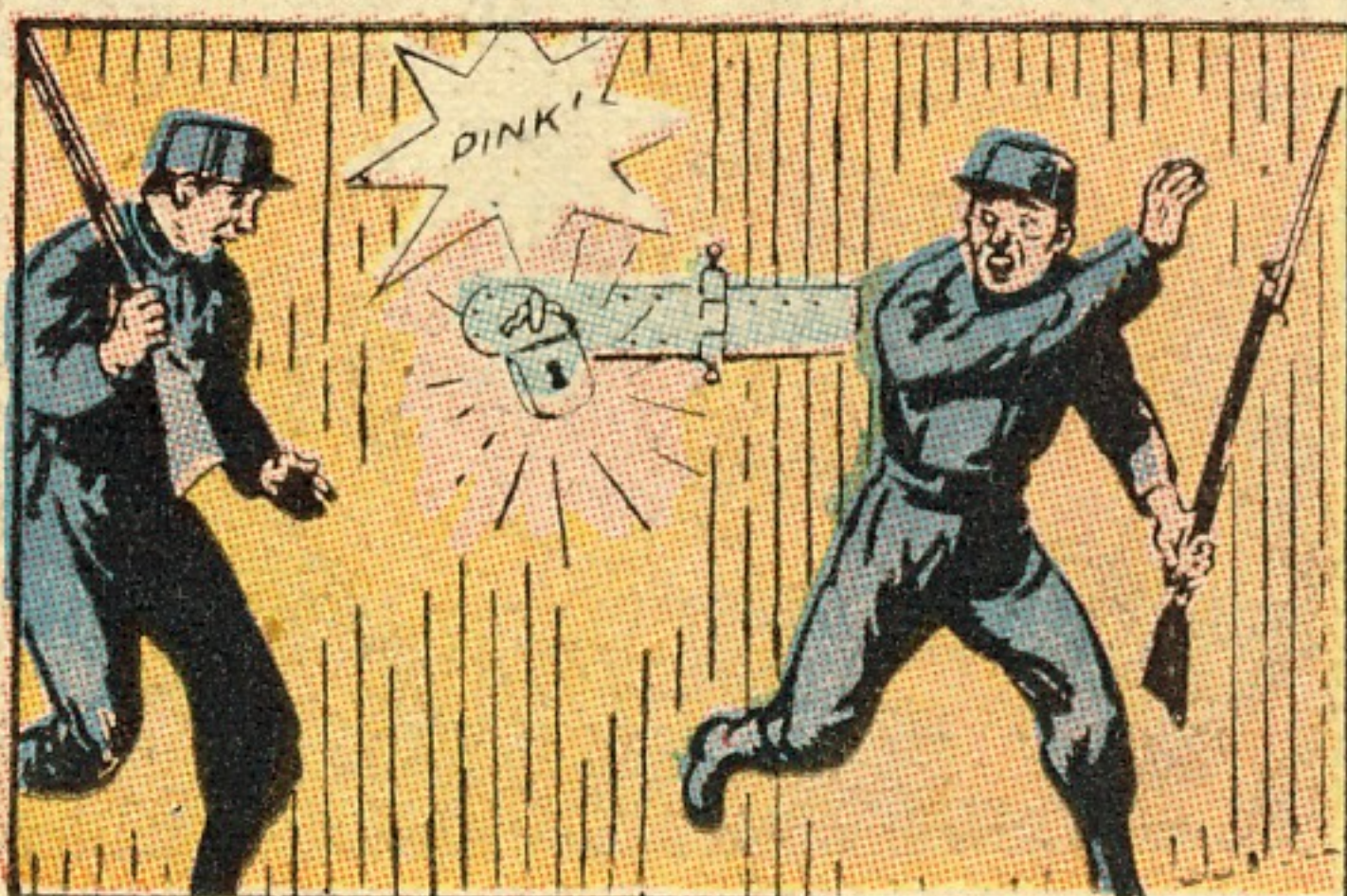
I SEE THEY HAVE THE GUARDS OUT!

THIS CALLS FOR CAREFUL STRATEGY



FITTING A SILENCER TO HIS RIFLE TOM DRAWS A BEAD ON THE LOCK TO THE GATE

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T DIVERT THEIR ATTENTION!



DIABLE! C'EST CURIEUX, C'A!

ZUT!!

AND WHILE THE PUZZLED SENTRIES CONFER PERRY AND HIS FRIENDS SLIP OVER THE STOCKADE

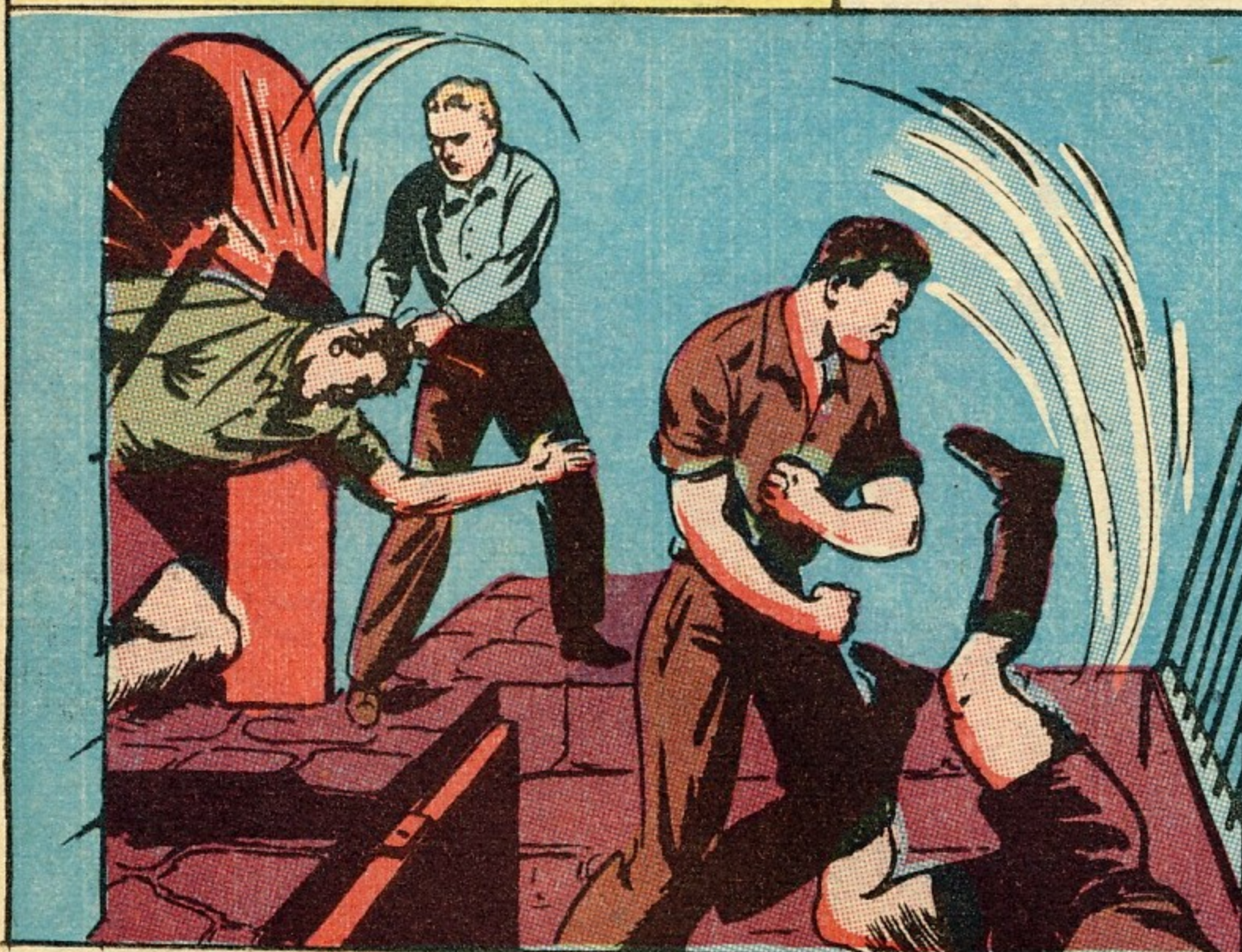
OVER THE SOUNDS OF THE FIGHTING IN THE CELL BLOCK, PIERRE'S QUICK EAR CATCHES THE SOUND OF THE SPEED BOAT!



SEIZING THE GUARD'S KEYS THEY RELEASE THE PRISONERS---



AS THE FIRST OF THE CRIMINALS ARRIVES, THEY ARE MET WITH A HOT RECEPTION!



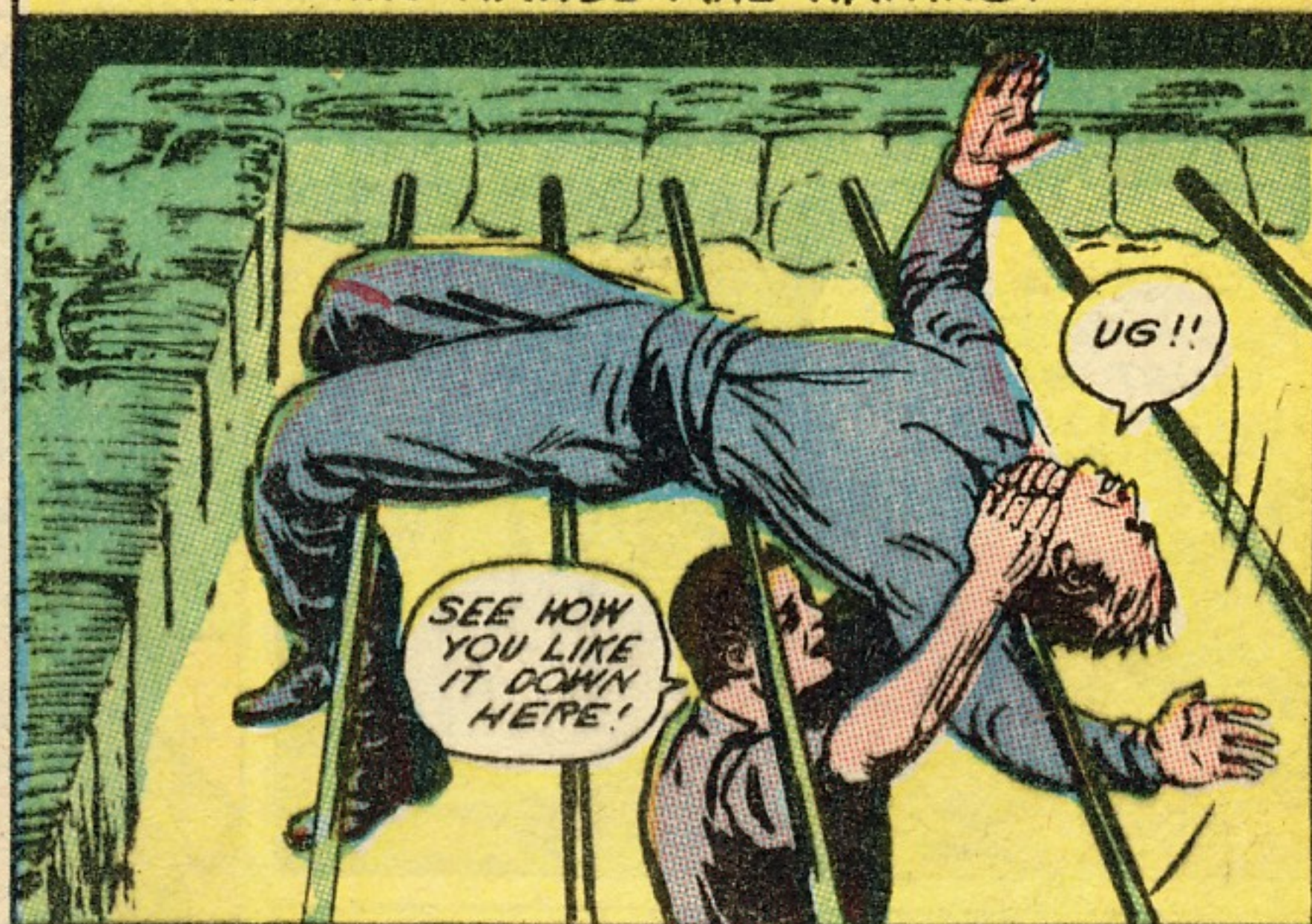
THE FREE FRENCH LEAP UPON THEIR OPPRESSORS BUT HERR MULLER STILL HAS THE MACHINE GUN!



AS PERRY KNOCKS THEM OFF -----



----- WILLING HANDS ARE WAITING!



-THEY ARE HEARD ON THE MAINLAND WHERE WORK IS GOING FORWARD ON A SECRET AIRPORT FOR THE NAZIS!

AS A FUSILLADE OF SHOTS RING OUT IN THE TROPICAL NIGHT---



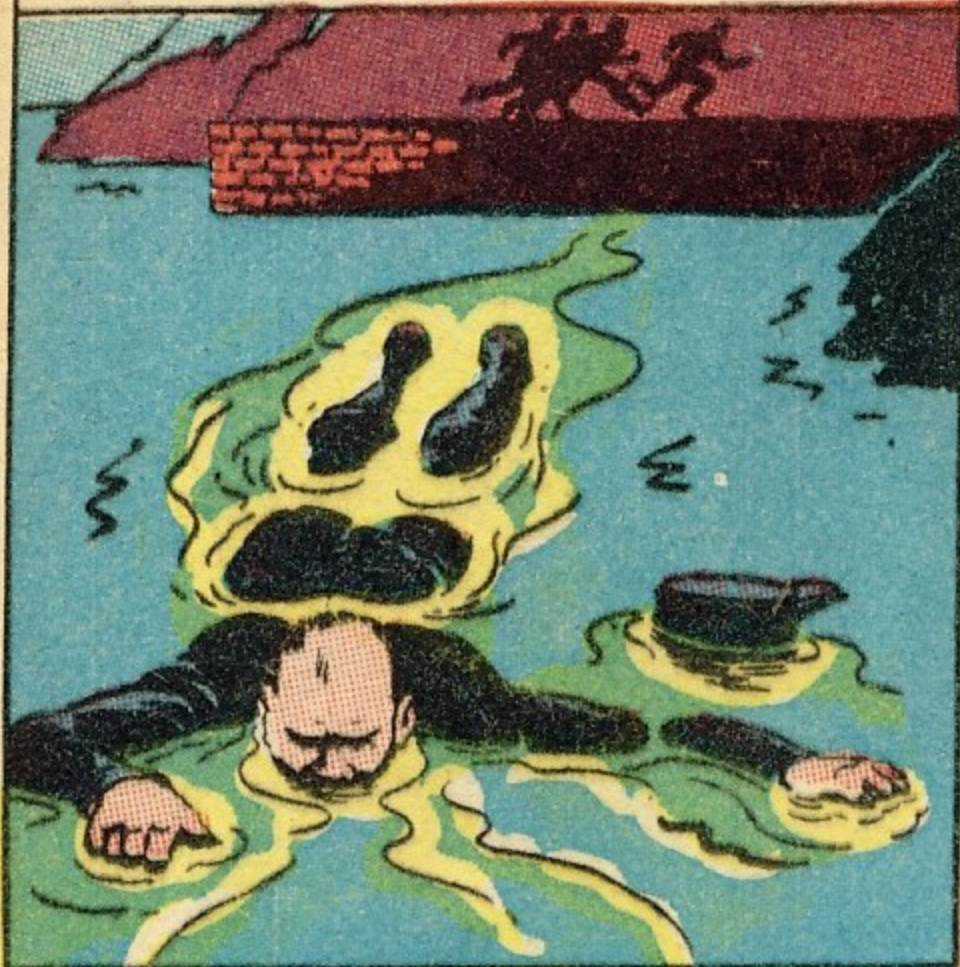
COME ON, YOU, THERE'S A RIOT IN THE CELLS 'BRING A MACHINE GUN'



WHAT IS THE SINISTER HERR MULLER DOING AT DEVIL'S ISLAND? IT LOOKS AS THOUGH PERRY AND TOM ARE GOING TO RUN INTO THEIR OLD ENEMY AGAIN?



--- AND THE LANDING PARTY STARTS TOWARD THE PRISON



THAT, MY FRIENDS, IS THE SOLITARY BLOCK! SOME HAVE BEEN HERE FOR MANY YEARS

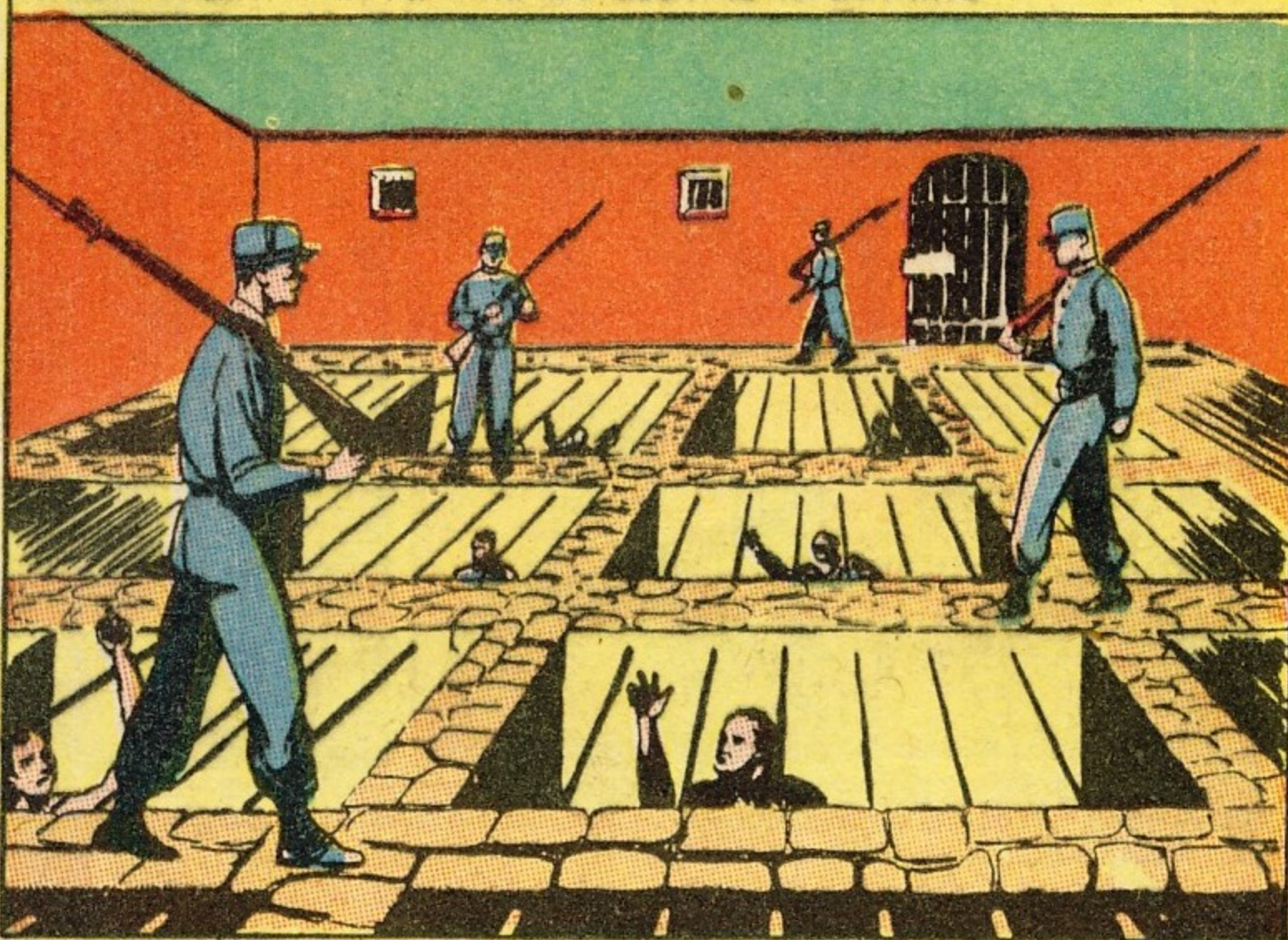
TOM, WE'LL HAVE TO RUSH THEM ALONG THAT WALK



AS THE RIFLE OF THE GUARD FALLS FROM HIS HANDS, ONE OF THE PRISONERS CATCHES IT!



MEANWHILE, IN THE "SOLITARY" BLOCK, THE PRISONERS WAIT LIKE TORTURED BEES IN SOME KIND OF DEVILISH HIVE, NOT KNOWING WHEN THEIR TURN AT THE GUILLOTINE IS COMING ---



COURAGE, MY FRIENDS, WE WILL GET YOU OUT OF YOUR CAGES!

WHAT THE--! MON DIEU! SHOOT 'EM DOWN!

UP AND AT 'EM!



AH! I HAVE WAITED FOR THIS FOR A LONG TIME!

AS THEY TOP THE STOCKAKE A TERRIBLE SIGHT MEETS THEIR VIEW!



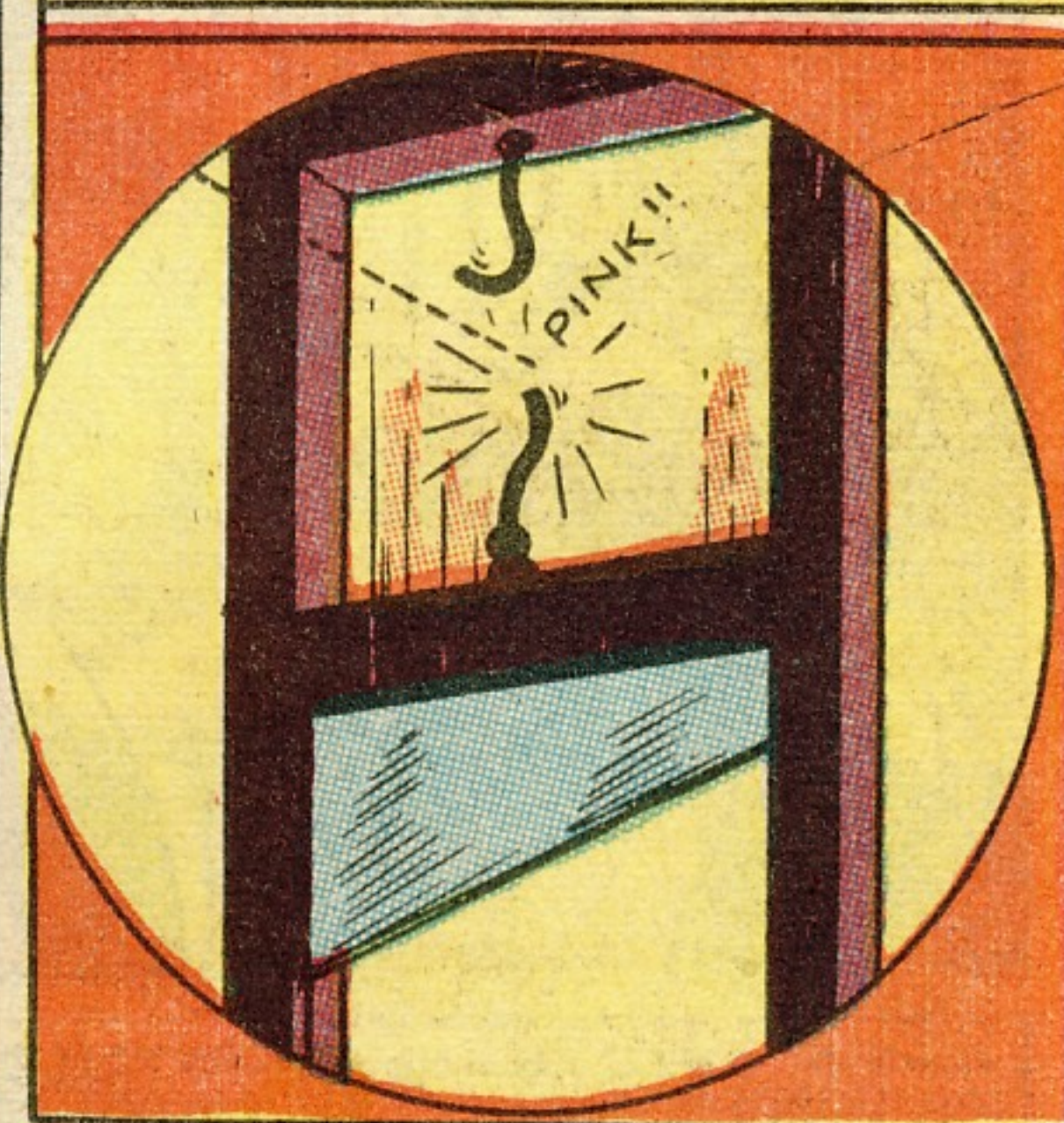
THE GUILLOTINE! THE DREAD PACIFYER OF DEVIL'S ISLAND!



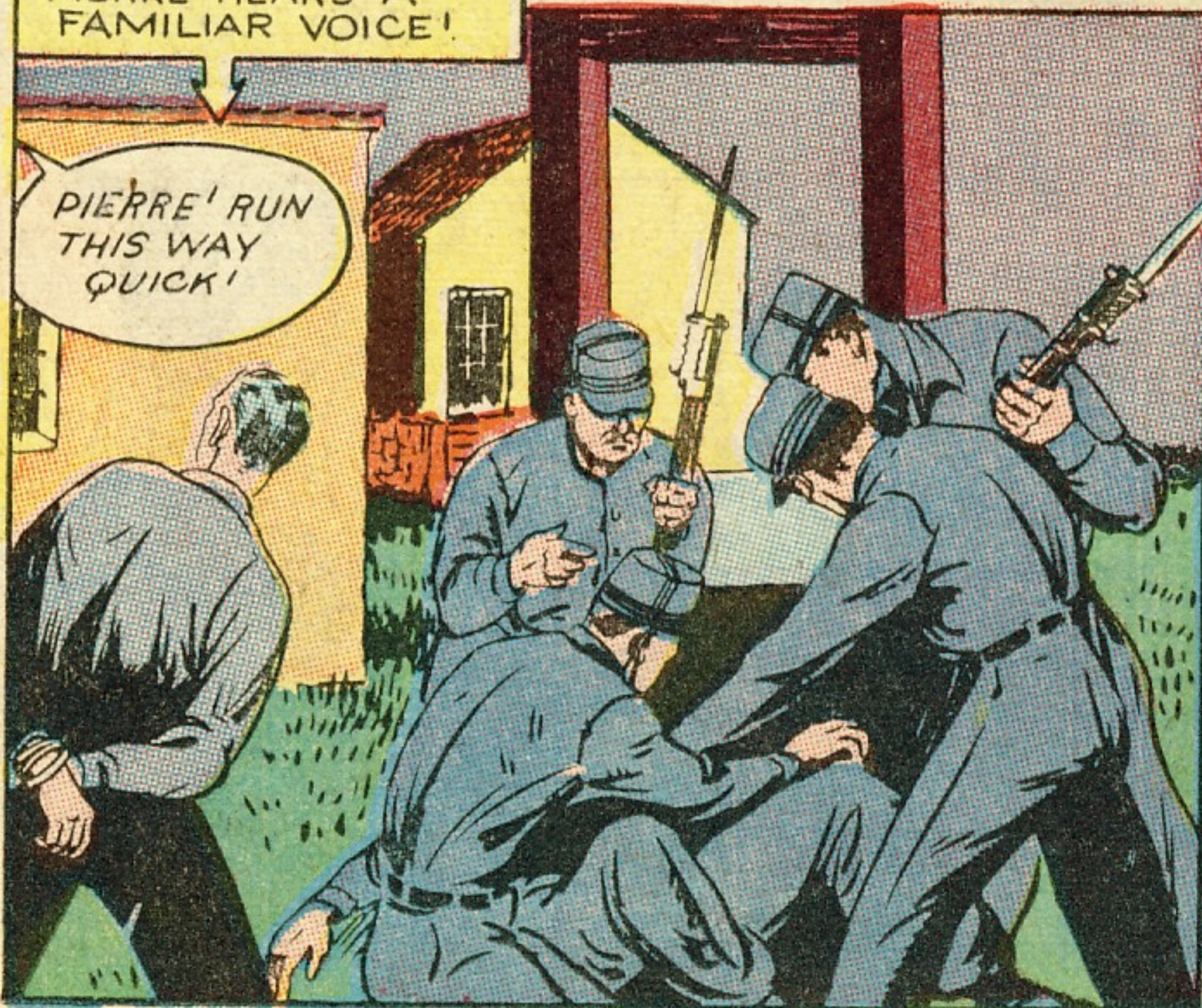
HURRY! WE HAVEN'T ALL DAY!

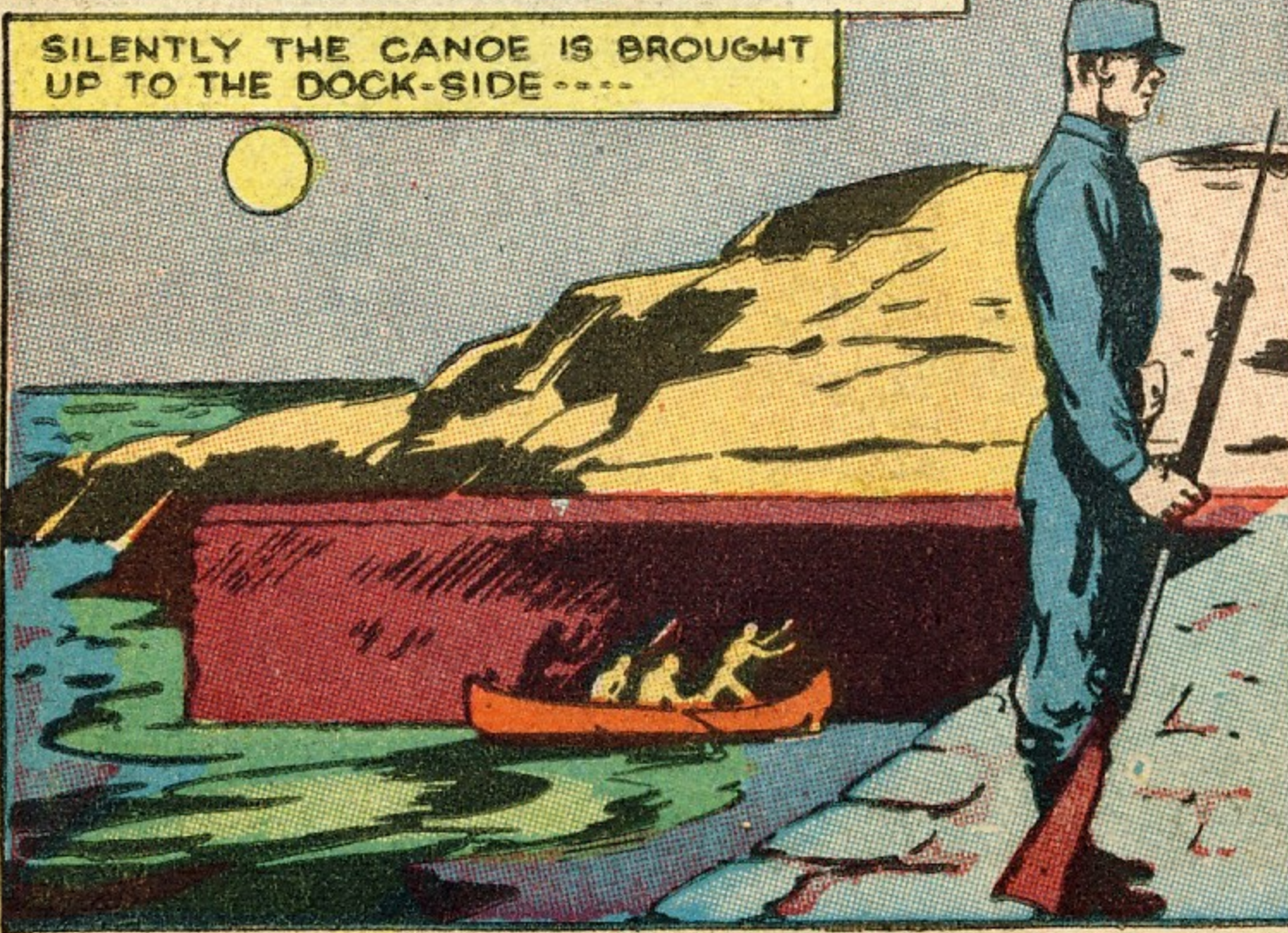


AGAIN TOM'S UNCANNY SKILL WITH A RIFLE IS BROUGHT TO BEAR ON THE SITUATION! AS THE MAN BELOW IS INTENT ON HIS CRUEL WORK, UNSEEN THE KNIFE FALLS---



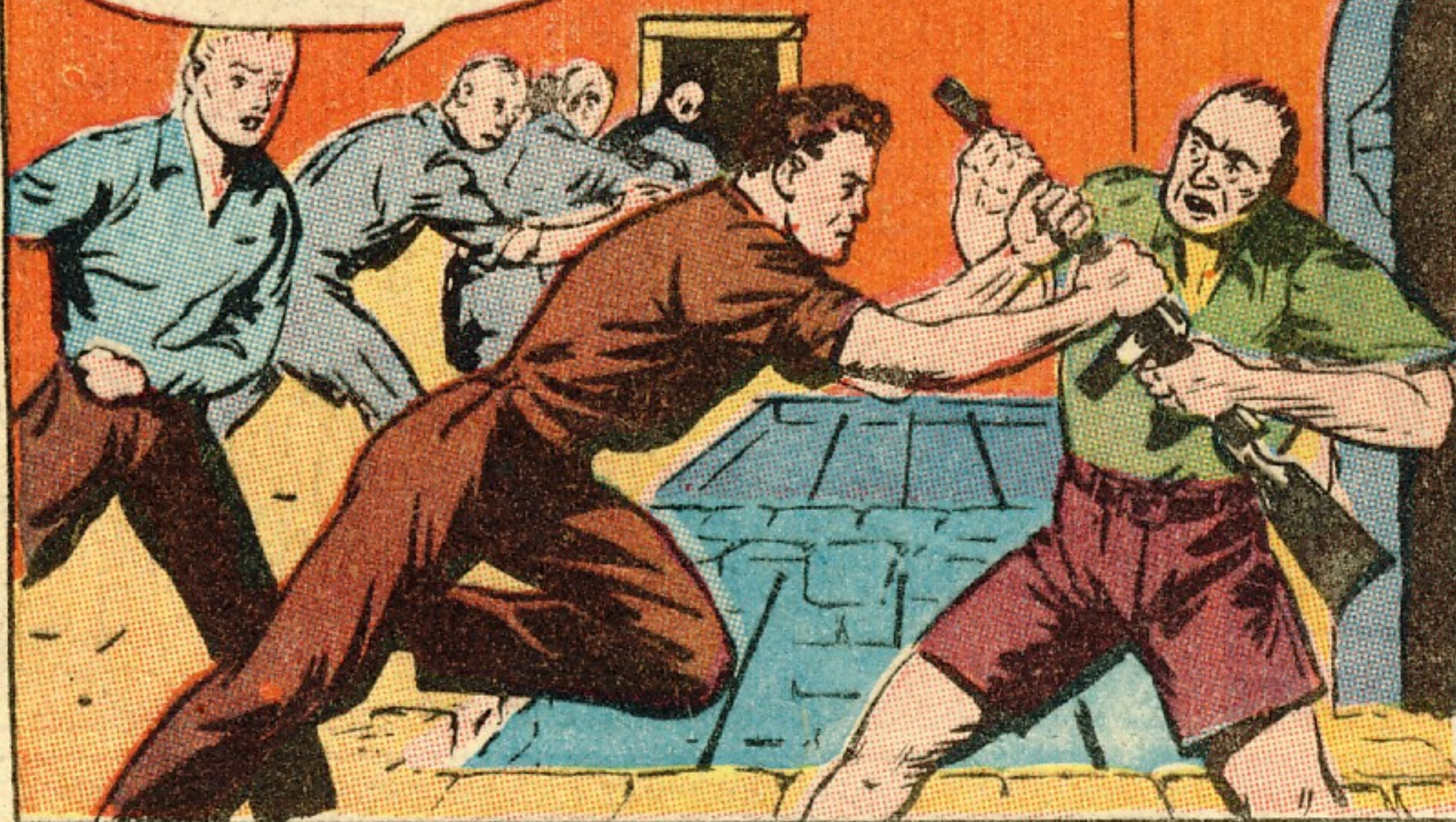
AS THE CRIMINALS CROWD AROUND THEIR DEAD EXECUTIONER PIERRE HEARS A FAMILIAR VOICE!



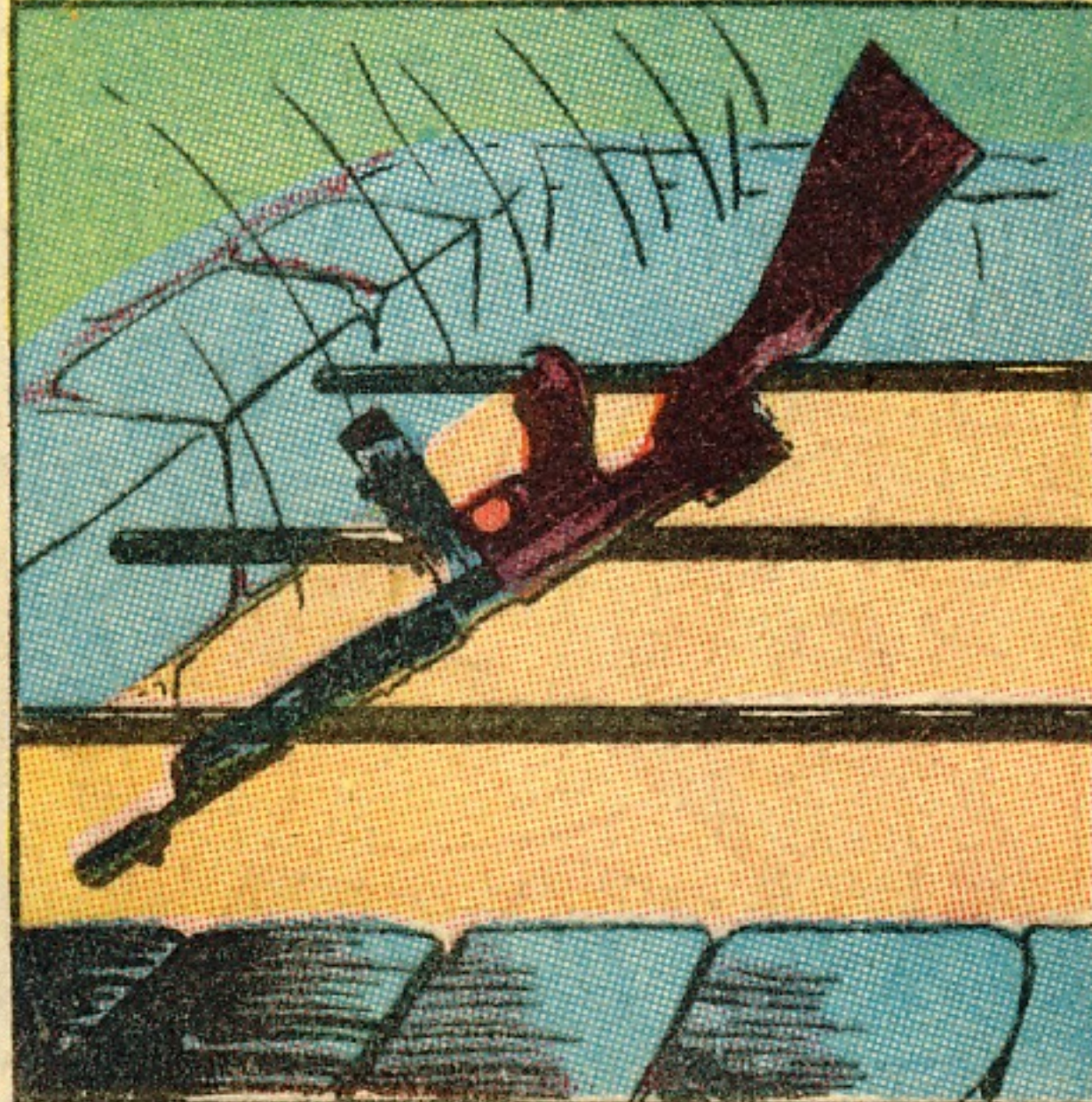


AS TOM AND PERRY DISARM MULLER THEIR FRIENDS ESCAPE TO THE SPEED BOAT

O.K. TOM! HANG ON TO THE GUN!



BUT THE GUN FALLS INTO A LOCKED CELL



BUT THEY HAVE RECKONED WITHOUT THE WILEY HERR MULLER

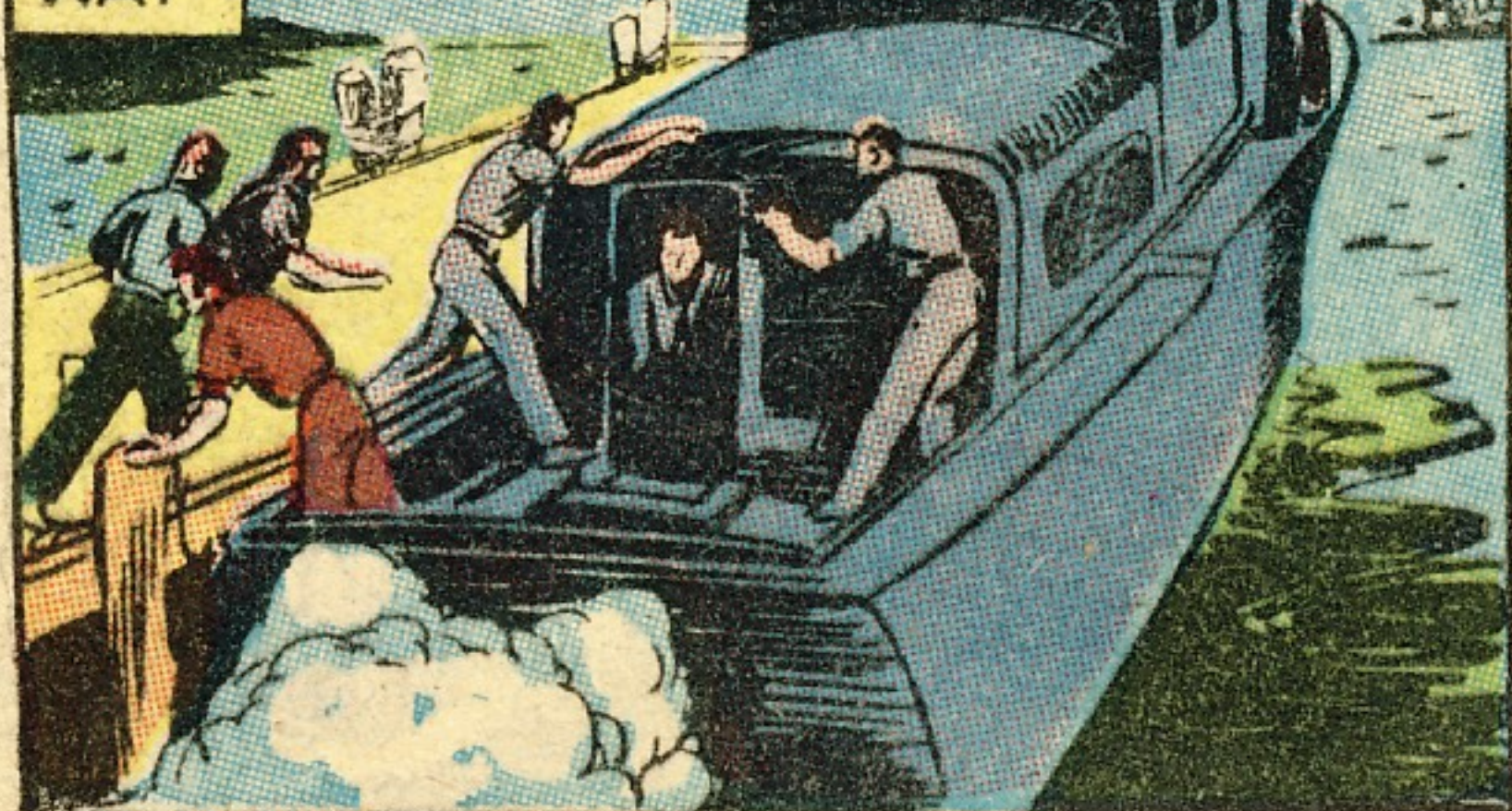
LOOK! HE'S GOT ANOTHER BOAT!

AND THE MACHINE GUN! HE MUST'VE FOUND SOME KEYS

I THINK I HAVE A TRICK FOR SPEED BOATS!



LEAVING MULLER, THEY REACH THE BOAT AS IT GETS UNDER WAY



AT THE SPEED HE IS GOING, ANY FLOATING OBJECT WILL SMASH HIS BOAT LIKE AN EGG!

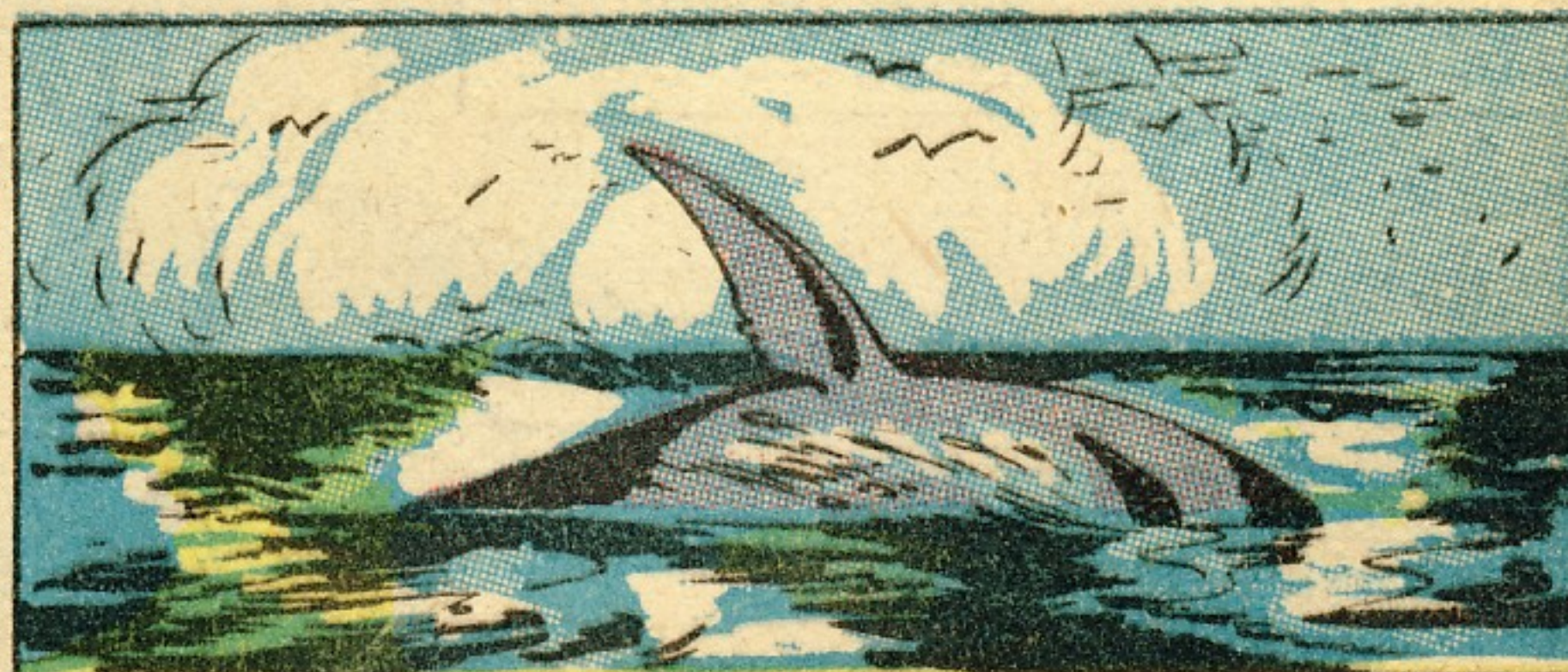


WITH A RENDING CRASH THE SMALL BOAT FLIES TO PIECES!!!



NOW TO DUTCH GUIANA IN A HURRY!

IT'S ONLY AN HOUR'S RUN FROM HERE AND IT'S OCCUPIED BY THE U.S.!



THE WATERS ABOUT DEVIL'S ISLAND ARE INFESTED WITH SHARKS---FEW HAVE EVER ESCAPED THEIR JAWS WHO TRY TO SWIM THERE! BUT WILL HERR MULLER?

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